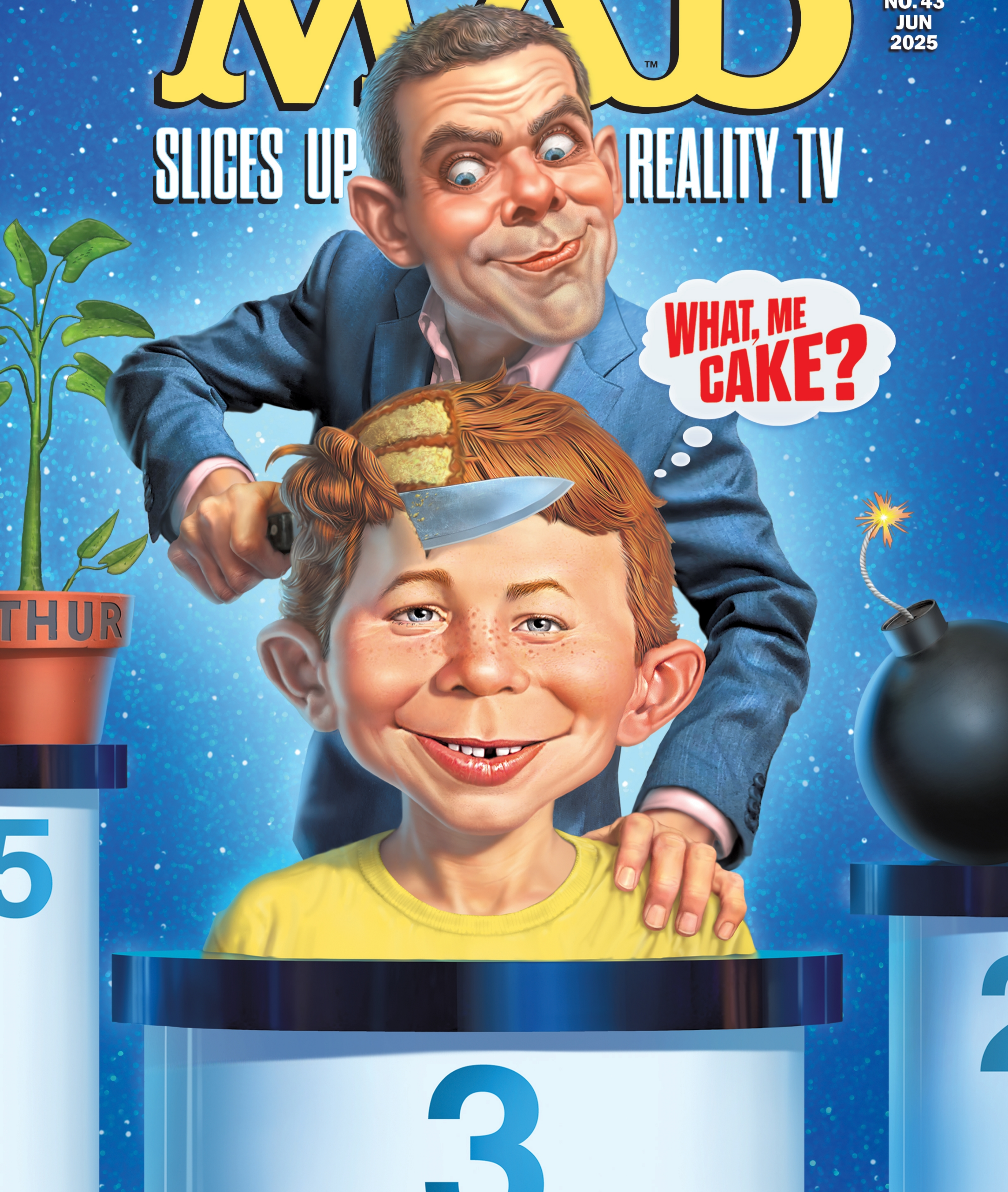
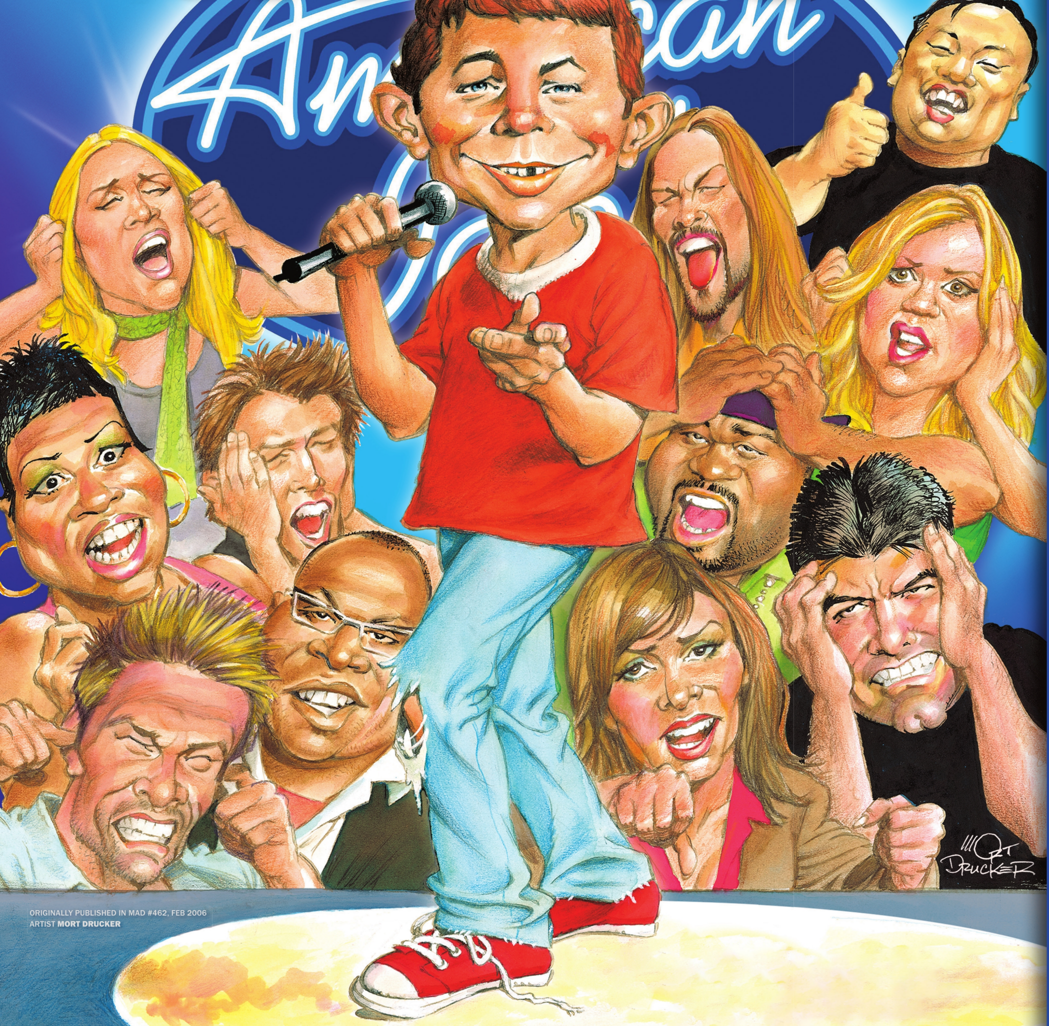
MAD™

NO. 43
JUN
2025

SLICES UP REALITY TV


WHAT, ME CAKE?
THUR
5
3
2



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #462, FEB 2006
ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**

MAD

NO. 43 JUNE 2025

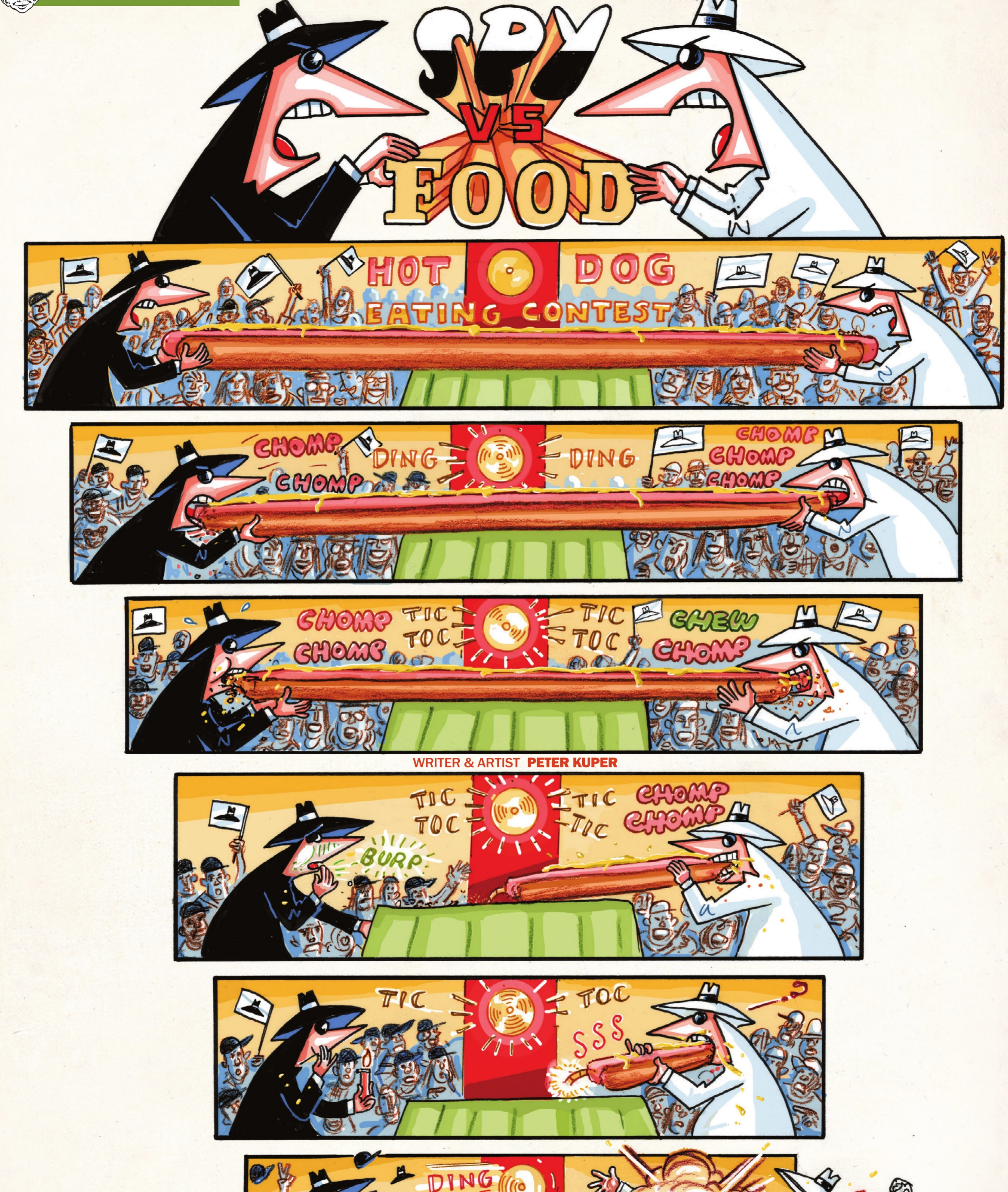
WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER
SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR
BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

CONTENTS

02 Spy Vs. Spy
03 Man Vs. Wild...At the Mall (A MAD TV Parody), MAD #486, Feb 2008
07 A MAD Look at Reality TV
10 Dreadliest Carts (A MAD TV Parody), MAD #12, Apr 2020
13 Pencils – As Seen on TV, MAD #228, Jan 1982
14 Survivoyeur (A MAD TV Parody), MAD #398, Oct 2000
20 Squalid Game (A MAD TV Parody)
24 Storage Boors (A MAD TV Parody), MAD #522, Sep 2013
26 Slice, Burn, Squirt, Blurt: TV's Top Chef Injuries
29 Miscue 911 (A MAD TV Parody), MAD #326, Mar/Apr 1994
35 Fake or Cake?!
37 Wedding Cashers, MAD #513, Feb 2012
38 The Dead Celebrity Apprentice (A MAD TV Parody), MAD #500, Jun 2009
44 The Oligarch
46 Snark Tank (A MAD TV Parody), MAD #529, Oct 2014
51 Spy Vs. Spy
52 VH1 Drags Out Even More RuPaul Shows!, MAD #12, Apr 2020
54 Extreme Animal Makeovers
56 Season Finales, MAD #524, Dec 2013, MAD #440, Apr 2004

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

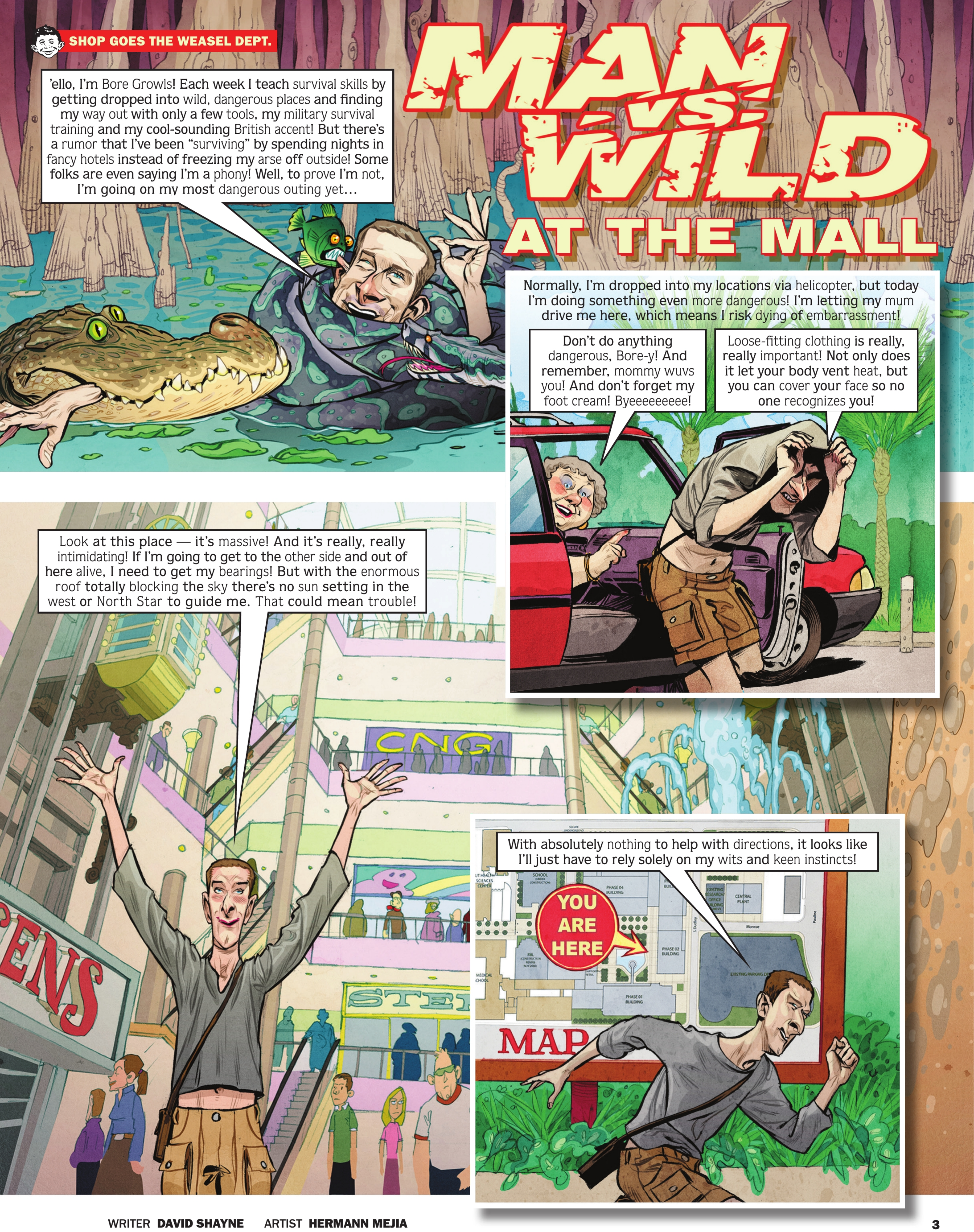

SPY VS FOOD
HOT DOG EATING CONTEST
CHOMP
CHOMP
DING
DING
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
TIC
TOC
TIC
TOC
CHEW
CHOMP
BURP
TIC
TOC
TIC
TIC
CHOMP
CHOMP
TIC
TOC
SSS
DING
BOOM!
KUPER

WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

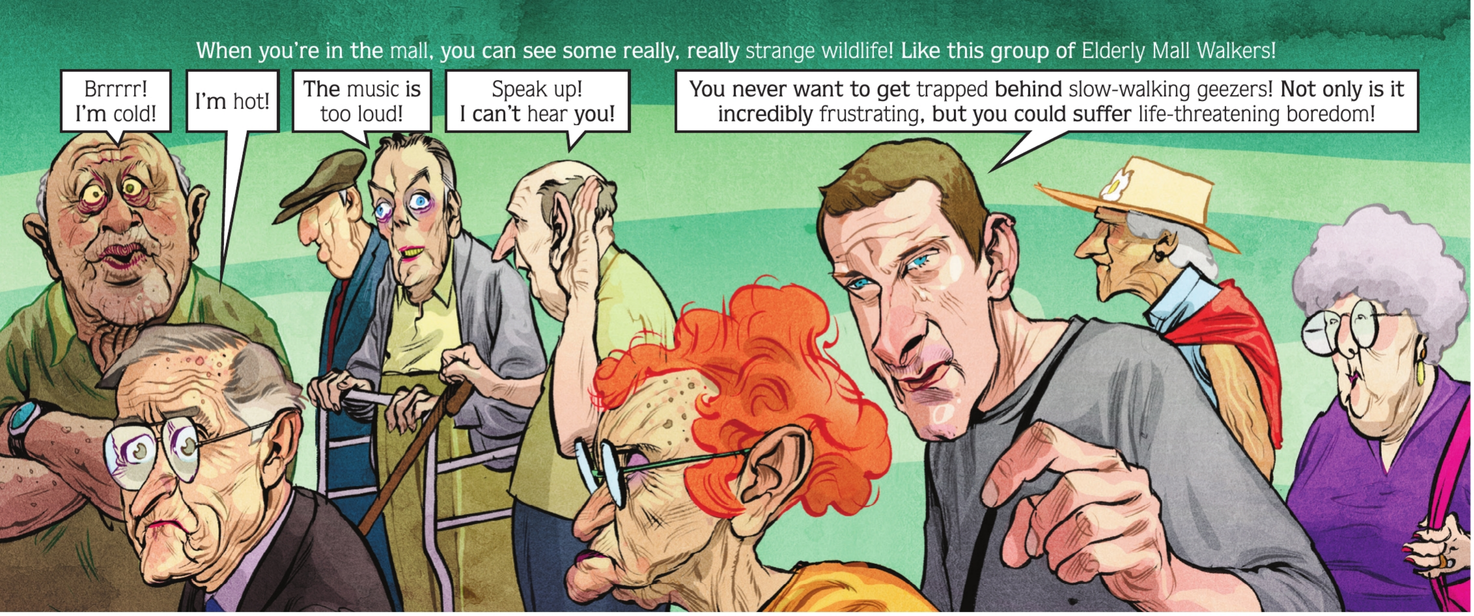
-... -.-- .--. .-. --- ....- ...

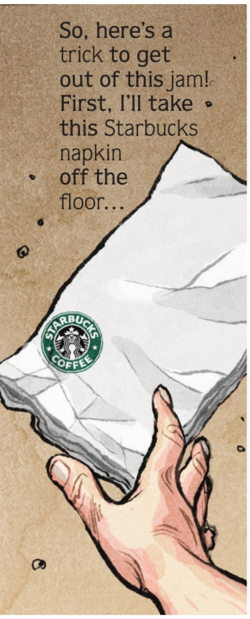
SHOP GOES THE WEASEL DEPT.

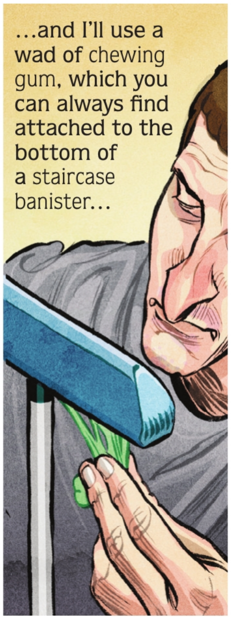
MAN VS WILD AT THE MALL

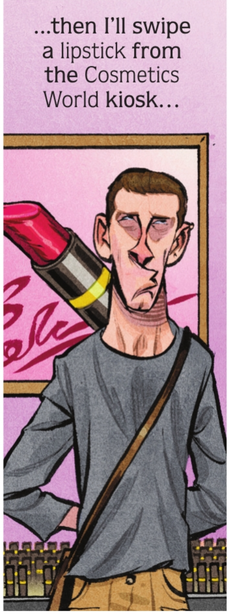

'ello, I'm Bore Growls! Each week I teach survival skills by getting dropped into wild, dangerous places and finding my way out with only a few tools, my military survival training and my cool-sounding British accent! But there's a rumor that I've been "surviving" by spending nights in fancy hotels instead of freezing my arse off outside! Some folks are even saying I'm a phony! Well, to prove I'm not, I'm going on my most dangerous outing yet…
Normally, I'm dropped into my locations via helicopter, but today I'm doing something even more dangerous! I'm letting my mum drive me here, which means I risk dying of embarrassment!
Don't do anything dangerous, Bore-y! And remember, mommy wuvs you! And don't forget my foot cream! Byeeeeeeeee!
Loose-fitting clothing is really, really important! Not only does it let your body vent heat, but you can cover your face so no one recognizes you!
Look at this place — it's massive! And it's really, really intimidating! If I'm going to get to the other side and out of here alive, I need to get my bearings! But with the enormous roof totally blocking the sky there's no sun setting in the west or North Star to guide me. That could mean trouble!
CNG
ENS
STE
With absolutely nothing to help with directions, it looks like I'll just have to rely solely on my wits and keen instincts!
YOU ARE HERE
MAP

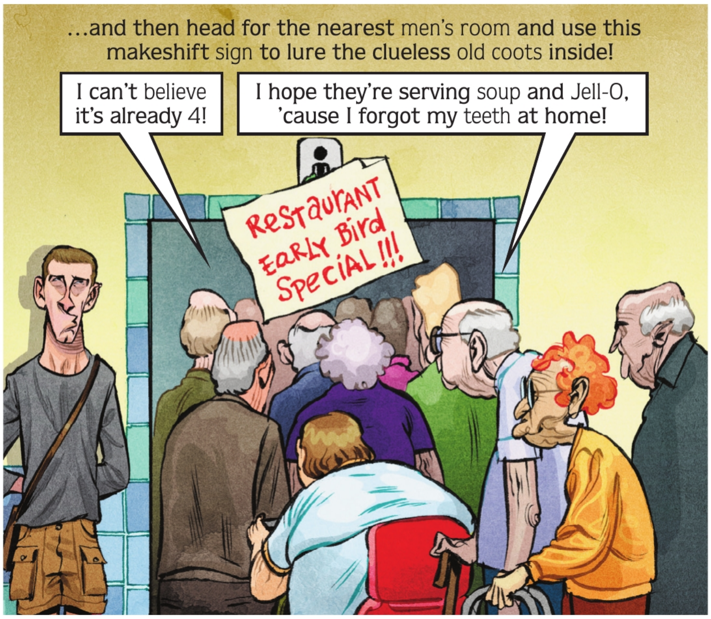
WRITER **DAVID SHAYNE** ARTIST **HERMANN MEJIA**

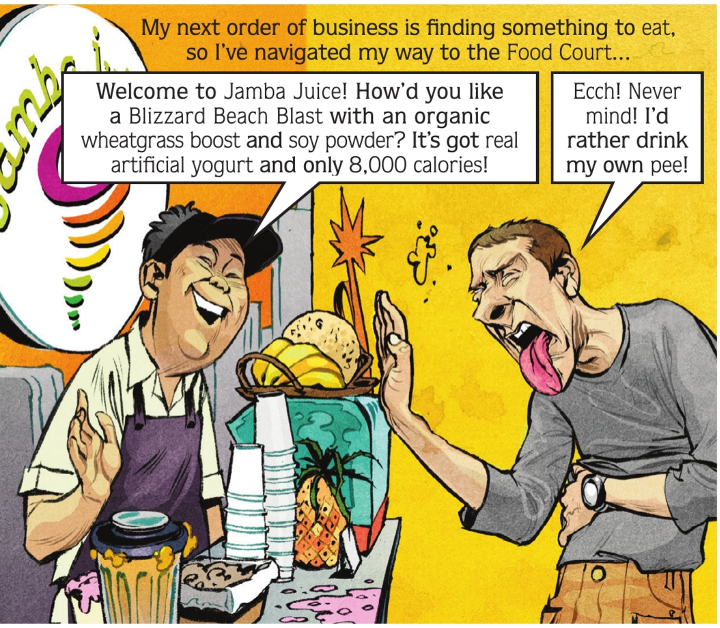

When you're in the mall, you can see some really, really strange wildlife! Like this group of Elderly Mall Walkers!
Brrrrr! I'm cold!
I'm hot!
The music is too loud!
Speak up! I can't hear you!
You never want to get trapped behind slow-walking geezers! Not only is it incredibly frustrating, but you could suffer life-threatening boredom!

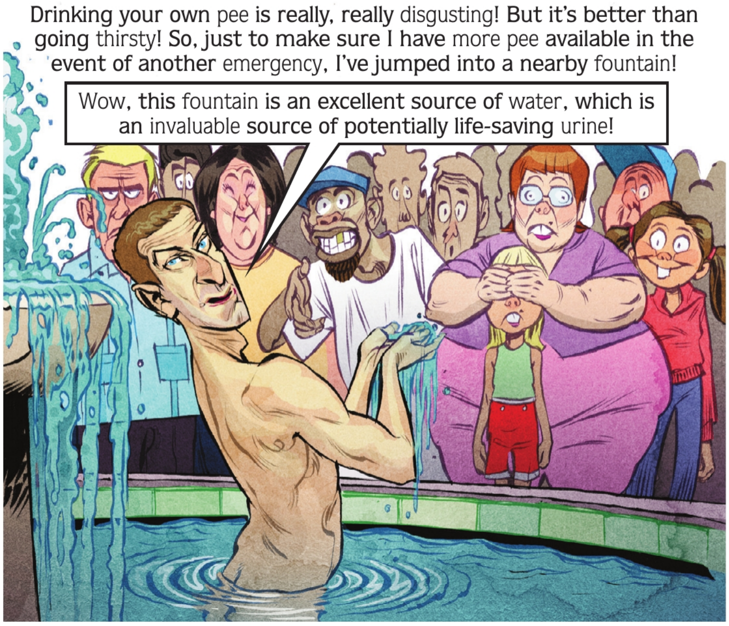

So, here's a trick to get out of this jam! First, I'll take this Starbucks napkin off the floor...
STARBUCKS COFFEE


...and I'll use a wad of chewing gum, which you can always find attached to the bottom of a staircase banister...

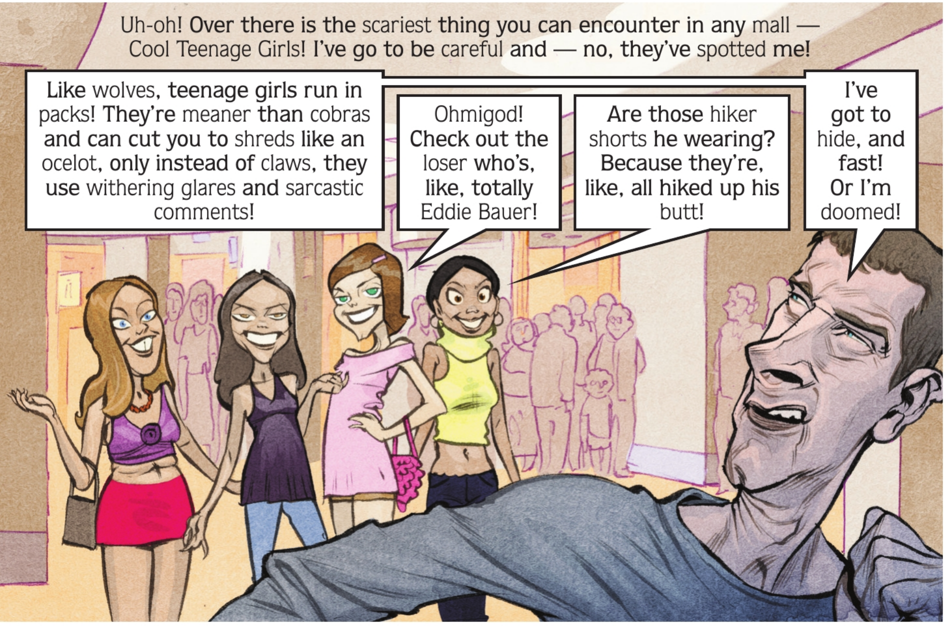

...then I'll swipe a lipstick from the Cosmetics World kiosk...

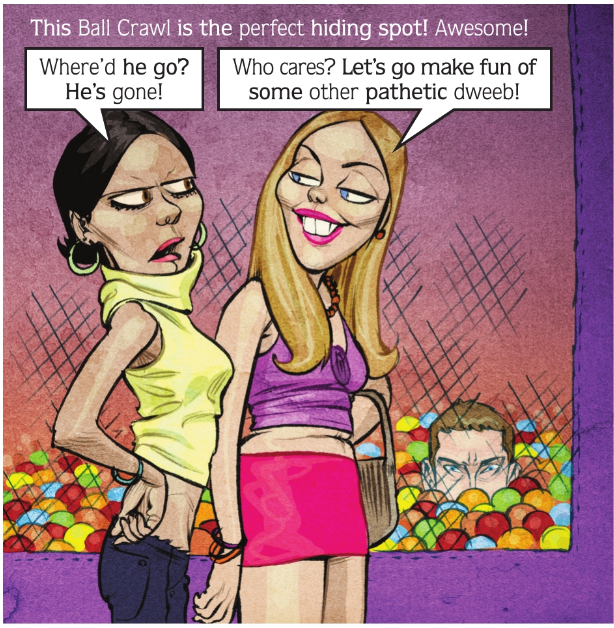

...and then head for the nearest men's room and use this makeshift sign to lure the clueless old coots inside!
I can't believe it's already 4!
I hope they're serving soup and Jell-O, 'cause I forgot my teeth at home!
Restaurant Early Bird Special!!!

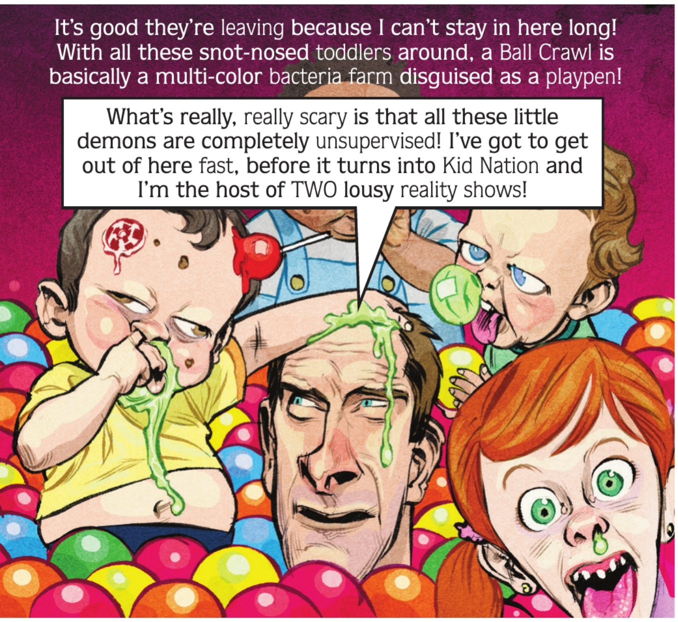

My next order of business is finding something to eat, so I've navigated my way to the Food Court...
Welcome to Jamba Juice! How'd you like a Blizzard Beach Blast with an organic wheatgrass boost and soy powder? It's got real artificial yogurt and only 8,000 calories!
Ecch! Never mind! I'd rather drink my own pee!

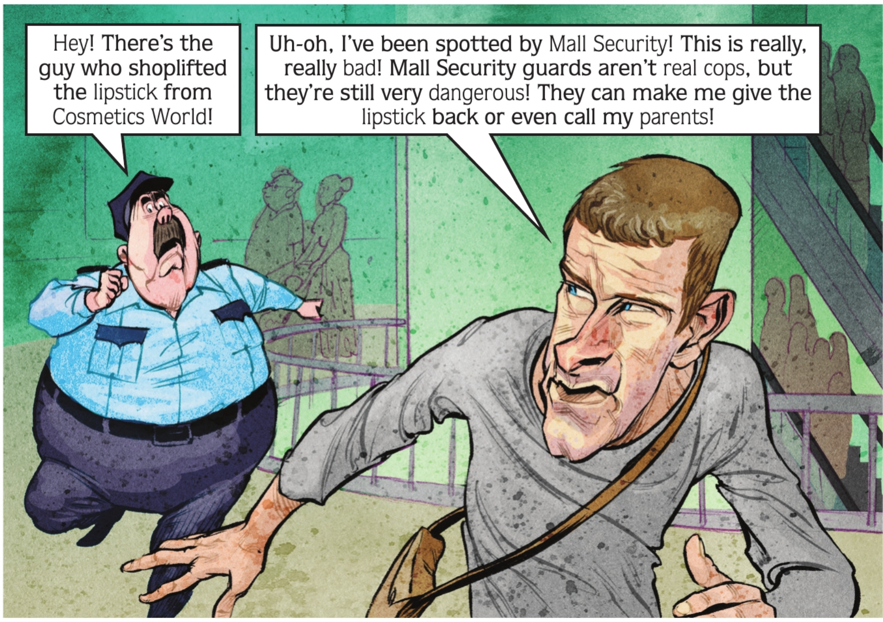

Drinking your own pee is really, really disgusting! But it's better than going thirsty! So, just to make sure I have more pee available in the event of another emergency, I've jumped into a nearby fountain!
Wow, this fountain is an excellent source of water, which is an invaluable source of potentially life-saving urine!

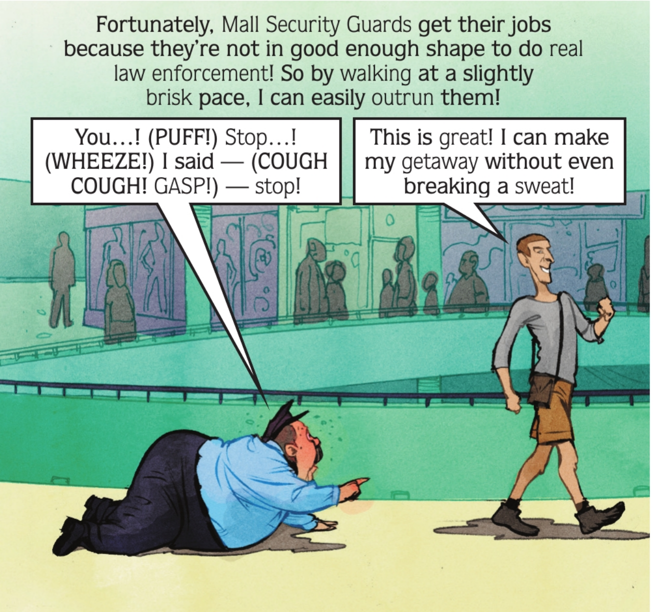
BEAUTY SALON

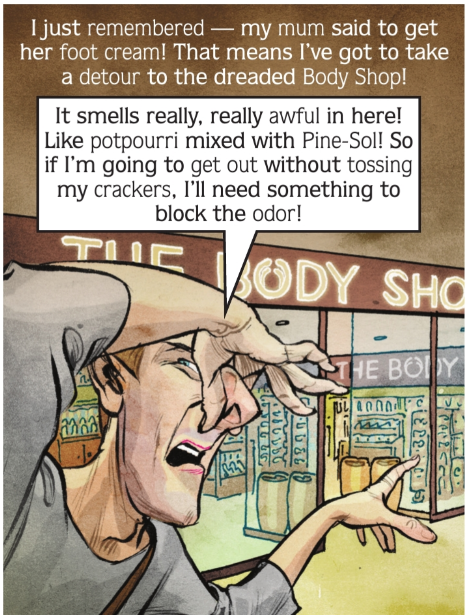

Uh-oh! Over there is the scariest thing you can encounter in any mall — Cool Teenage Girls! I've go to be careful and — no, they've spotted me!
Like wolves, teenage girls run in packs! They're meaner than cobras and can cut you to shreds like an ocelot, only instead of claws, they use withering glares and sarcastic comments!
Ohmigod! Check out the loser who's, like, totally Eddie Bauer!
Are those hiker shorts he wearing? Because they're, like, all hiked up his butt!
I've got to hide, and fast! Or I'm doomed!

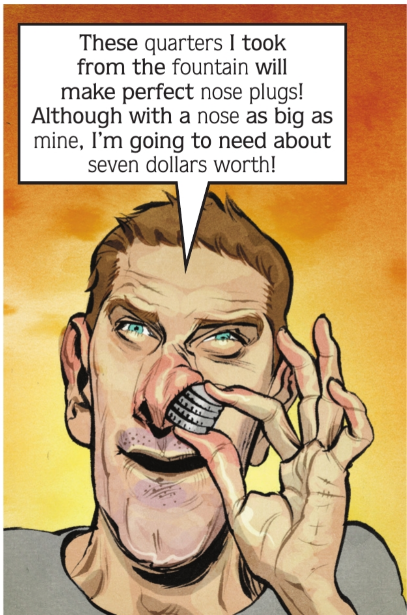

This Ball Crawl is the perfect hiding spot! Awesome!
Where'd he go? He's gone!
Who cares? Let's go make fun of some other pathetic dweeb!

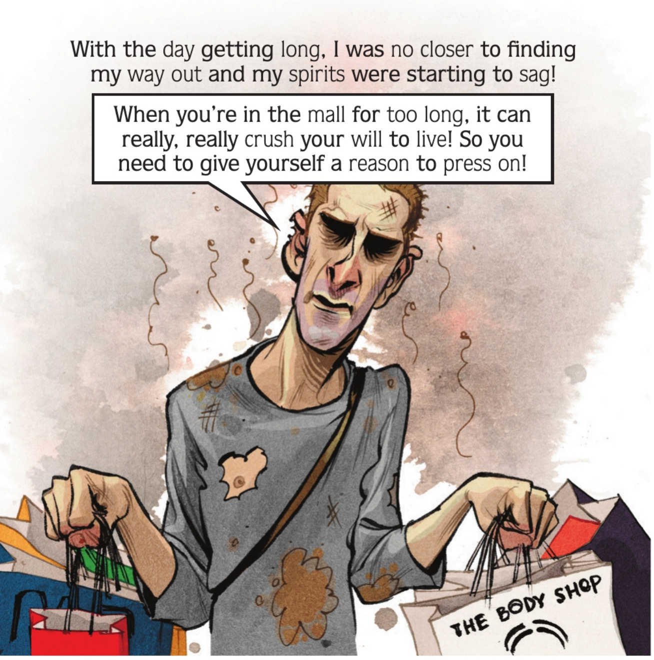

It's good they're leaving because I can't stay in here long! With all these snot-nosed toddlers around, a Ball Crawl is basically a multi-color bacteria farm disguised as a playpen!
What's really, really scary is that all these little demons are completely unsupervised! I've got to get out of here fast, before it turns into Kid Nation and I'm the host of TWO lousy reality shows!

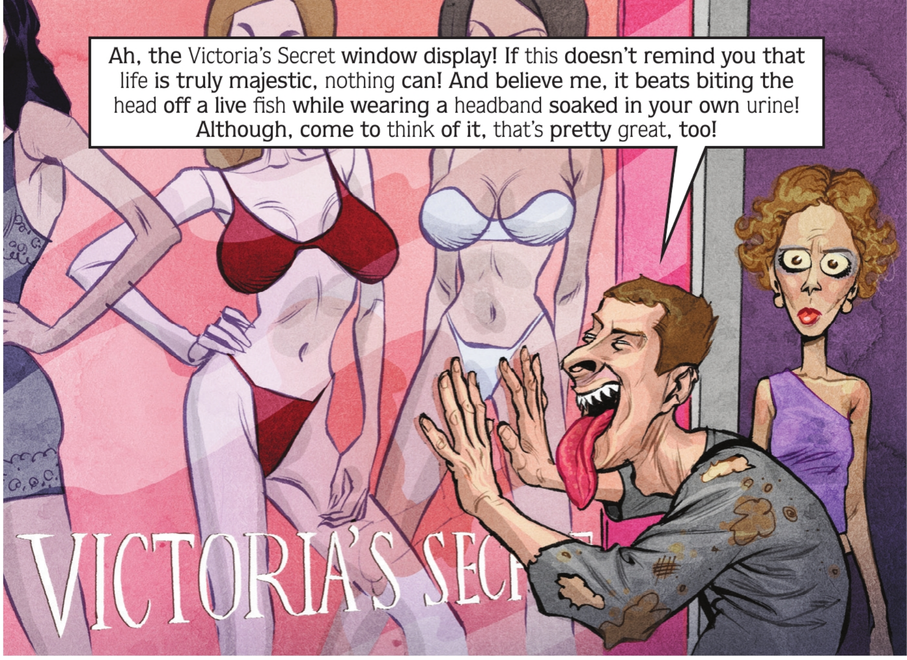

Hey! There's the guy who shoplifted the lipstick from Cosmetics World!
Uh-oh, I've been spotted by Mall Security! This is really, really bad! Mall Security guards aren't real cops, but they're still very dangerous! They can make me give the lipstick back or even call my parents!

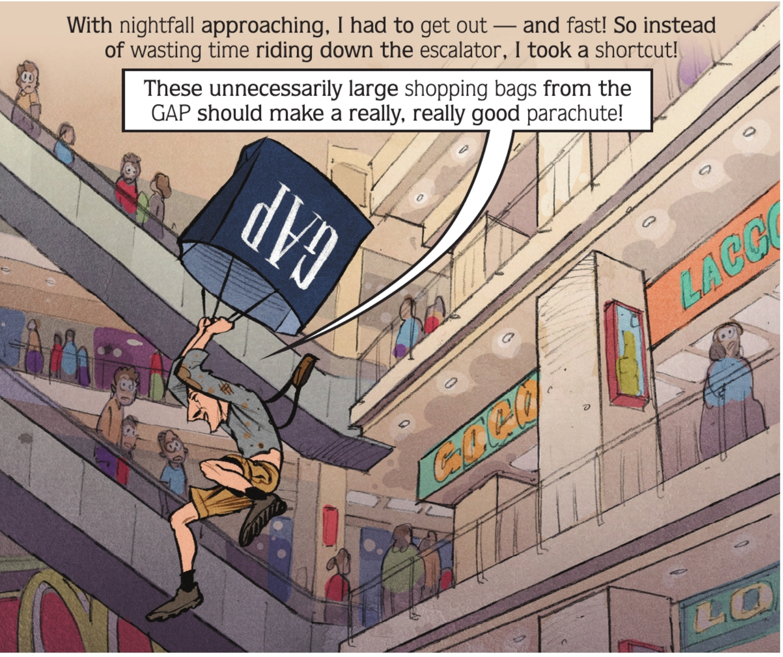

Fortunately, Mall Security Guards get their jobs because they're not in good enough shape to do real law enforcement! So by walking at a slightly brisk pace, I can easily outrun them!
You…! (PUFF!) Stop…! (WHEEZE!) I said — (COUGH COUGH! GASP!) — stop!
This is great! I can make my getaway without even breaking a sweat!

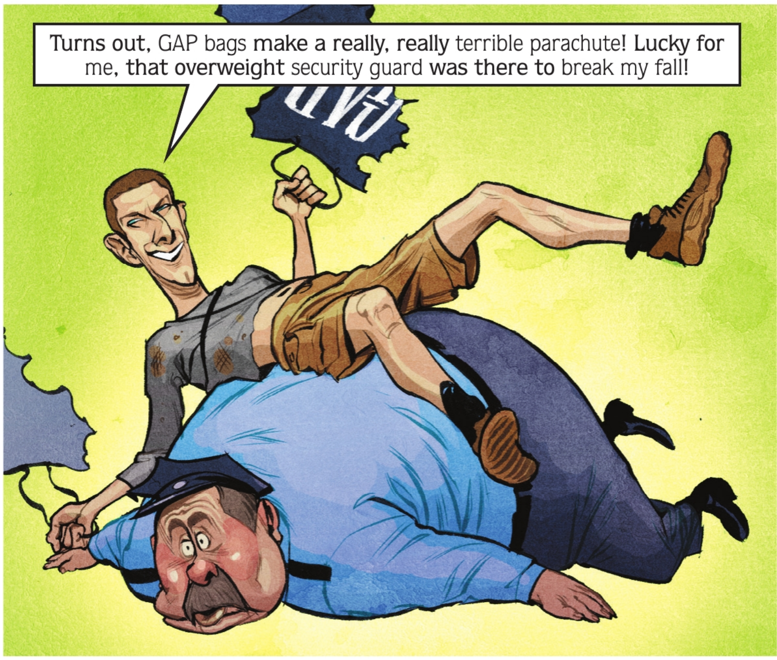

I just remembered — my mum said to get her foot cream! That means I've got to take a detour to the dreaded Body Shop!
It smells really, really awful in here! Like potpourri mixed with Pine-Sol! So if I'm going to get out without tossing my crackers, I'll need something to block the odor!
THE BODY SHO
THE BODY

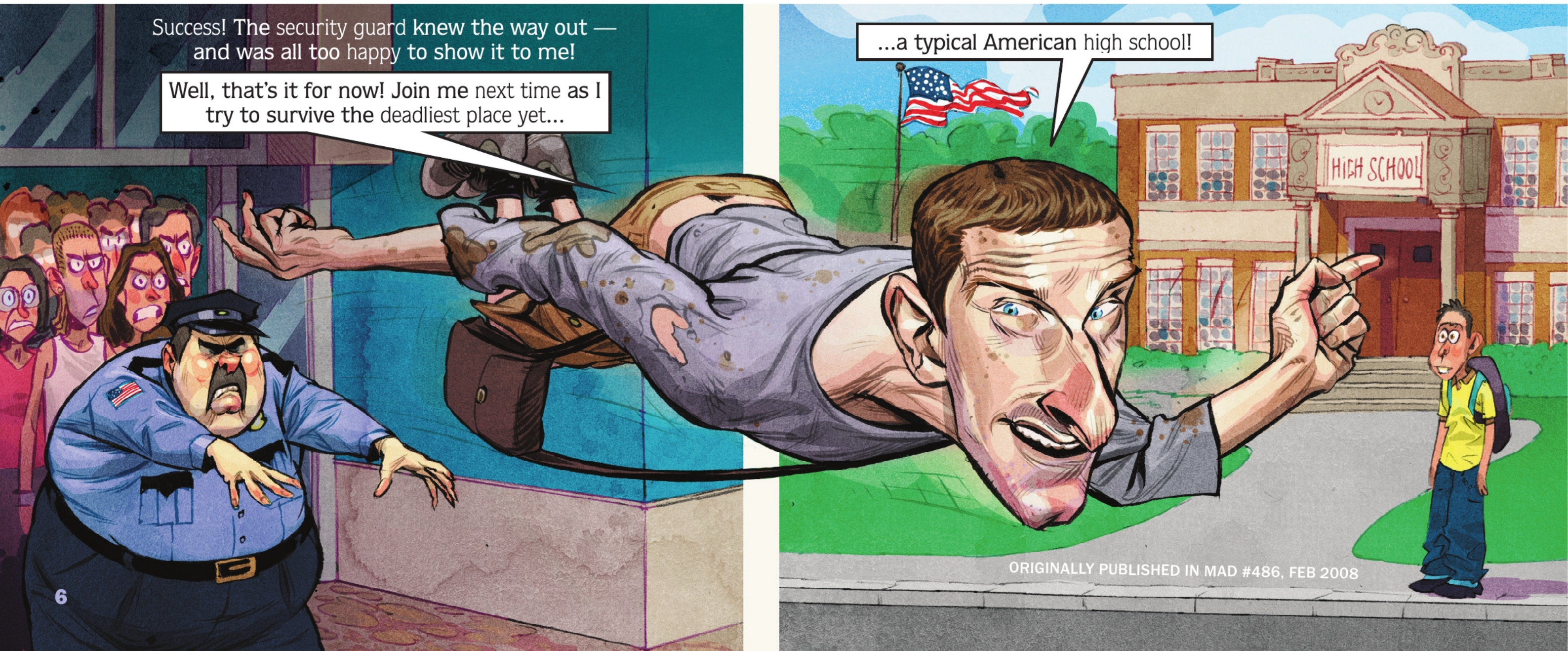

These quarters I took from the fountain will make perfect nose plugs! Although with a nose as big as mine, I'm going to need about seven dollars worth!


With the day getting long, I was no closer to finding my way out and my spirits were starting to sag!
When you're in the mall for too long, it can really, really crush your will to live! So you need to give yourself a reason to press on!
THE BODY SHOP


Ah, the Victoria's Secret window display! If this doesn't remind you that life is truly majestic, nothing can! And believe me, it beats biting the head off a live fish while wearing a headband soaked in your own urine! Although, come to think of it, that's pretty great, too!
VICTORIA'S SEC


With nightfall approaching, I had to get out — and fast! So instead of wasting time riding down the escalator, I took a shortcut!
These unnecessarily large shopping bags from the GAP should make a really, really good parachute!
GAP
LACC
GOCO

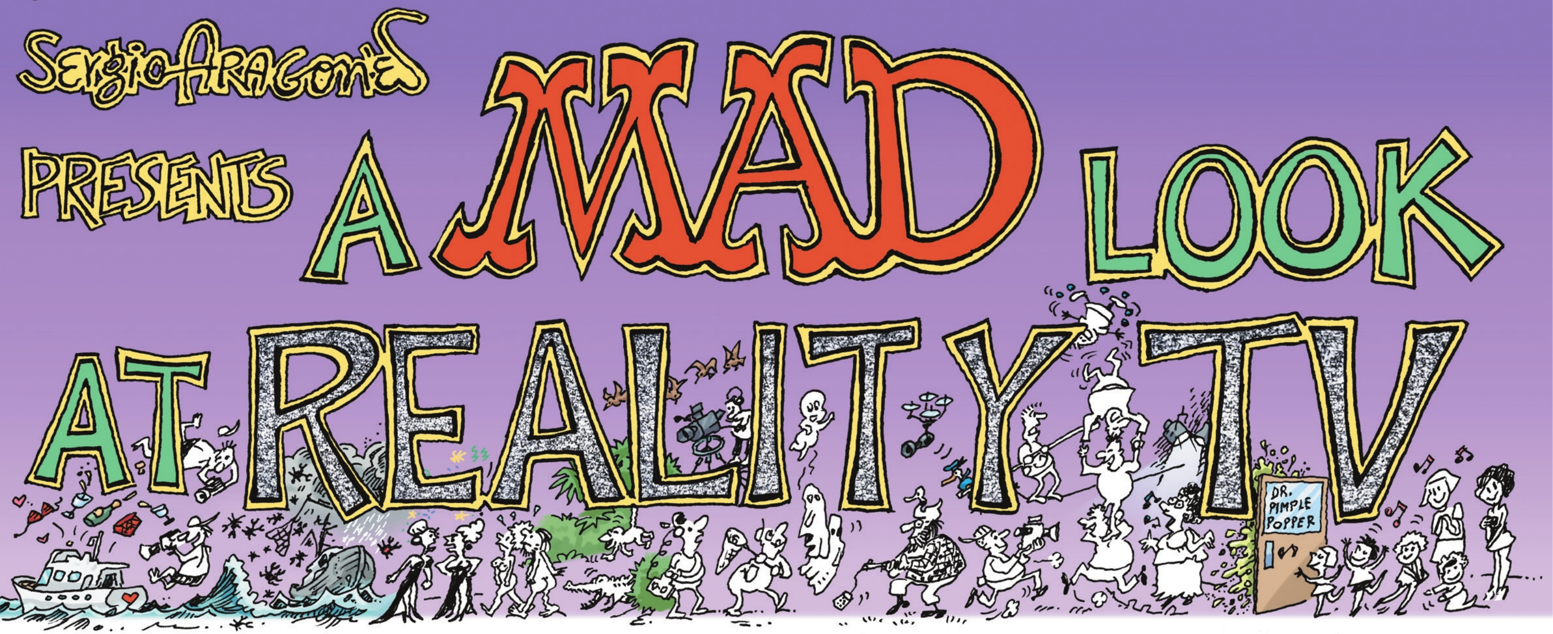

Turns out, GAP bags make a really, really terrible parachute! Lucky for me, that overweight security guard was there to break my fall!
GAP

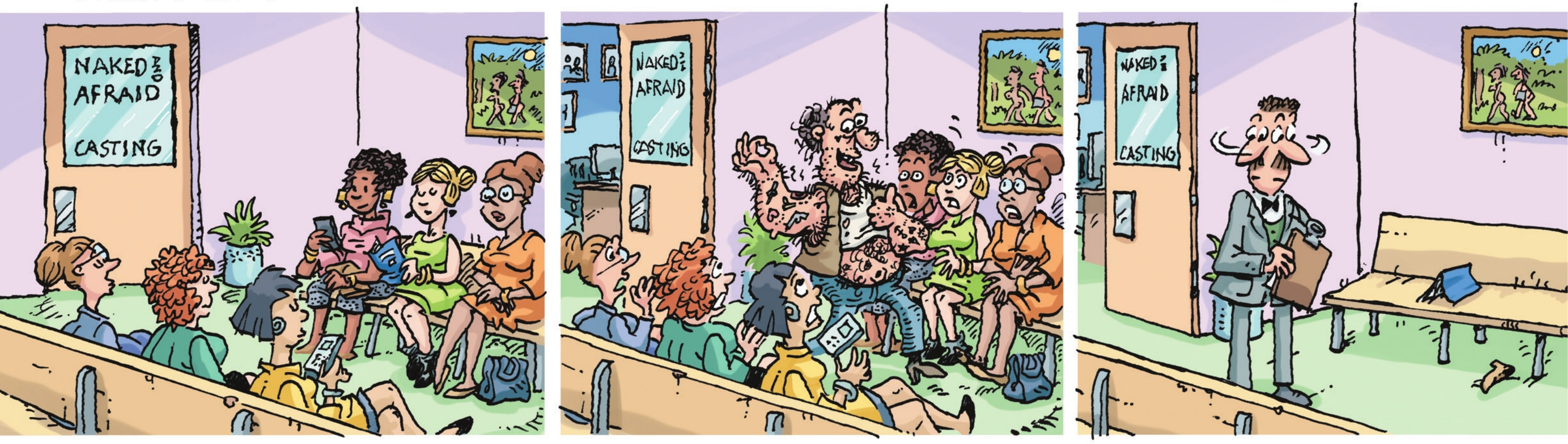

Success! The security guard knew the way out — and was all too happy to show it to me!
Well, that's it for now! Join me next time as I try to survive the deadliest place yet...
...a typical American high school!
HIGH SCHOOL

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #486, FEB 2008

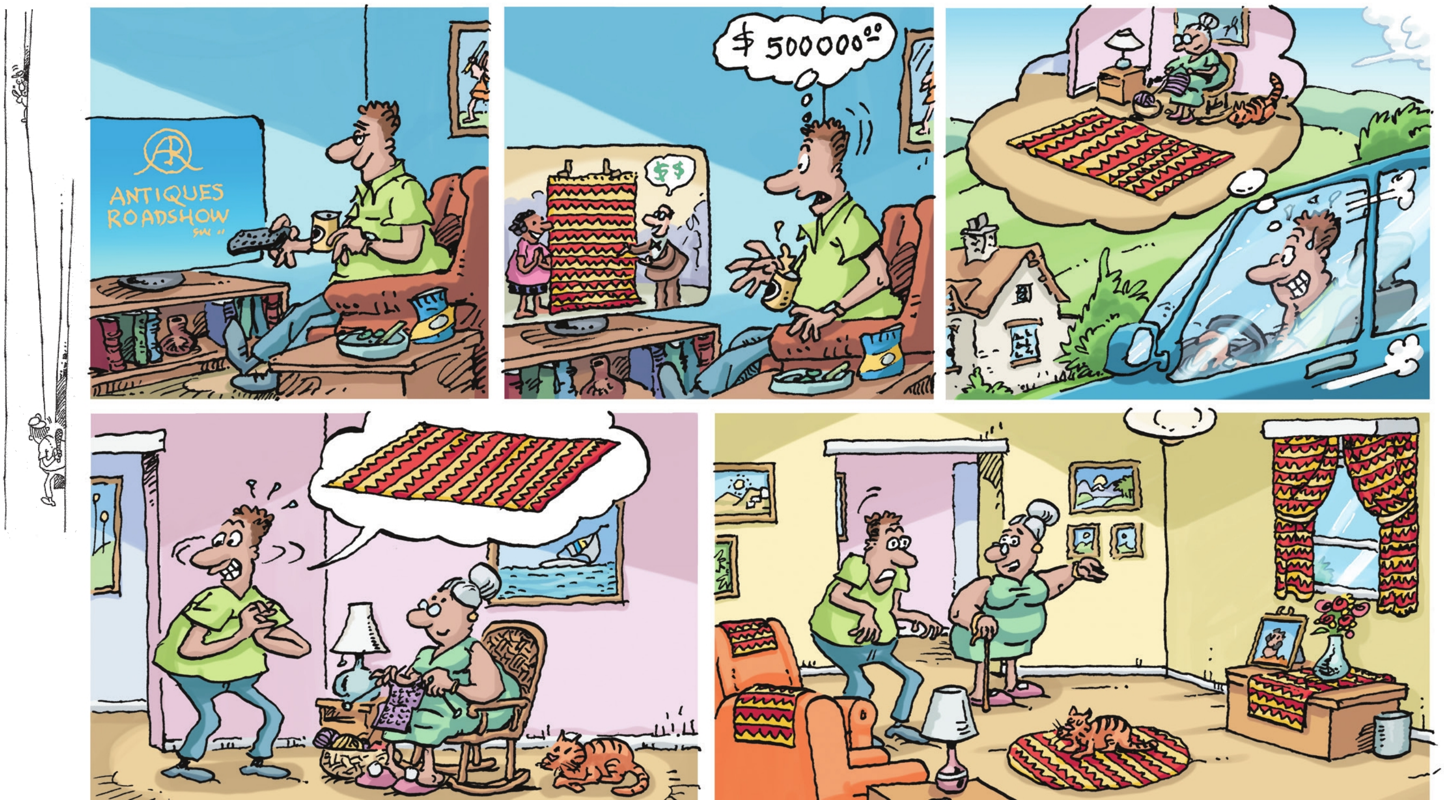
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

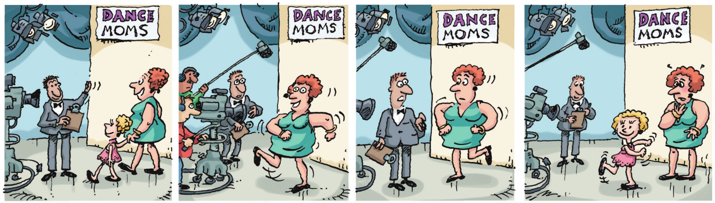
SERGIO ARAGONÉS PRESENTS A MAD LOOK AT REALITY TV

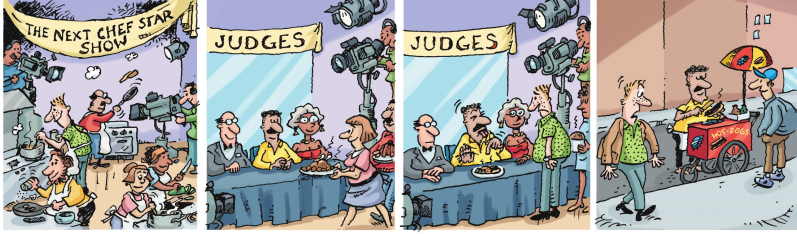

DR. PIMPLE POPPER

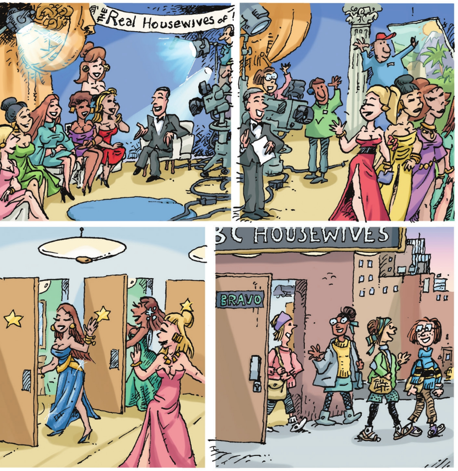

NAKED AND AFRAID CASTING

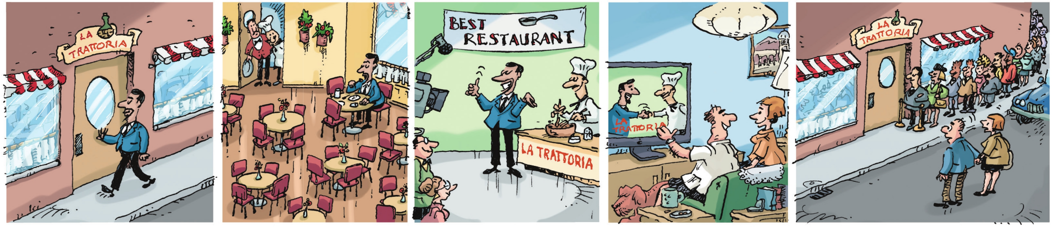
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**

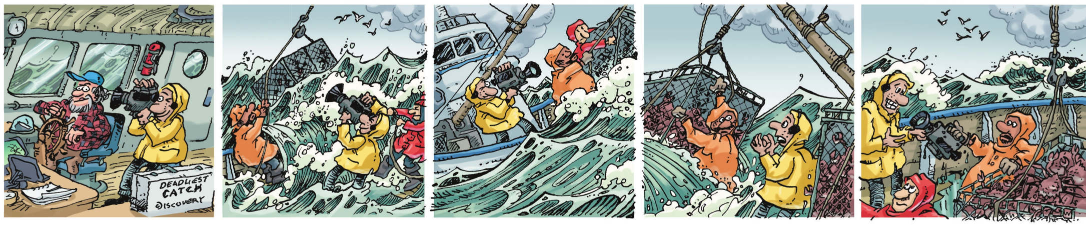

ANTIQUES ROADSHOW
$$
$ 500000.00

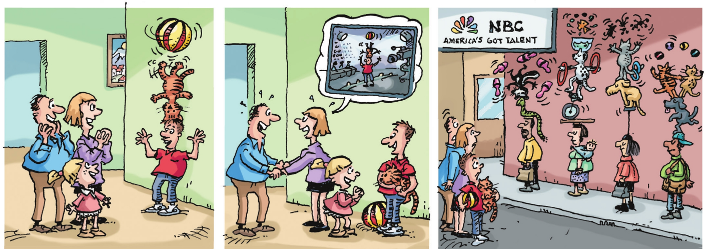

DANCE MOMS
DANCE MOMS
DANCE MOMS
DANCE MOMS

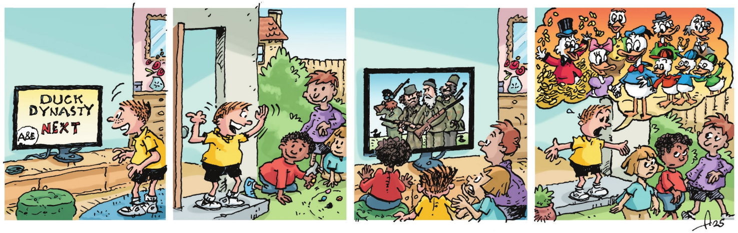

THE NEXT CHEF STAR SHOW
JUDGES
JUDGES
HOT-DOGS


THE Real Housewives of !
BC HOUSEWIVES
BRAVO


LA TRATTORIA
BEST RESTAURANT
LA TRATTORIA
LA TRATTORIA
LA TRATTORIA


DEADLIEST CATCH
©DISCOVERY


NBC
AMERICA'S GOT TALENT

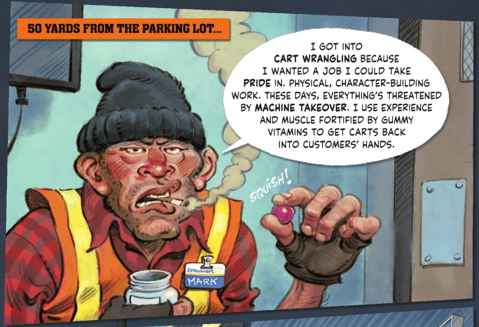

DUCK DYNASTY
A&E NEXT

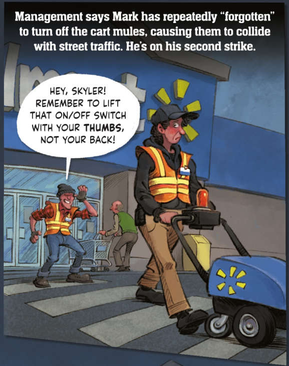
HELL ON WHEELS DEPT.

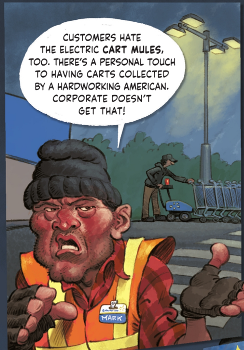
DEADLIEST CARTS

DISCLAIMER: The following program depicts very simple tasks executed in an extremely poor fashion. Viewer discretion is unwise.

WRITER **AMANDA STELLBERG**
ARTIST **GIDEON KENDALL**

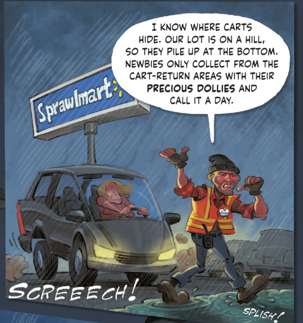

50 YARDS FROM THE PARKING LOT...
I GOT INTO CART WRANGLING BECAUSE I WANTED A JOB I COULD TAKE PRIDE IN. PHYSICAL, CHARACTER-BUILDING WORK. THESE DAYS, EVERYTHING'S THREATENED BY MACHINE TAKEOVER. I USE EXPERIENCE AND MUSCLE FORTIFIED BY GUMMY VITAMINS TO GET CARTS BACK INTO CUSTOMERS' HANDS.
SQUISH!
MARK

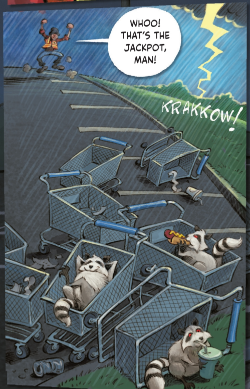

Management says Mark has repeatedly "forgotten" to turn off the cart mules, causing them to collide with street traffic. He's on his second strike.
HEY, SKYLER! REMEMBER TO LIFT THAT ON/OFF SWITCH WITH YOUR THUMBS, NOT YOUR BACK!

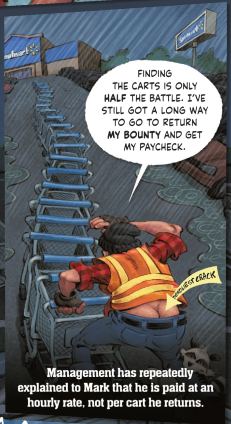

CUSTOMERS HATE THE ELECTRIC CART MULES, TOO. THERE'S A PERSONAL TOUCH TO HAVING CARTS COLLECTED BY A HARDWORKING AMERICAN. CORPORATE DOESN'T GET THAT!
MARK

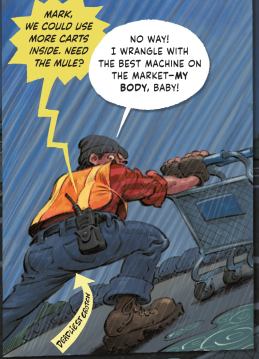
CART COUNT
(TODAY'S SHIFT)

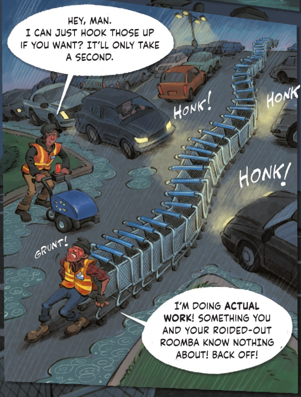
CART MULE	240
MARK	36

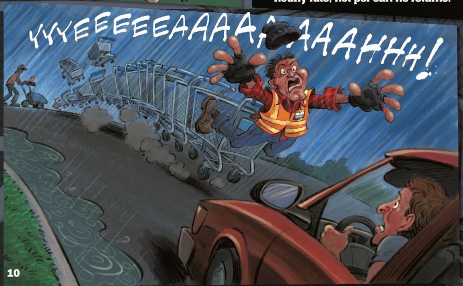

I KNOW WHERE CARTS HIDE. OUR LOT IS ON A HILL, SO THEY PILE UP AT THE BOTTOM. NEWBIES ONLY COLLECT FROM THE CART-RETURN AREAS WITH THEIR PRECIOUS DOLLIES AND CALL IT A DAY.
Sprawlmart
SCREEECH!
SPLISH!

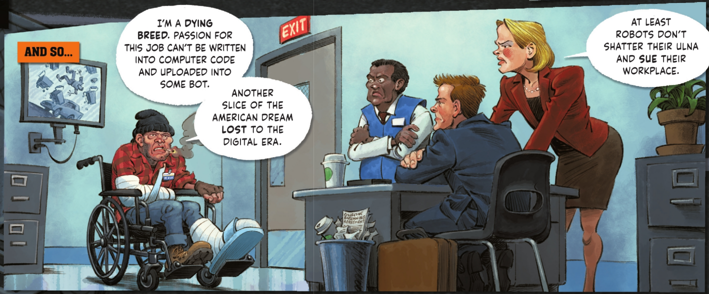

WHOO! THAT'S THE JACKPOT, MAN!
KRAKKOW!


FINDING THE CARTS IS ONLY HALF THE BATTLE. I'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO TO RETURN MY BOUNTY AND GET MY PAYCHECK.
DEADLIEST CRACK
Management has repeatedly explained to Mark that he is paid at an hourly rate, not per cart he returns.


MARK, WE COULD USE MORE CARTS INSIDE. NEED THE MULE?
NO WAY! I WRANGLE WITH THE BEST MACHINE ON THE MARKET—MY BODY, BABY!
DEADLIEST CROTCH


HEY, MAN. I CAN JUST HOOK THOSE UP IF YOU WANT? IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND.
HONK!
HONK!
HONK!
GRUNT!
I'M DOING ACTUAL WORK! SOMETHING YOU AND YOUR ROIDED-OUT ROOMBA KNOW NOTHING ABOUT! BACK OFF!


YYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAHHH!

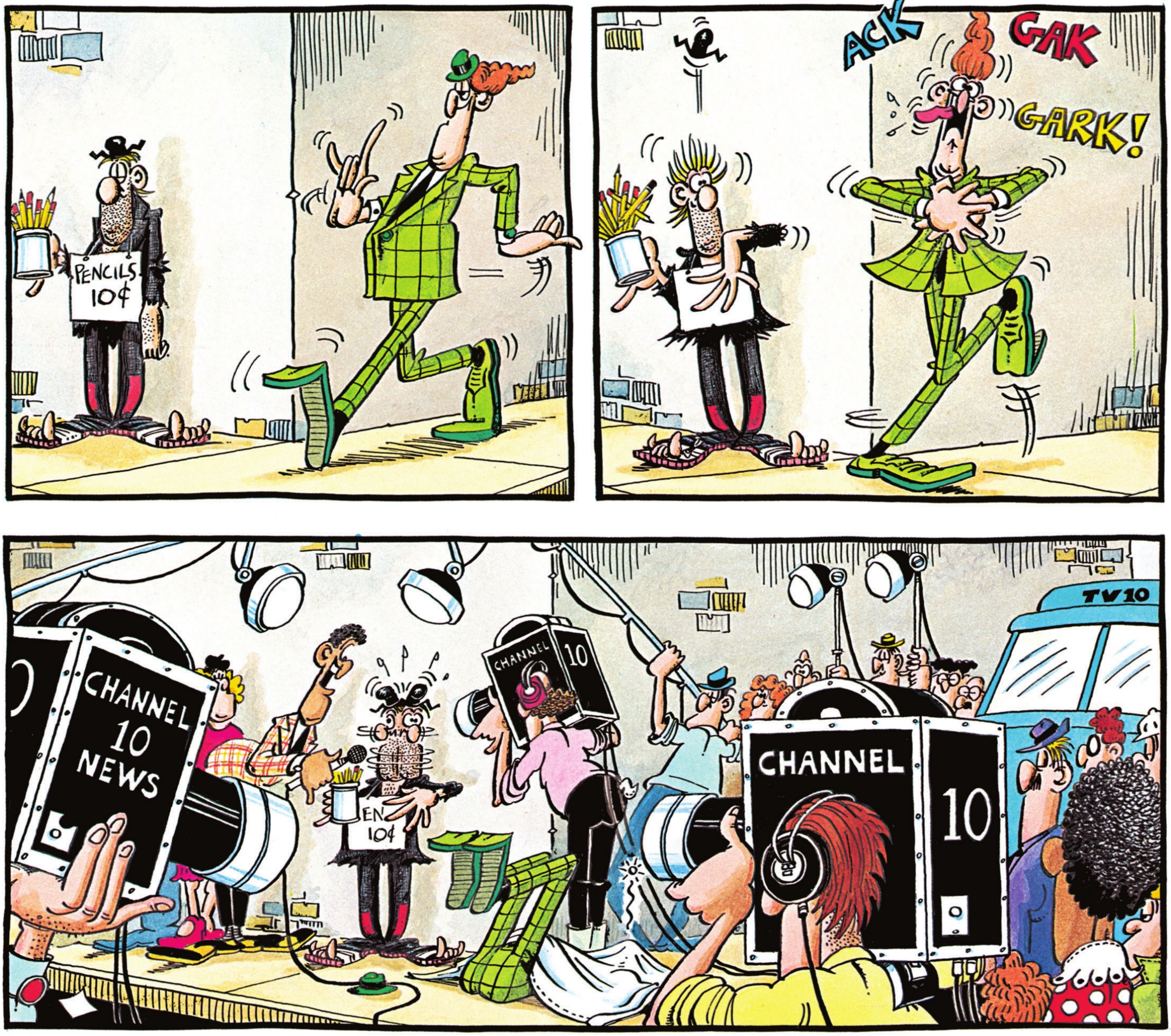

AND SO...
I'M A DYING BREED. PASSION FOR THIS JOB CAN'T BE WRITTEN INTO COMPUTER CODE AND UPLOADED INTO SOME BOT.
ANOTHER SLICE OF THE AMERICAN DREAM LOST TO THE DIGITAL ERA.
EXIT
AT LEAST ROBOTS DON'T SHATTER THEIR ULNA AND SUE THEIR WORKPLACE.

Mark received a six-figure workers' comp settlement for his injuries on Sprawlmart property.

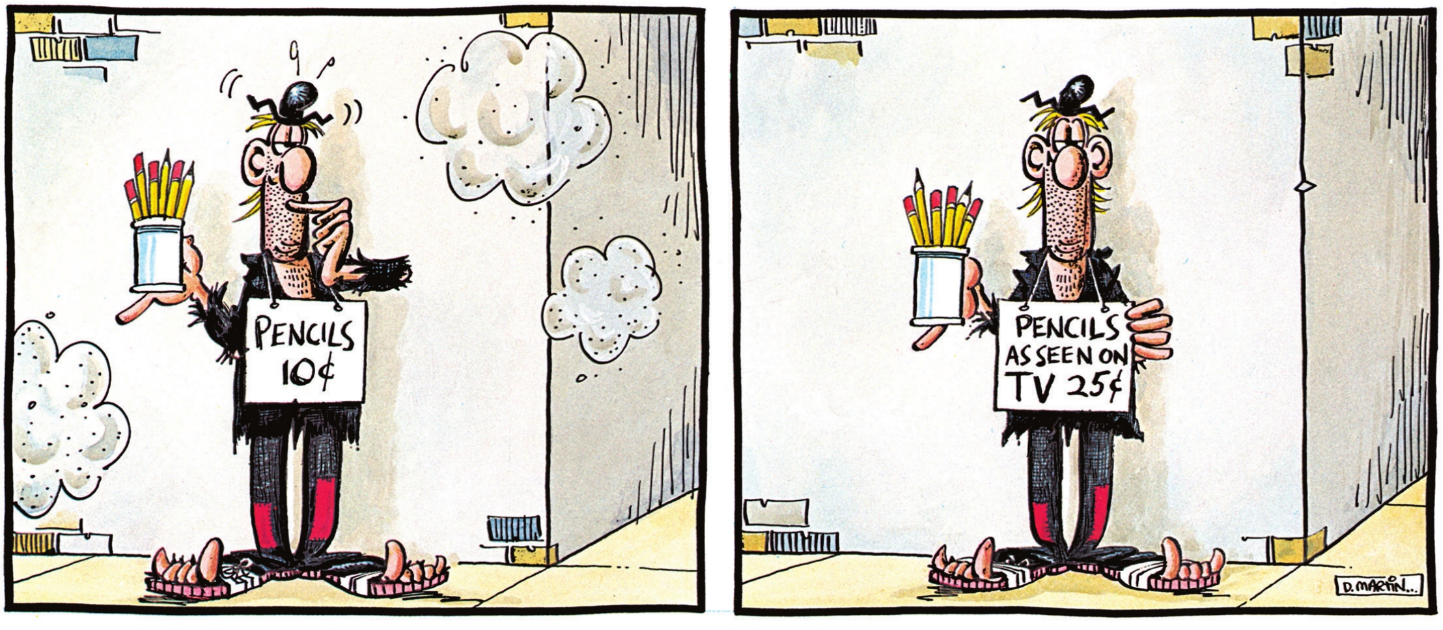
He went on to write a bestselling self-help book, ***The Cart of The Deal: Pushing Carts... And Limits.***

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #12, APR 2020

GETTING THE POINT DEPT.


PENCILS 10¢
ACK
GAK
GARK!
CHANNEL 10 NEWS
CHANNEL 10
EN 10¢
CHANNEL 10
TV10

WRITER **DON "DUCK" EDWING** ARTIST **DON MARTIN**

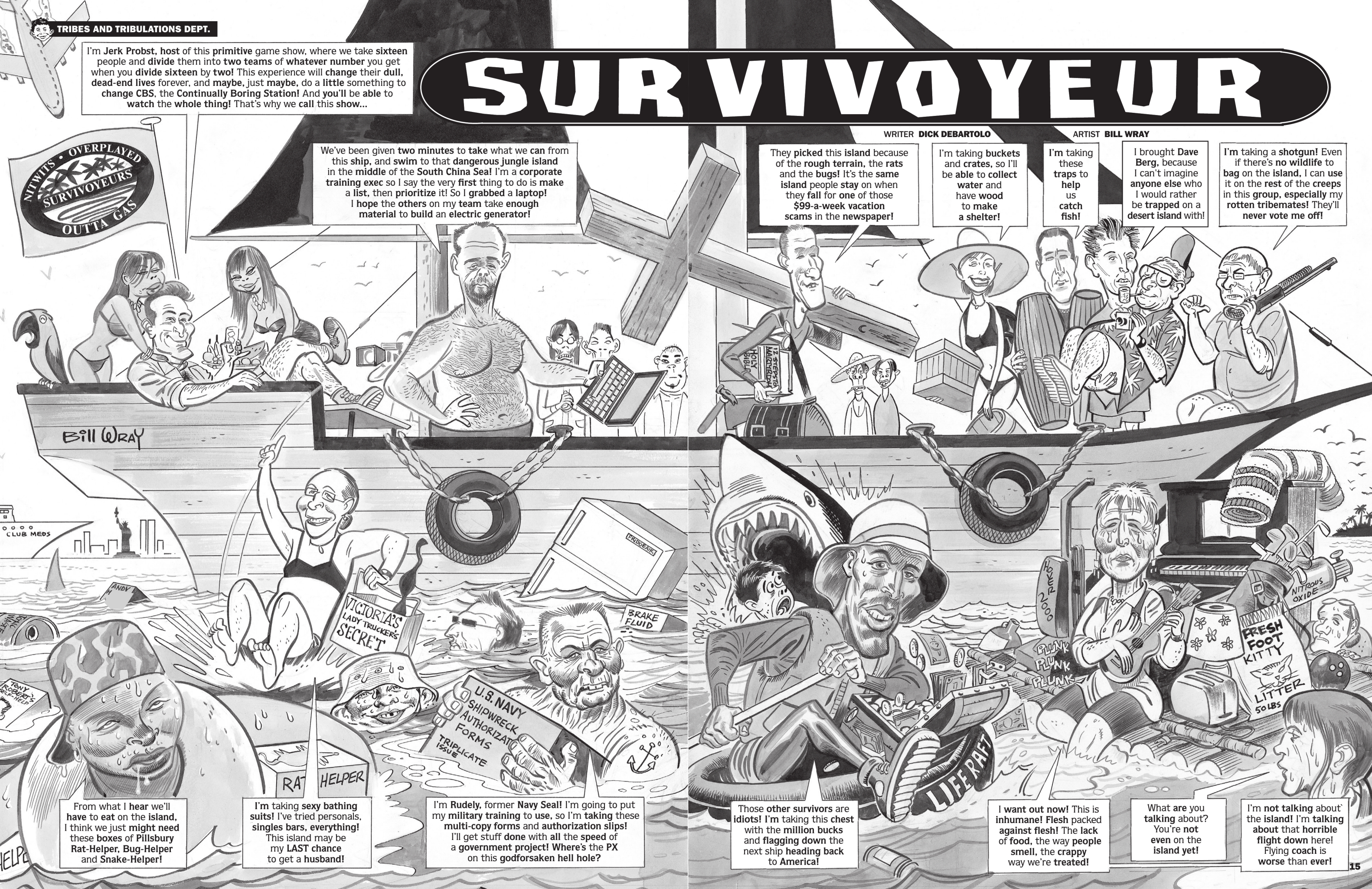

PENCILS 10¢
PENCILS AS SEEN ON TV 25¢
D. MARTIN..

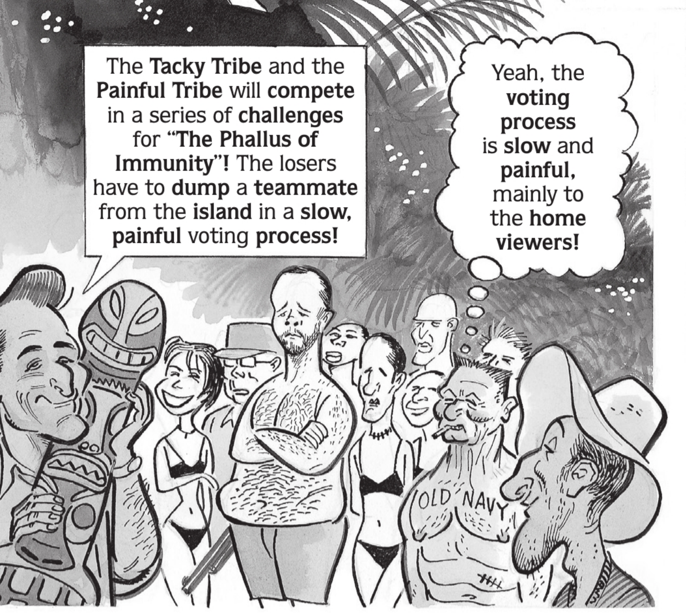
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #228, JAN 1982

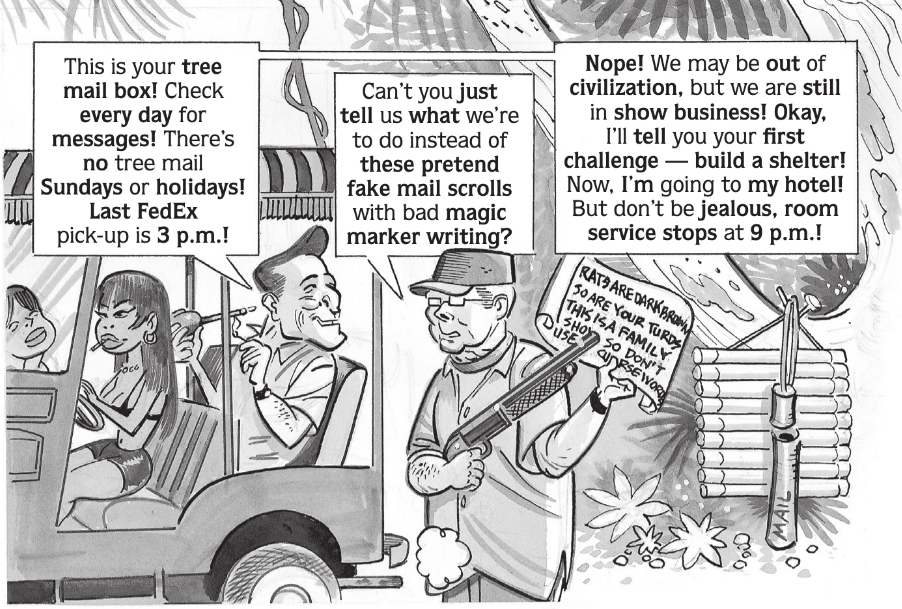
TRIBES AND TRIBULATIONS DEPT.

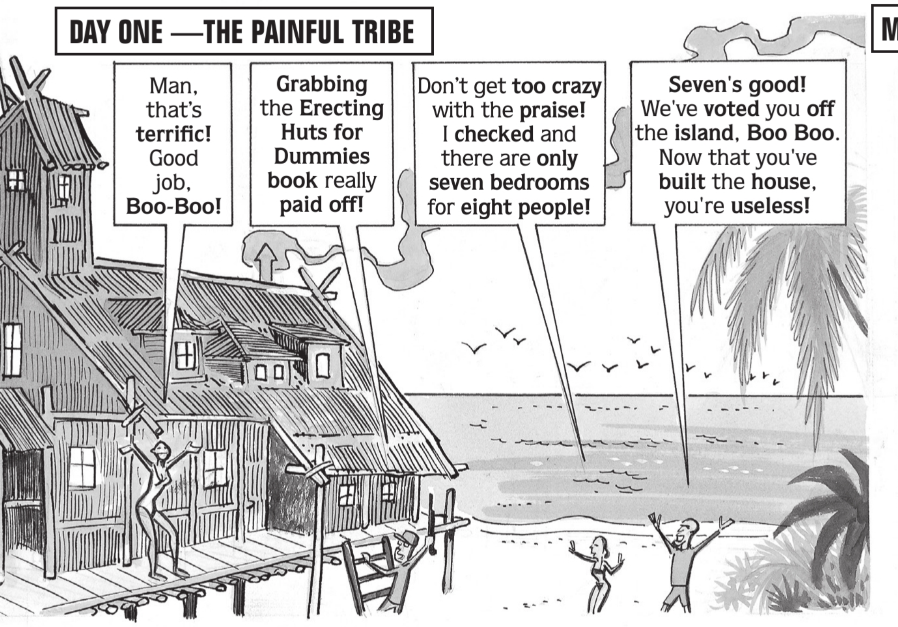
SURVIVOYEUR

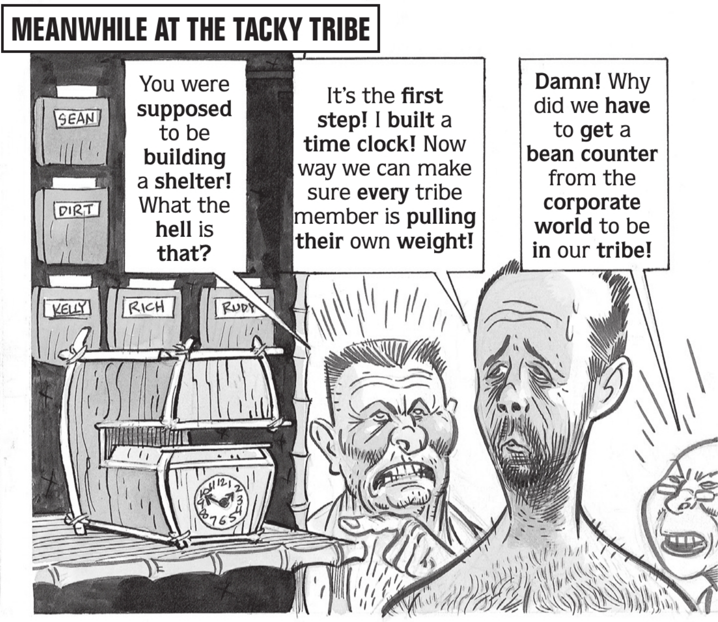
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **BILL WRAY**

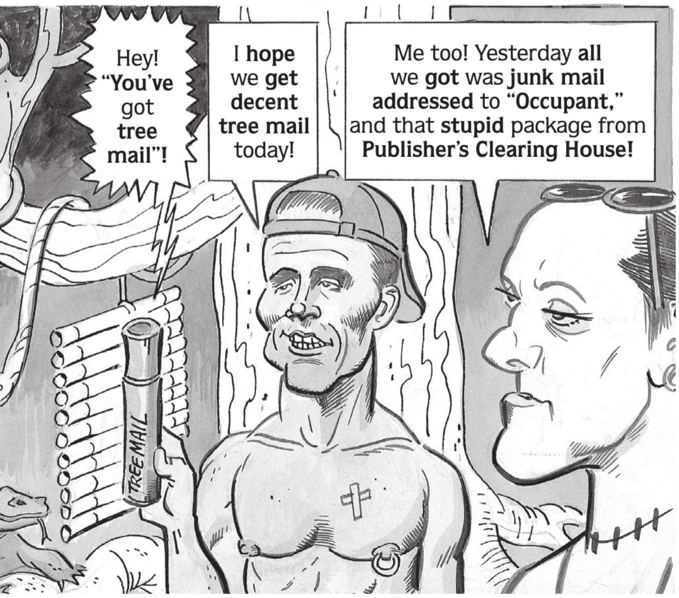

I'm Jerk Probst, host of this primitive game show, where we take sixteen people and divide them into two teams of whatever number you get when you divide sixteen by two! This experience will change their dull, dead-end lives forever, and maybe, just maybe, do a little something to change CBS, the Continually Boring Station! And you'll be able to watch the whole thing! That's why we call this show...
NITWITS • OVERPLAYED • SURVIVOYEURS • OUTTA GAS
We've been given two minutes to take what we can from this ship, and swim to that dangerous jungle island in the middle of the South China Sea! I'm a corporate training exec so I say the very first thing to do is make a list, then prioritize it! So I grabbed a laptop! I hope the others on my team take enough material to build an electric generator!
BILL WRAY
They picked this island because of the rough terrain, the rats and the bugs! It's the same island people stay on when they fall for one of those $99-a-week vacation scams in the newspaper!
HOLY BIBLE
12 STEPS TO MARTYRDOM
I'm taking buckets and crates, so I'll be able to collect water and have wood to make a shelter!
I'm taking these traps to help us catch fish!
I brought Dave Berg, because I can't imagine anyone else who I would rather be trapped on a desert island with!
I'm taking a shotgun! Even if there's no wildlife to bag on the island, I can use it on the rest of the creeps in this group, especially my rotten tribemates! They'll never vote me off!
CLUB MEDS
ANDY H
TOXIC WASTE
TONY ROBERT'S SELF-HELP
VICTORIA'S LADY TRUCKER'S SECRET
FRIGIDAIRE
BRAKE FLUID
U.S. NAVY SHIPWRECK AUTHORIZATION FORMS TRIPLICATE ISSUE
RAT HELPER
HELPER
HOOVER 2000
PLUNK PLUNK PLUNK
NITROUS OXIDE
FRESH FOOT KITTY LITTER 50 LBS
LIFE RAFT
From what I hear we'll have to eat on the island, I think we just might need these boxes of Pillsbury Rat-Helper, Bug-Helper and Snake-Helper!
I'm taking sexy bathing suits! I've tried personals, singles bars, everything! This island may be my LAST chance to get a husband!
I'm Rudely, former Navy Seal! I'm going to put my military training to use, so I'm taking these multi-copy forms and authorization slips! I'll get stuff done with all the speed of a government project! Where's the PX on this godforsaken hell hole?
Those other survivors are idiots! I'm taking this chest with the million bucks and flagging down the next ship heading back to America!
I want out now! This is inhumane! Flesh packed against flesh! The lack of food, the way people smell, the crappy way we're treated!
What are you talking about? You're not even on the island yet!
I'm not talking about the island! I'm talking about that horrible flight down here! Flying coach is worse than ever!

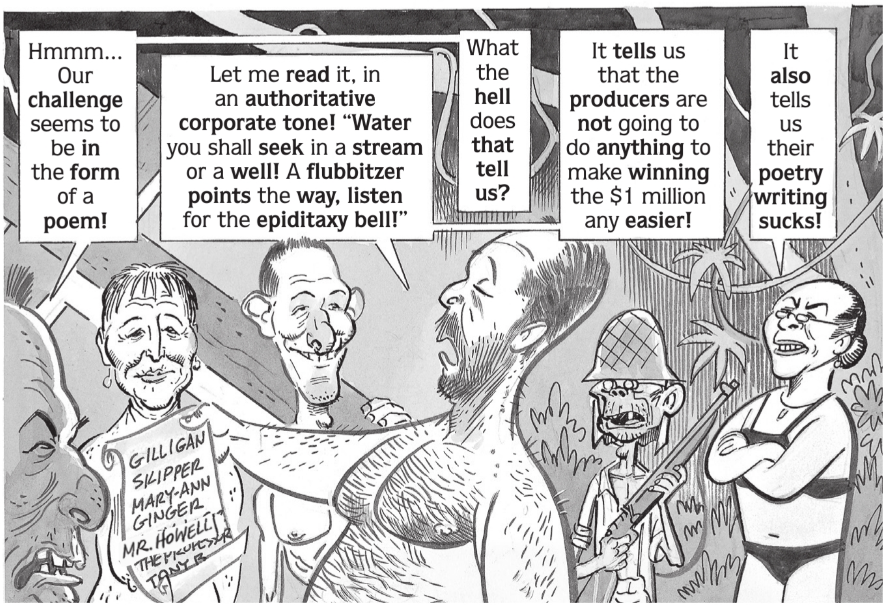

The Tacky Tribe and the Painful Tribe will compete in a series of challenges for "The Phallus of Immunity"! The losers have to dump a teammate from the island in a slow, painful voting process!
Yeah, the voting process is slow and painful, mainly to the home viewers!
OLD NAVY


This is your tree mail box! Check every day for messages! There's no tree mail Sundays or holidays! Last FedEx pick-up is 3 p.m.!
Can't you just tell us what we're to do instead of these pretend fake mail scrolls with bad magic marker writing?
Nope! We may be out of civilization, but we are still in show business! Okay, I'll tell you your first challenge — build a shelter! Now, I'm going to my hotel! But don't be jealous, room service stops at 9 p.m.!
RATS ARE DARK BROWN SO ARE YOUR TURDS THIS IS A FAMILY SHOW SO DON'T USE CURSE WORDS
MAIL

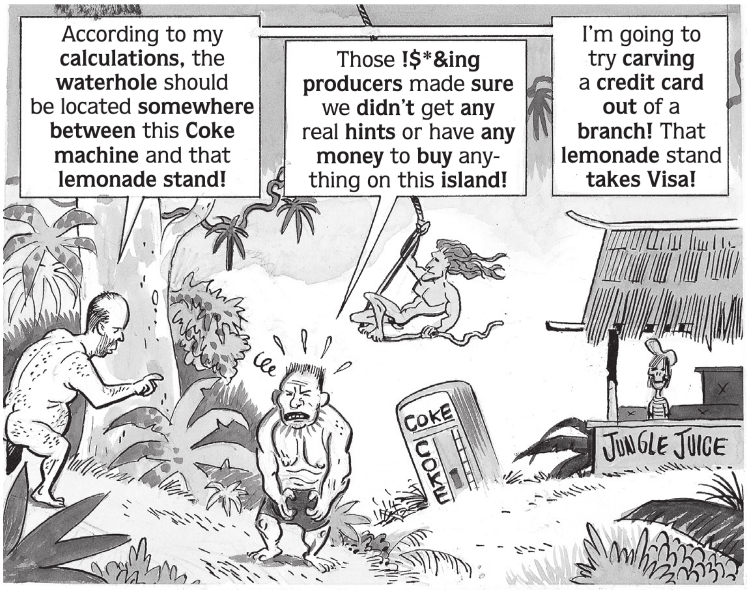

DAY ONE —THE PAINFUL TRIBE
Man, that's terrific! Good job, Boo-Boo!
Grabbing the Erecting Huts for Dummies book really paid off!
Don't get too crazy with the praise! I checked and there are only seven bedrooms for eight people!
Seven's good! We've voted you off the island, Boo Boo. Now that you've built the house, you're useless!

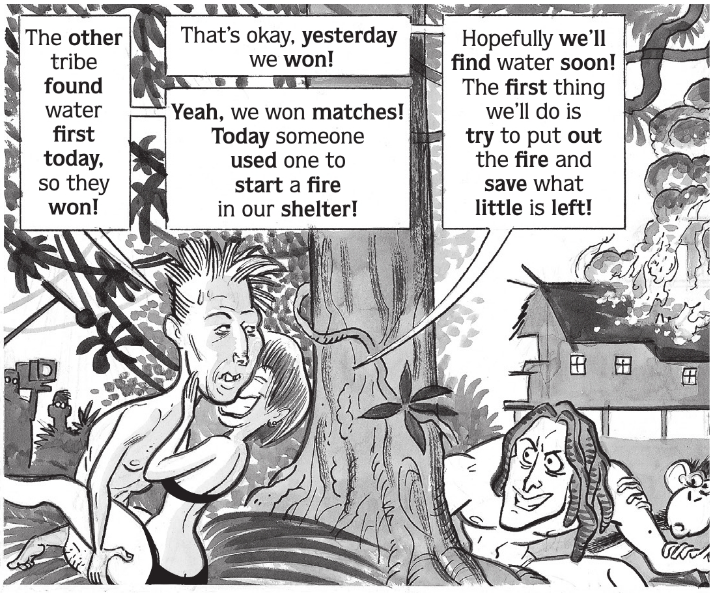

MEANWHILE AT THE TACKY TRIBE
SEAN
DIRT
KELLY
RICH
RUDY
You were supposed to be building a shelter! What the hell is that?
It's the first step! I built a time clock! Now way we can make sure every tribe member is pulling their own weight!
Damn! Why did we have to get a bean counter from the corporate world to be in our tribe!

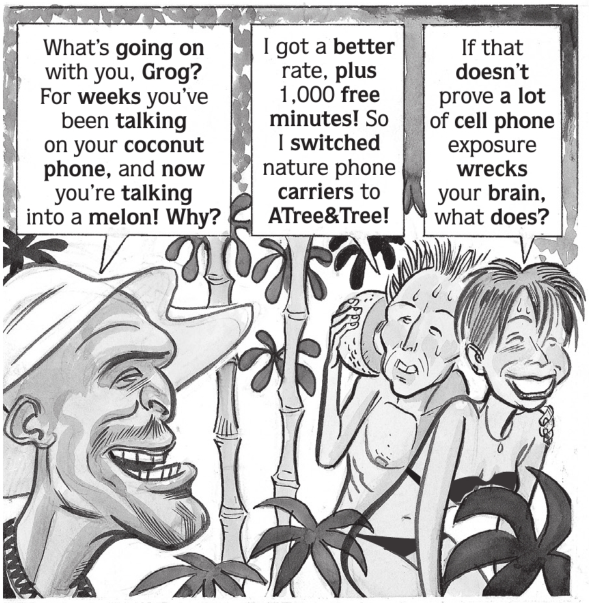

Hey! "You've got tree mail"!
I hope we get decent tree mail today!
Me too! Yesterday all we got was junk mail addressed to "Occupant," and that stupid package from Publisher's Clearing House!
TREEMAIL

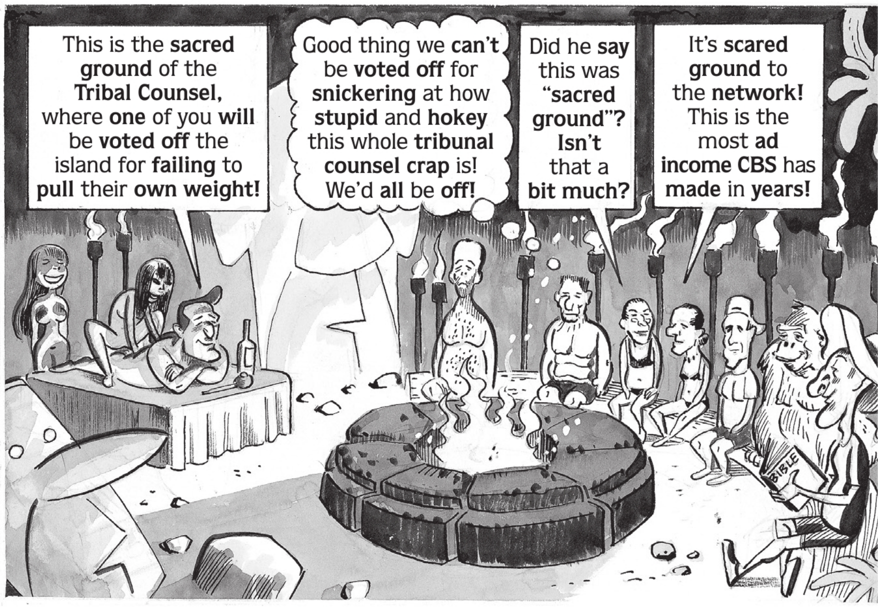

Hmmm... Our challenge seems to be in the form of a poem!
Let me read it, in an authoritative corporate tone! "Water you shall seek in a stream or a well! A flubbitzer points the way, listen for the epiditaxy bell!"
What the hell does that tell us?
It tells us that the producers are not going to do anything to make winning the $1 million any easier!
It also tells us their poetry writing sucks!
GILLIGAN
SKIPPER
MARY-ANN
GINGER
MR. HOWELL
THE PROFESSOR
TONY B.

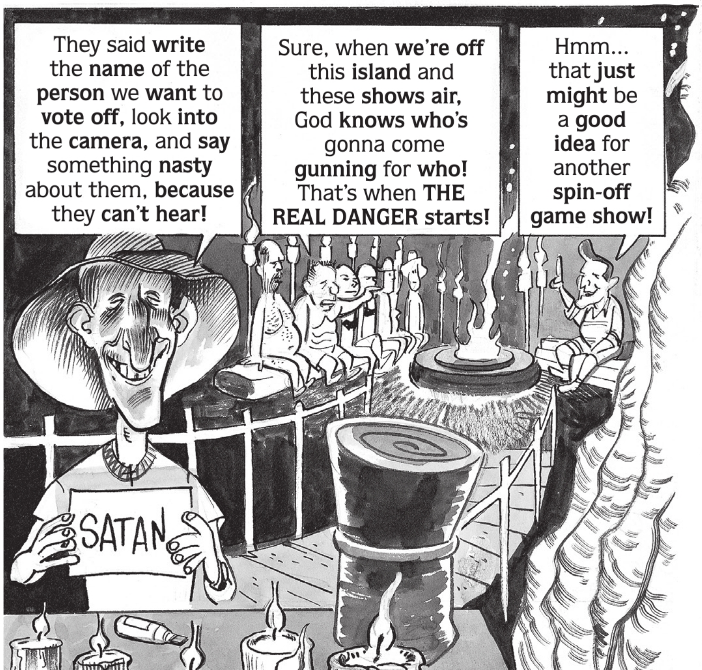
NY

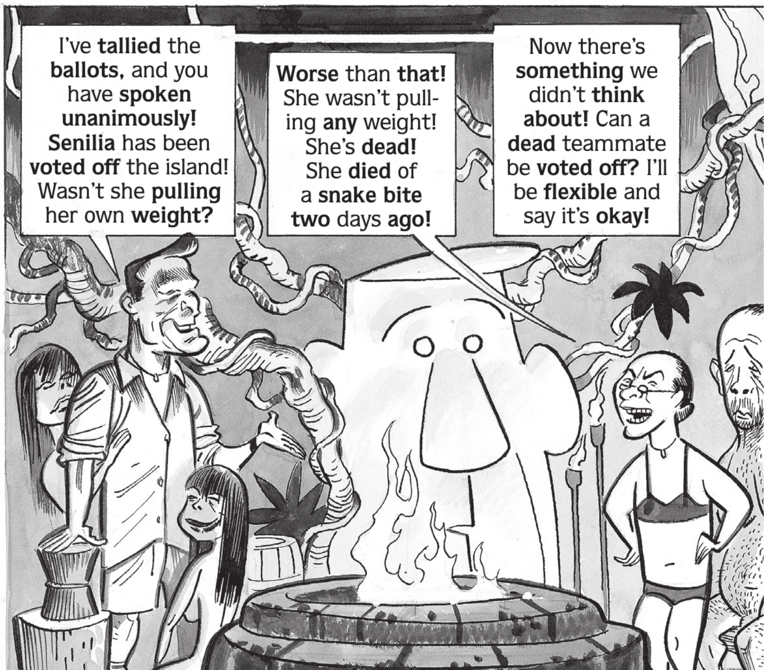

According to my calculations, the waterhole should be located somewhere between this Coke machine and that lemonade stand!
Those !$*&ing producers made sure we didn't get any real hints or have any money to buy anything on this island!
I'm going to try carving a credit card out of a branch! That lemonade stand takes Visa!
COKE
COKE
JUNGLE JUICE

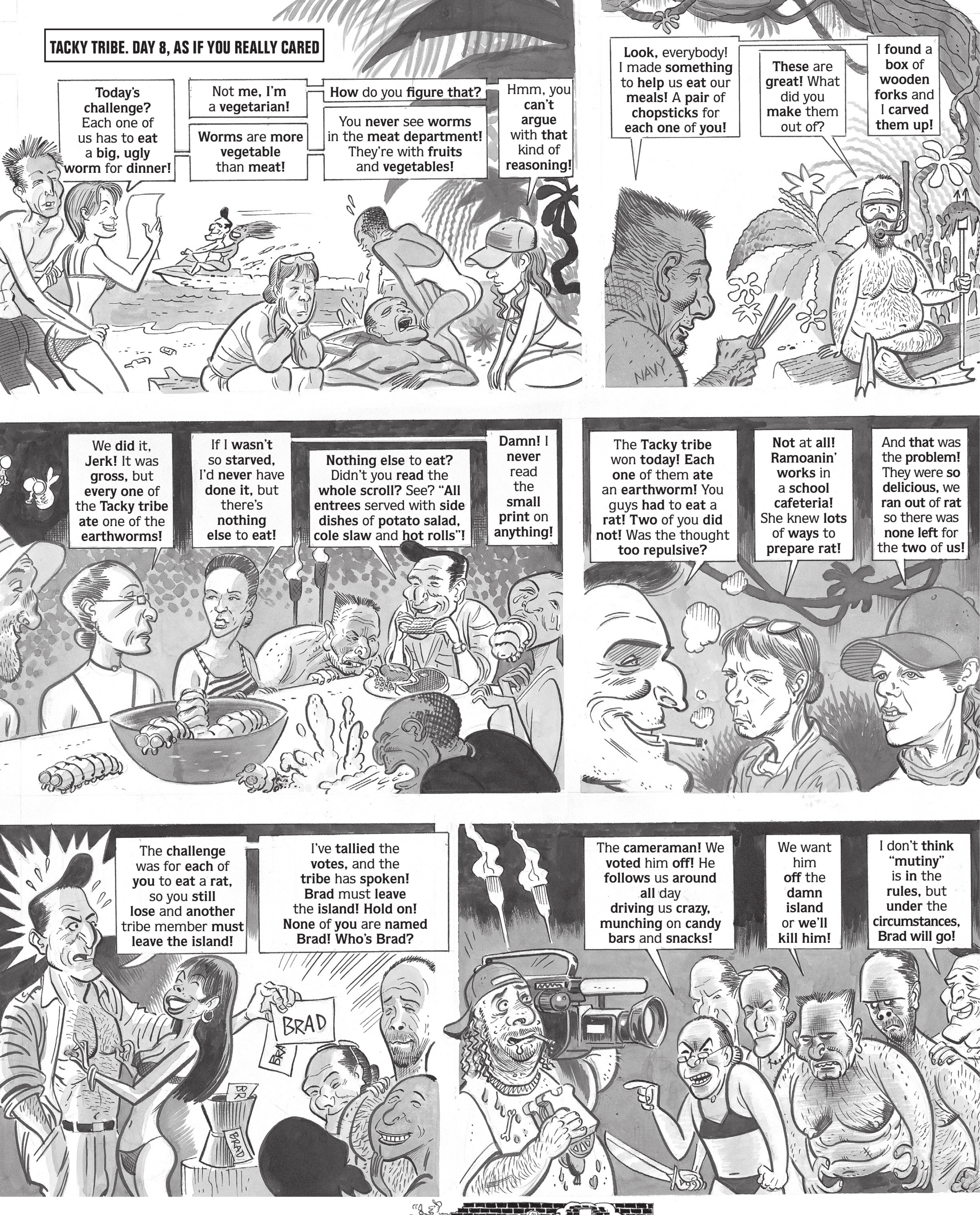

The other tribe found water first today, so they won!
That's okay, yesterday we won!
Yeah, we won matches! Today someone used one to start a fire in our shelter!
Hopefully we'll find water soon! The first thing we'll do is try to put out the fire and save what little is left!

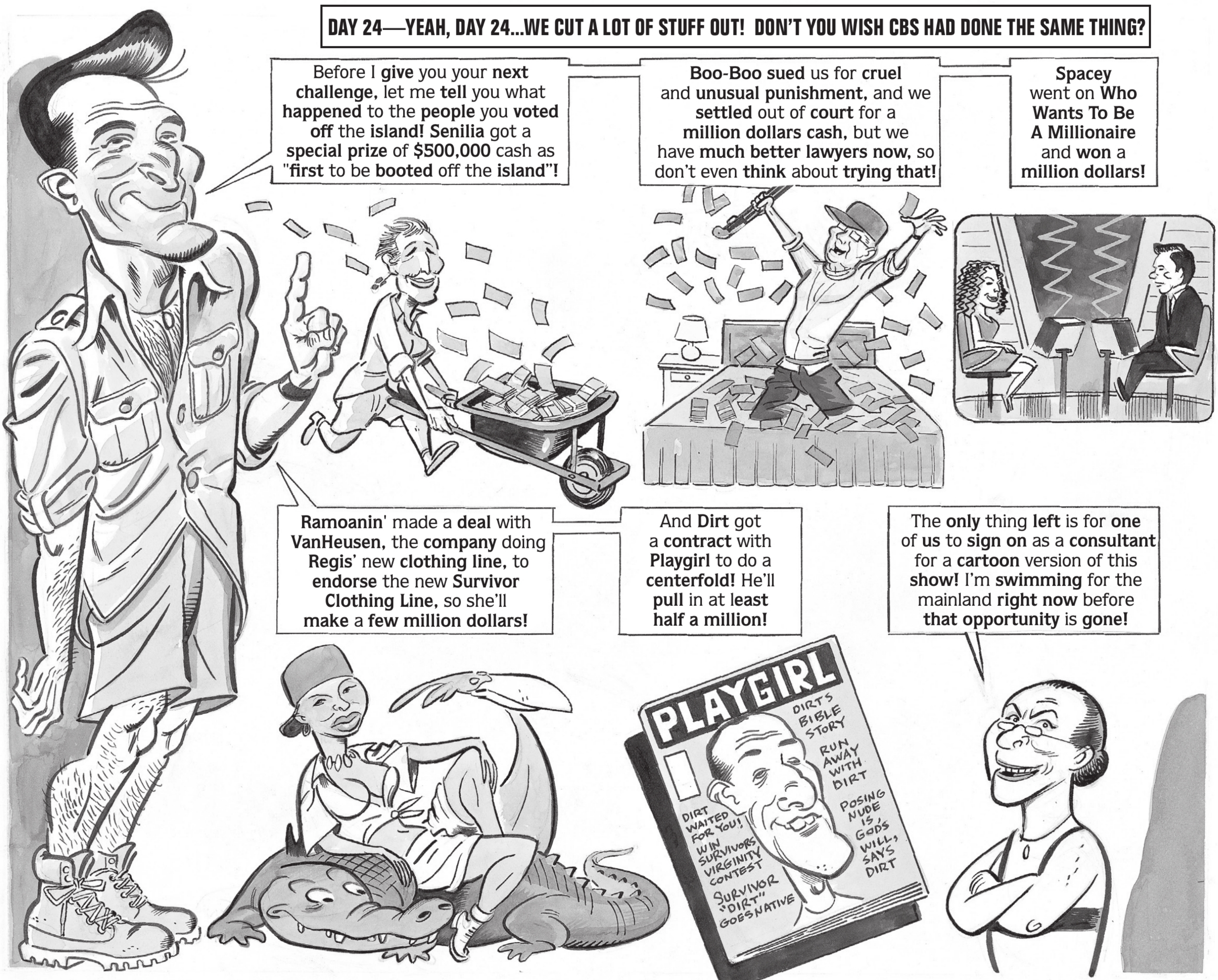

What's going on with you, Grog? For weeks you've been talking on your coconut phone, and now you're talking into a melon! Why?
I got a better rate, plus 1,000 free minutes! So I switched nature phone carriers to ATree&Tree!
If that doesn't prove a lot of cell phone exposure wrecks your brain, what does?

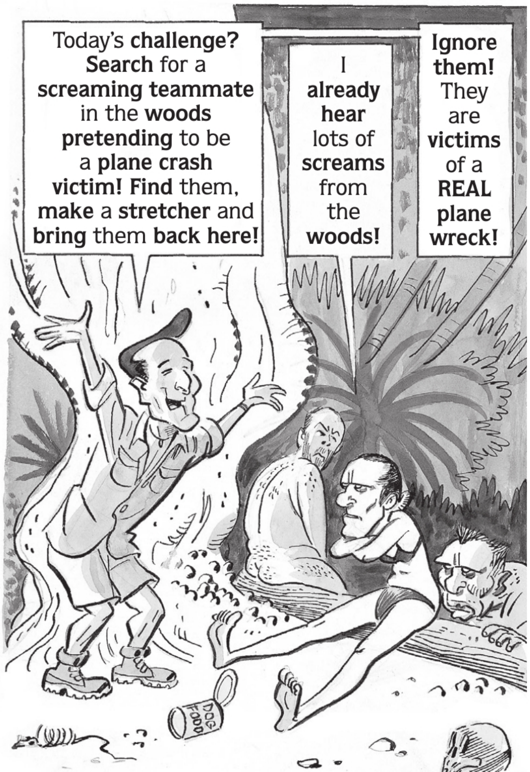

This is the sacred ground of the Tribal Counsel, where one of you will be voted off the island for failing to pull their own weight!
Good thing we can't be voted off for snickering at how stupid and hokey this whole tribunal counsel crap is! We'd all be off!
Did he say this was "sacred ground"? Isn't that a bit much?
It's scared ground to the network! This is the most ad income CBS has made in years!
BIBLE

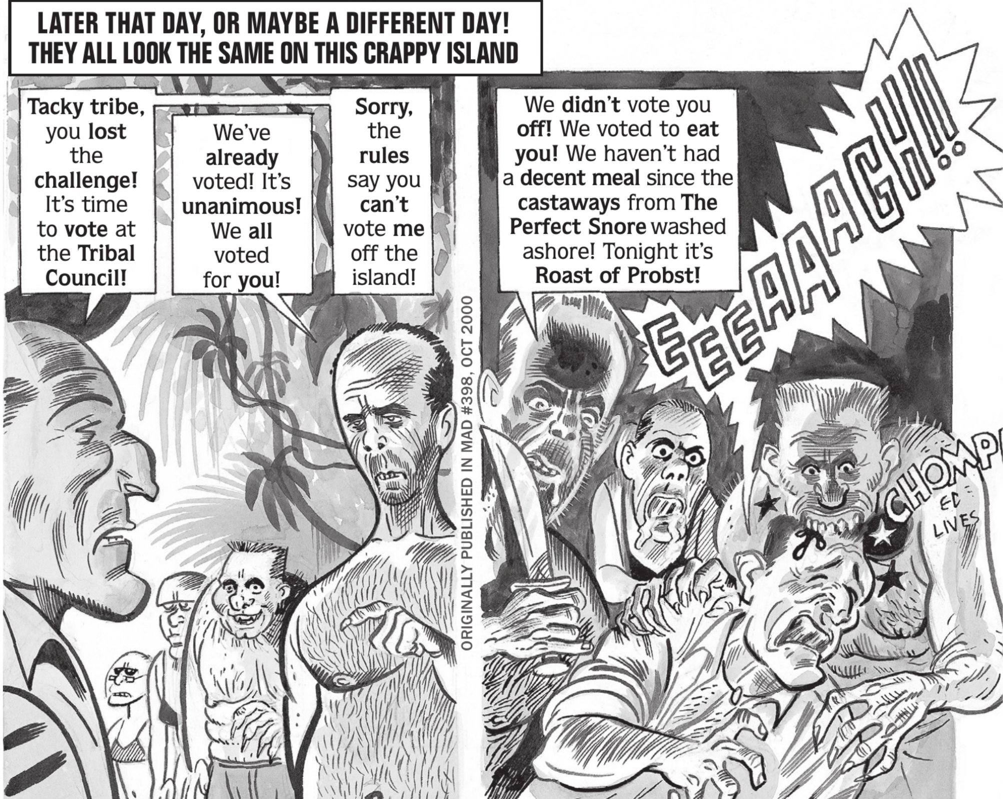

They said write the name of the person we want to vote off, look into the camera, and say something nasty about them, because they can't hear!
Sure, when we're off this island and these shows air, God knows who's gonna come gunning for who! That's when THE REAL DANGER starts!
Hmm… that just might be a good idea for another spin-off game show!
SATAN


I've tallied the ballots, and you have spoken unanimously! Senilia has been voted off the island! Wasn't she pulling her own weight?
Worse than that! She wasn't pulling any weight! She's dead! She died of a snake bite two days ago!
Now there's something we didn't think about! Can a dead teammate be voted off? I'll be flexible and say it's okay!


TACKY TRIBE. DAY 8, AS IF YOU REALLY CARED
Today's challenge? Each one of us has to eat a big, ugly worm for dinner!
Not me, I'm a vegetarian!
Worms are more vegetable than meat!
How do you figure that?
You never see worms in the meat department! They're with fruits and vegetables!
Hmm, you can't argue with that kind of reasoning!
Look, everybody! I made something to help us eat our meals! A pair of chopsticks for each one of you!
These are great! What did you make them out of?
I found a box of wooden forks and I carved them up!
NAVY
We did it, Jerk! It was gross, but every one of the Tacky tribe ate one of the earthworms!
If I wasn't so starved, I'd never have done it, but there's nothing else to eat!
Nothing else to eat? Didn't you read the whole scroll? See? "All entrees served with side dishes of potato salad, cole slaw and hot rolls"!
Damn! I never read the small print on anything!
The Tacky tribe won today! Each one of them ate an earthworm! You guys had to eat a rat! Two of you did not! Was the thought too repulsive?
Not at all! Ramoanin' works in a school cafeteria! She knew lots of ways to prepare rat!
And that was the problem! They were so delicious, we ran out of rat so there was none left for the two of us!
The challenge was for each of you to eat a rat, so you still lose and another tribe member must leave the island!
I've tallied the votes, and the tribe has spoken! Brad must leave the island! Hold on! None of you are named Brad! Who's Brad?
BRAD
BRA
BR
BRAD
The cameraman! We voted him off! He follows us around all day driving us crazy, munching on candy bars and snacks!
We want him off the damn island or we'll kill him!
I don't think "mutiny" is in the rules, but under the circumstances, Brad will go!


DAY 24—YEAH, DAY 24...WE CUT A LOT OF STUFF OUT! DON'T YOU WISH CBS HAD DONE THE SAME THING?
Before I give you your next challenge, let me tell you what happened to the people you voted off the island! Senilia got a special prize of $500,000 cash as "first to be booted off the island"!
Boo-Boo sued us for cruel and unusual punishment, and we settled out of court for a million dollars cash, but we have much better lawyers now, so don't even think about trying that!
Spacey went on Who Wants To Be A Millionaire and won a million dollars!
Ramoanin' made a deal with VanHeusen, the company doing Regis' new clothing line, to endorse the new Survivor Clothing Line, so she'll make a few million dollars!
And Dirt got a contract with Playgirl to do a centerfold! He'll pull in at least half a million!
The only thing left is for one of us to sign on as a consultant for a cartoon version of this show! I'm swimming for the mainland right now before that opportunity is gone!
PLAYGIRL
DIRTS BIBLE STORY
RUN AWAY WITH DIRT
POSING NUDE IS GODS WILL, SAYS DIRT
DIRT WAITED FOR YOU!
WIN SURVIVORS VIRGINITY CONTEST
SURVIVOR "DIRT" GOES NATIVE


Today's challenge? Search for a screaming teammate in the woods pretending to be a plane crash victim! Find them, make a stretcher and bring them back here!
I already hear lots of screams from the woods!
Ignore them! They are victims of a REAL plane wreck!


LATER THAT DAY, OR MAYBE A DIFFERENT DAY! THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME ON THIS CRAPPY ISLAND
Tacky tribe, you lost the challenge! It's time to vote at the Tribal Council!
We've already voted! It's unanimous! We all voted for you!
Sorry, the rules say you can't vote me off the island!
We didn't vote you off! We voted to eat you! We haven't had a decent meal since the castaways from The Perfect Snore washed ashore! Tonight it's Roast of Probst!
AAAGH!!
EEEAAAGH!!
CHOMP
ED LIVES

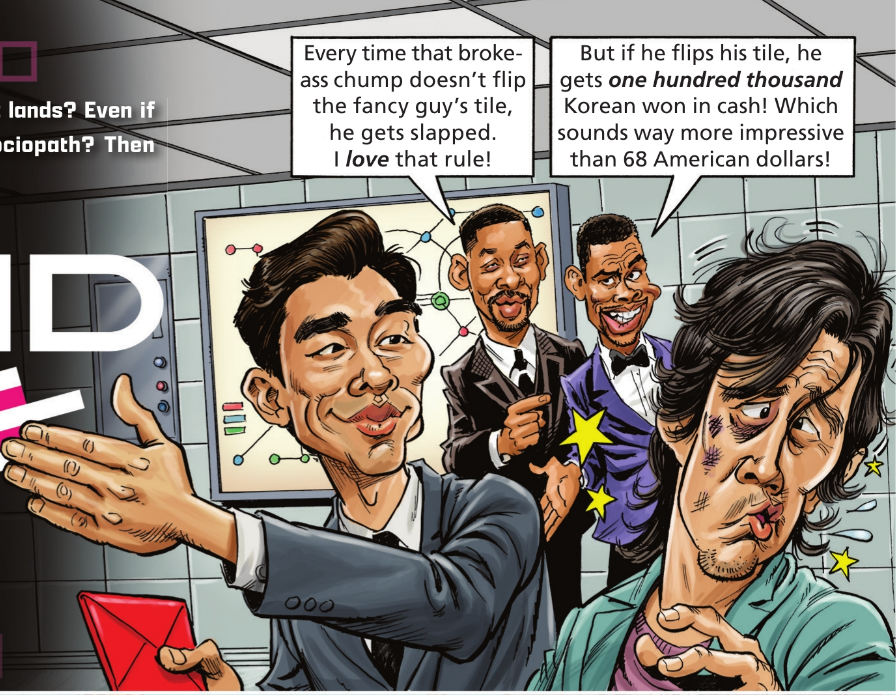
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #398, OCT 2000

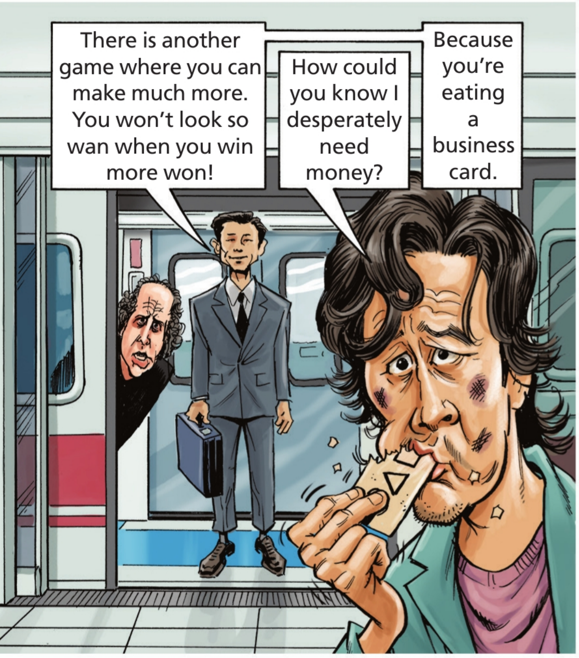
SQUID VICIOUS DEPT.

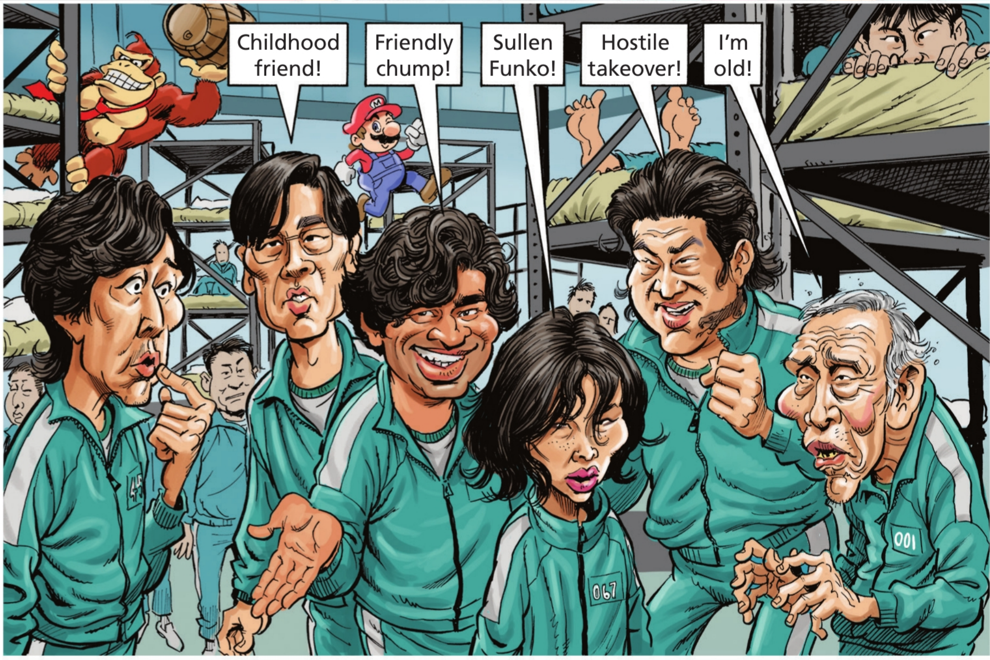
Do you like shows about group activities and trips to distant lands? Even if everyone on it is a desperation case or a cold-blooded sociopath? Then you'll love watching the death count ■ soar in this...

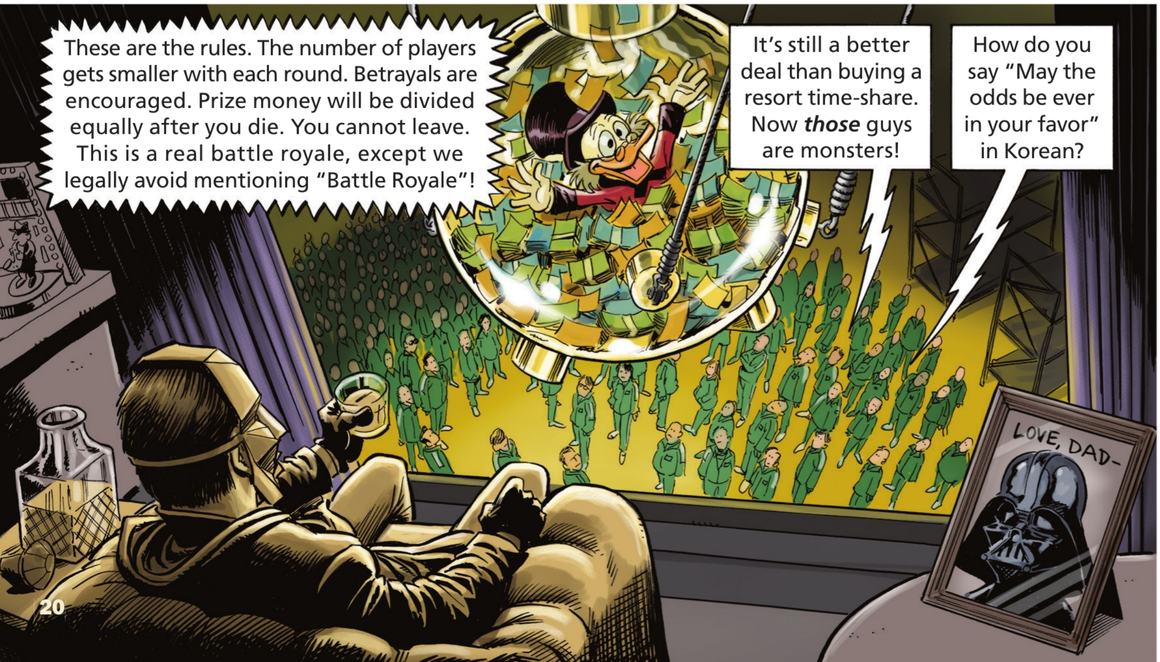
SQUALID GAME

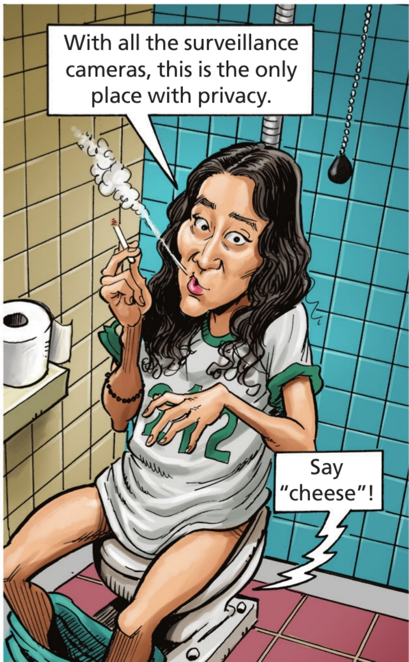
WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

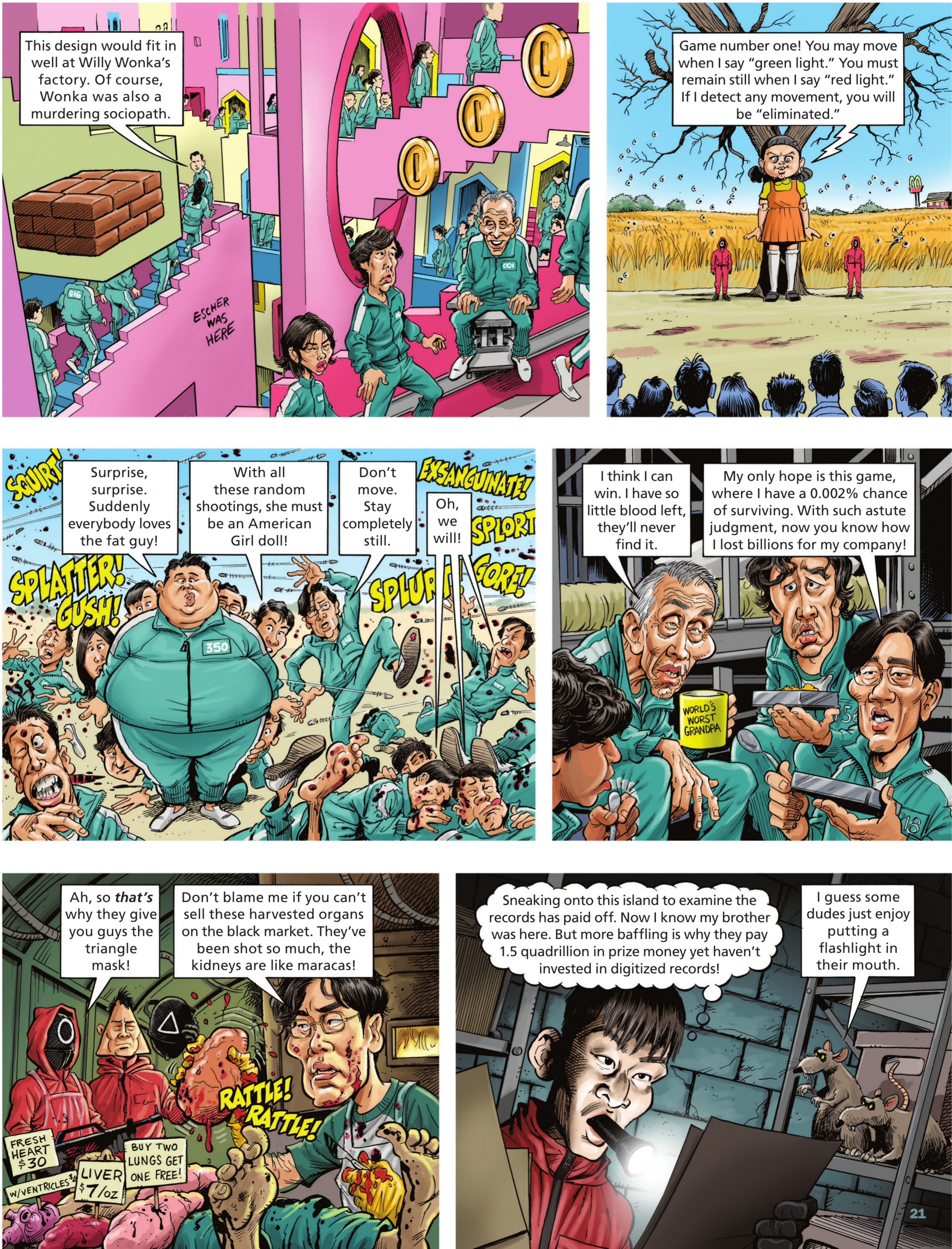

Every time that broke-ass chump doesn't flip the fancy guy's tile, he gets slapped. I *love* that rule!
But if he flips his tile, he gets ***one hundred thousand*** Korean won in cash! Which sounds way more impressive than 68 American dollars!

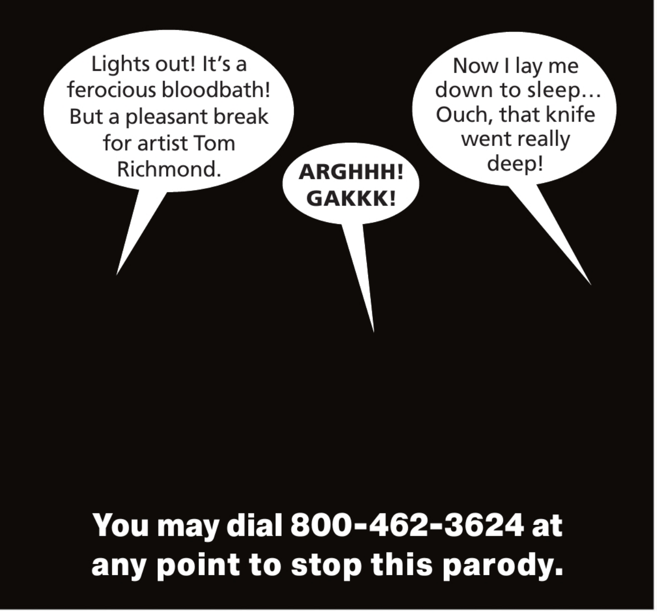

There is another game where you can make much more. You won't look so wan when you win more won!
How could you know I desperately need money?
Because you're eating a business card.

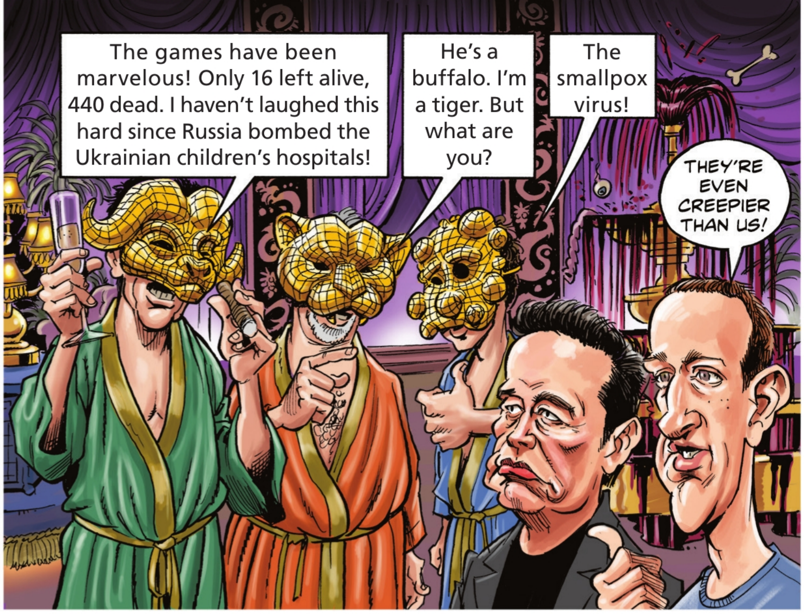

Childhood friend!
Friendly chump!
Sullen Funko!
Hostile takeover!
I'm old!
067
001

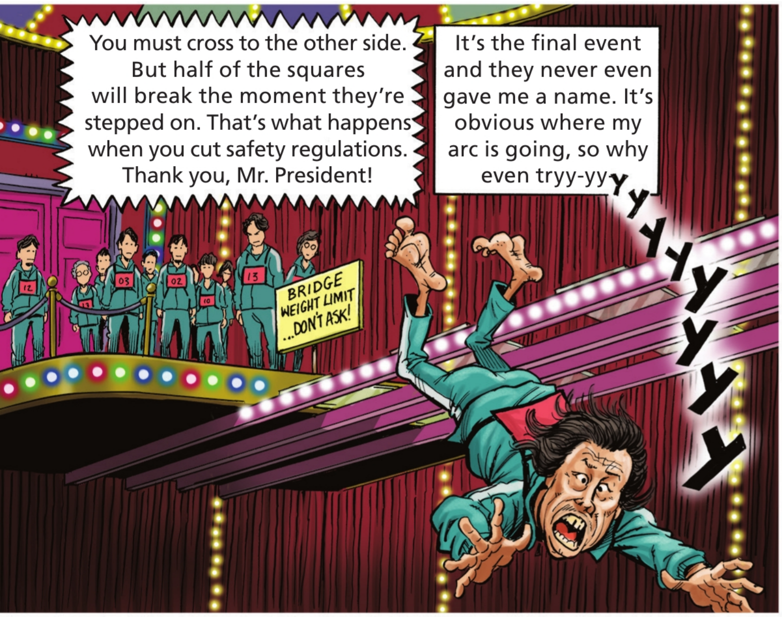

These are the rules. The number of players gets smaller with each round. Betrayals are encouraged. Prize money will be divided equally after you die. You cannot leave. This is a real battle royale, except we legally avoid mentioning "Battle Royale"!
It's still a better deal than buying a resort time-share. Now *those* guys are monsters!
How do you say "May the odds be ever in your favor" in Korean?
LOVE, DAD-

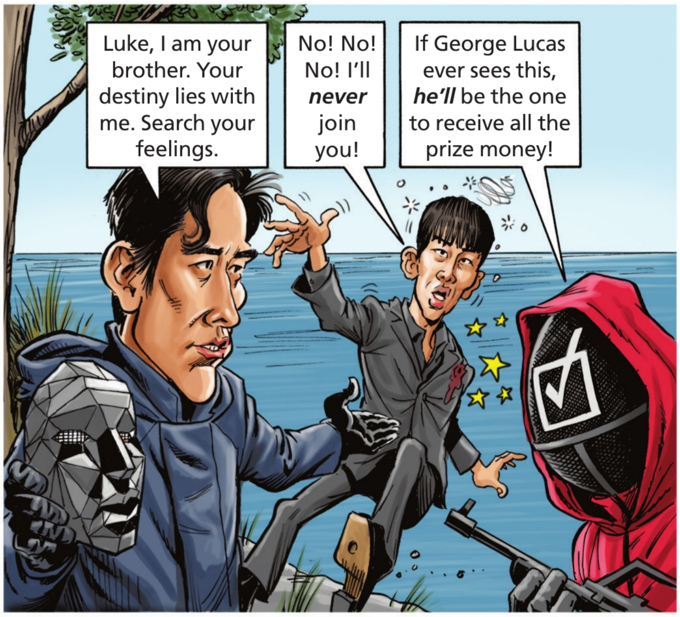

With all the surveillance cameras, this is the only place with privacy.
Say "cheese"!

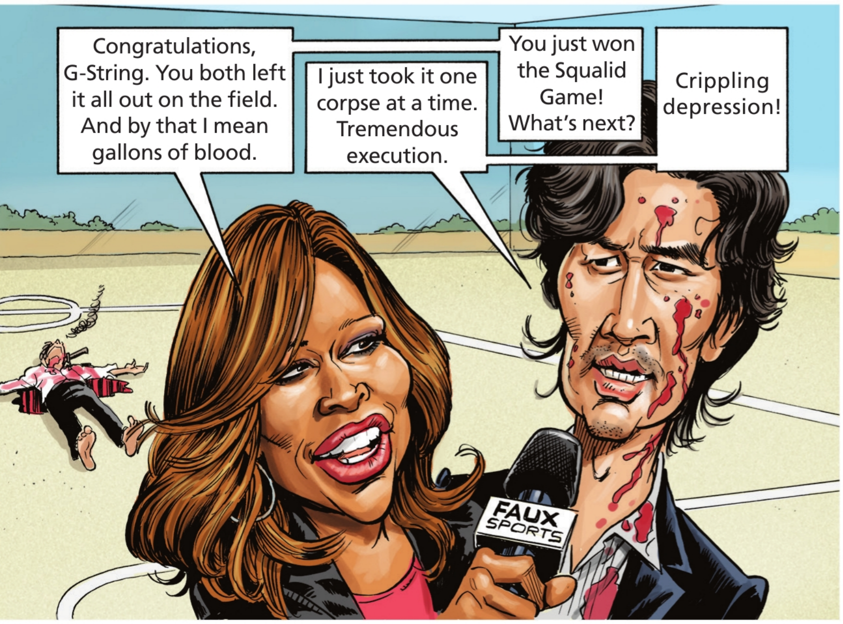

This design would fit in well at Willy Wonka's factory. Of course, Wonka was also a murdering sociopath.
016
ESCHER WAS HERE
001
Game number one! You may move when I say "green light." You must remain still when I say "red light." If I detect any movement, you will be "eliminated."
SQUIRT!
Surprise, surprise. Suddenly everybody loves the fat guy!
With all these random shootings, she must be an American Girl doll!
Don't move. Stay completely still.
Oh, we will!
EXSANGUINATE!
SPLORT
SPLATTER!
GUSH!
SPLURT!
GORE!
350
I think I can win. I have so little blood left, they'll never find it.
My only hope is this game, where I have a 0.002% chance of surviving. With such astute judgment, now you know how I lost billions for my company!
WORLD'S WORST GRANDPA
456
218
Ah, so *that's* why they give you guys the triangle mask!
Don't blame me if you can't sell these harvested organs on the black market. They've been shot so much, the kidneys are like maracas!
RATTLE! RATTLE!
FRESH HEART $30
W/VENTRICLES $1
LIVER $7/oz
BUY TWO LUNGS GET ONE FREE!
Sneaking onto this island to examine the records has paid off. Now I know my brother was here. But more baffling is why they pay 1.5 quadrillion in prize money yet haven't invested in digitized records!
I guess some dudes just enjoy putting a flashlight in their mouth.

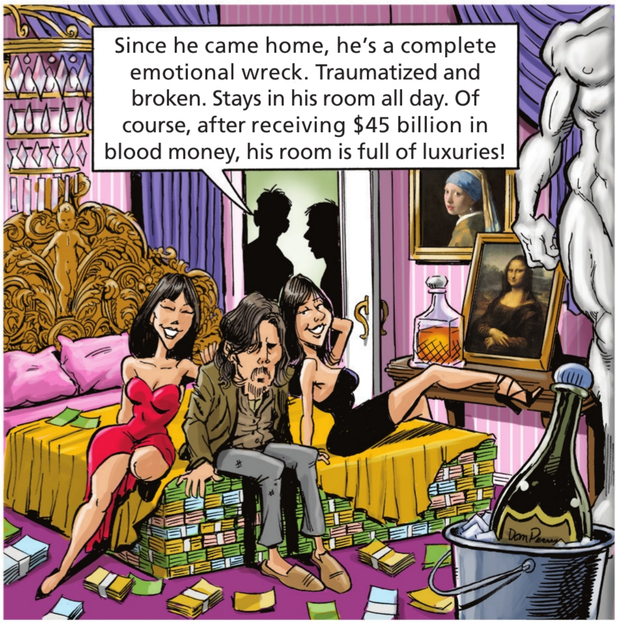

Lights out! It's a ferocious bloodbath! But a pleasant break for artist Tom Richmond.
ARGHHH! GAKKK!
Now I lay me down to sleep… Ouch, that knife went really deep!
You may dial 800-462-3624 at any point to stop this parody.

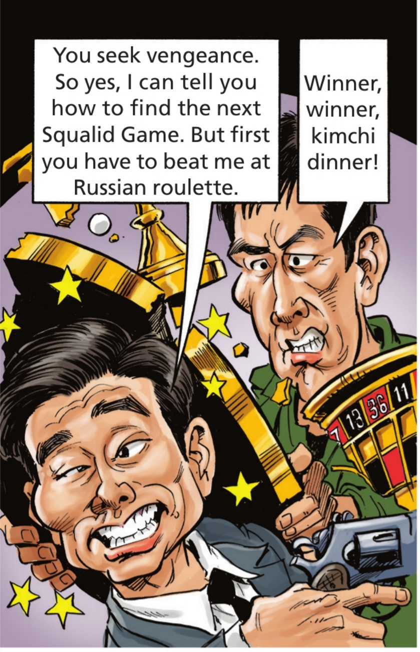

The games have been marvelous! Only 16 left alive, 440 dead. I haven't laughed this hard since Russia bombed the Ukrainian children's hospitals!
He's a buffalo. I'm a tiger. But what are you?
The smallpox virus!
THEY'RE EVEN CREEPIER THAN US!

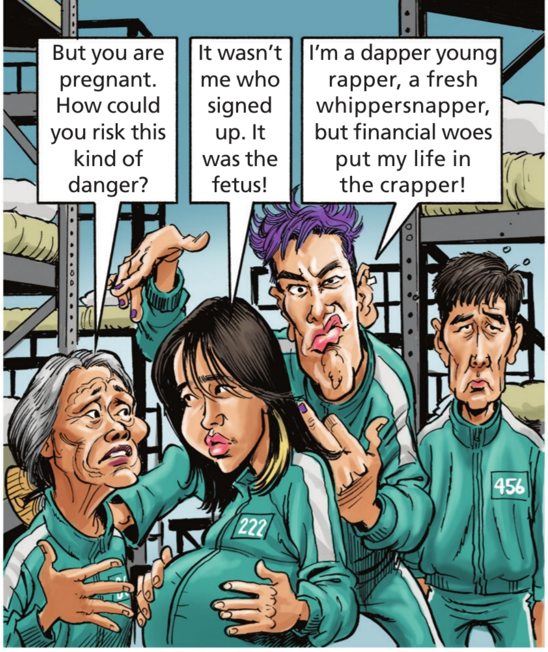

You must cross to the other side. But half of the squares will break the moment they're stepped on. That's what happens when you cut safety regulations. Thank you, Mr. President!
It's the final event and they never even gave me a name. It's obvious where my arc is going, so why even tryy-yyyyyyy
BRIDGE WEIGHT LIMIT ...DON'T ASK!

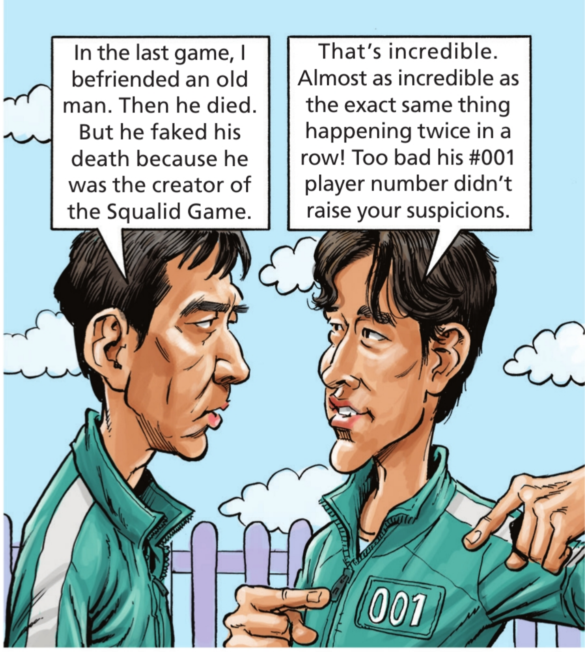

Luke, I am your brother. Your destiny lies with me. Search your feelings.
No! No! No! I'll ***never*** join you!
If George Lucas ever sees this, ***he'll*** be the one to receive all the prize money!

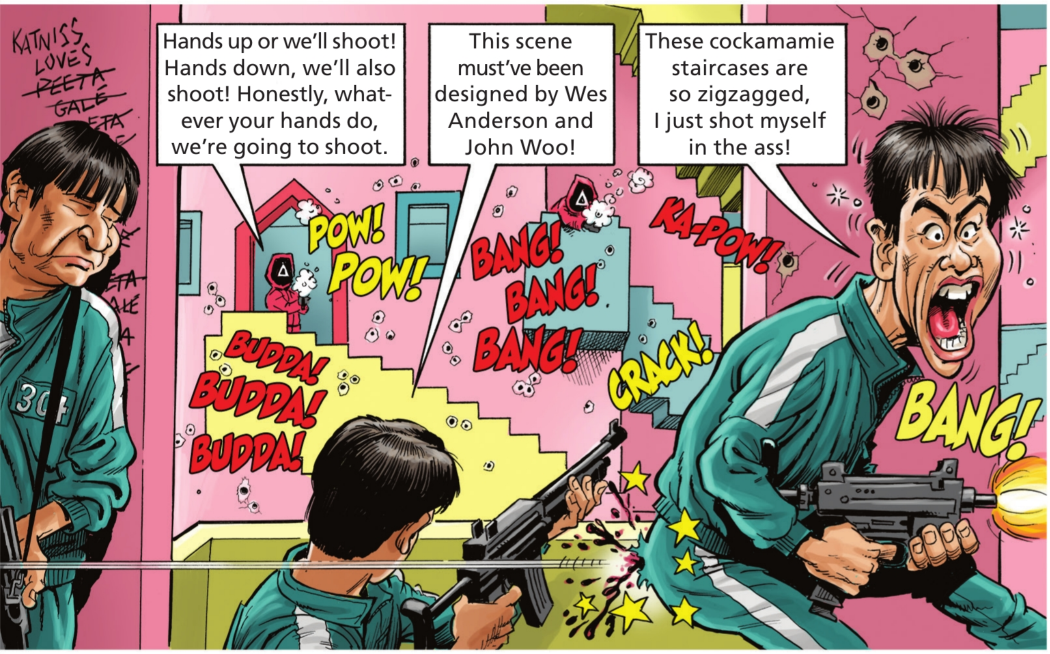

Congratulations, G-String. You both left it all out on the field. And by that I mean gallons of blood.
I just took it one corpse at a time. Tremendous execution.
You just won the Squalid Game! What's next?
Crippling depression!
FAUX SPORTS

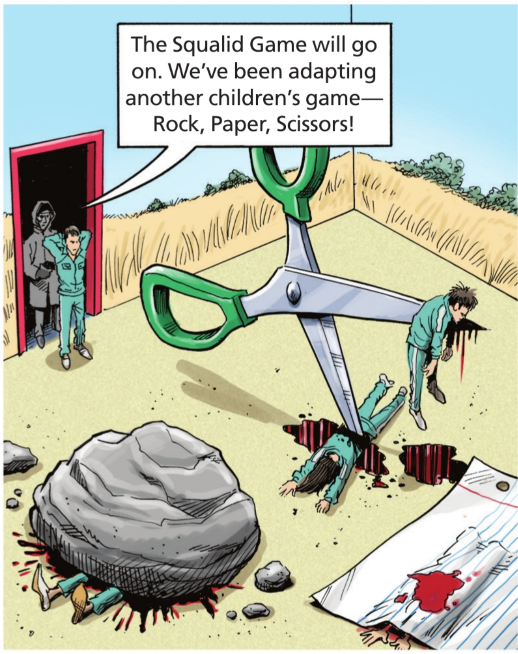

Since he came home, he's a complete emotional wreck. Traumatized and broken. Stays in his room all day. Of course, after receiving $45 billion in blood money, his room is full of luxuries!

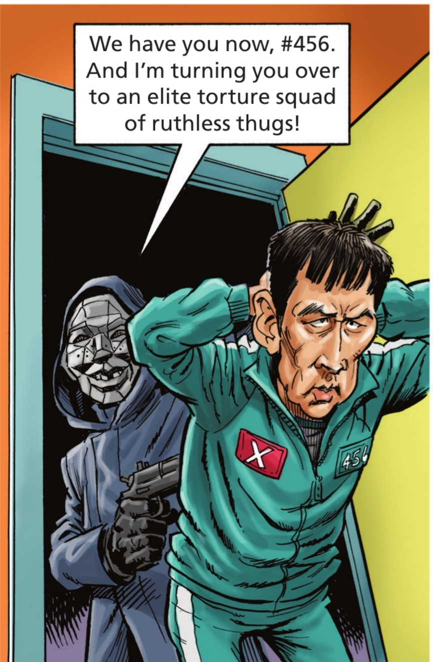

You seek vengeance. So yes, I can tell you how to find the next Squalid Game. But first you have to beat me at Russian roulette.
Winner, winner, kimchi dinner!

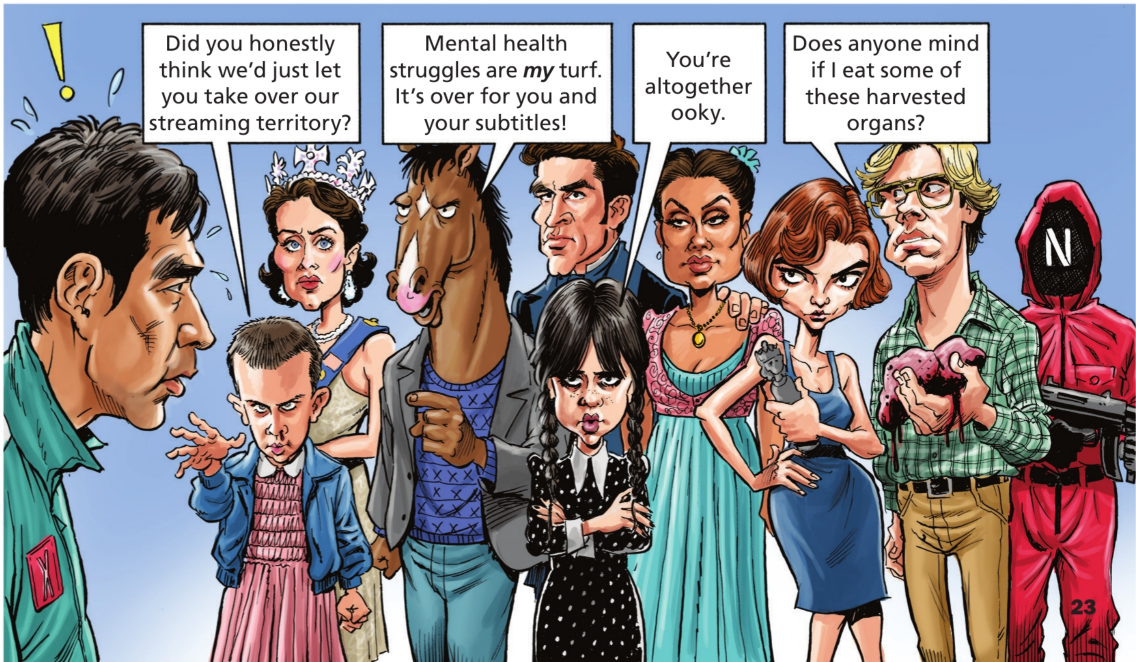

But you are pregnant. How could you risk this kind of danger?
It wasn't me who signed up. It was the fetus!
I'm a dapper young rapper, a fresh whippersnapper, but financial woes put my life in the crapper!
222
456


In the last game, I befriended an old man. Then he died. But he faked his death because he was the creator of the Squalid Game.
That's incredible. Almost as incredible as the exact same thing happening twice in a row! Too bad his #001 player number didn't raise your suspicions.
001


KATNISS LOVES ~~PEETA~~ ~~GALE~~
Hands up or we'll shoot! Hands down, we'll also shoot! Honestly, whatever your hands do, we're going to shoot.
This scene must've been designed by Wes Anderson and John Woo!
These cockamamie staircases are so zigzagged, I just shot myself in the ass!
POW! POW!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
KA-POW!
BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!
CRACK!
BANG!


The Squalid Game will go on. We've been adapting another children's game— Rock, Paper, Scissors!


We have you now, #456. And I'm turning you over to an elite torture squad of ruthless thugs!
456

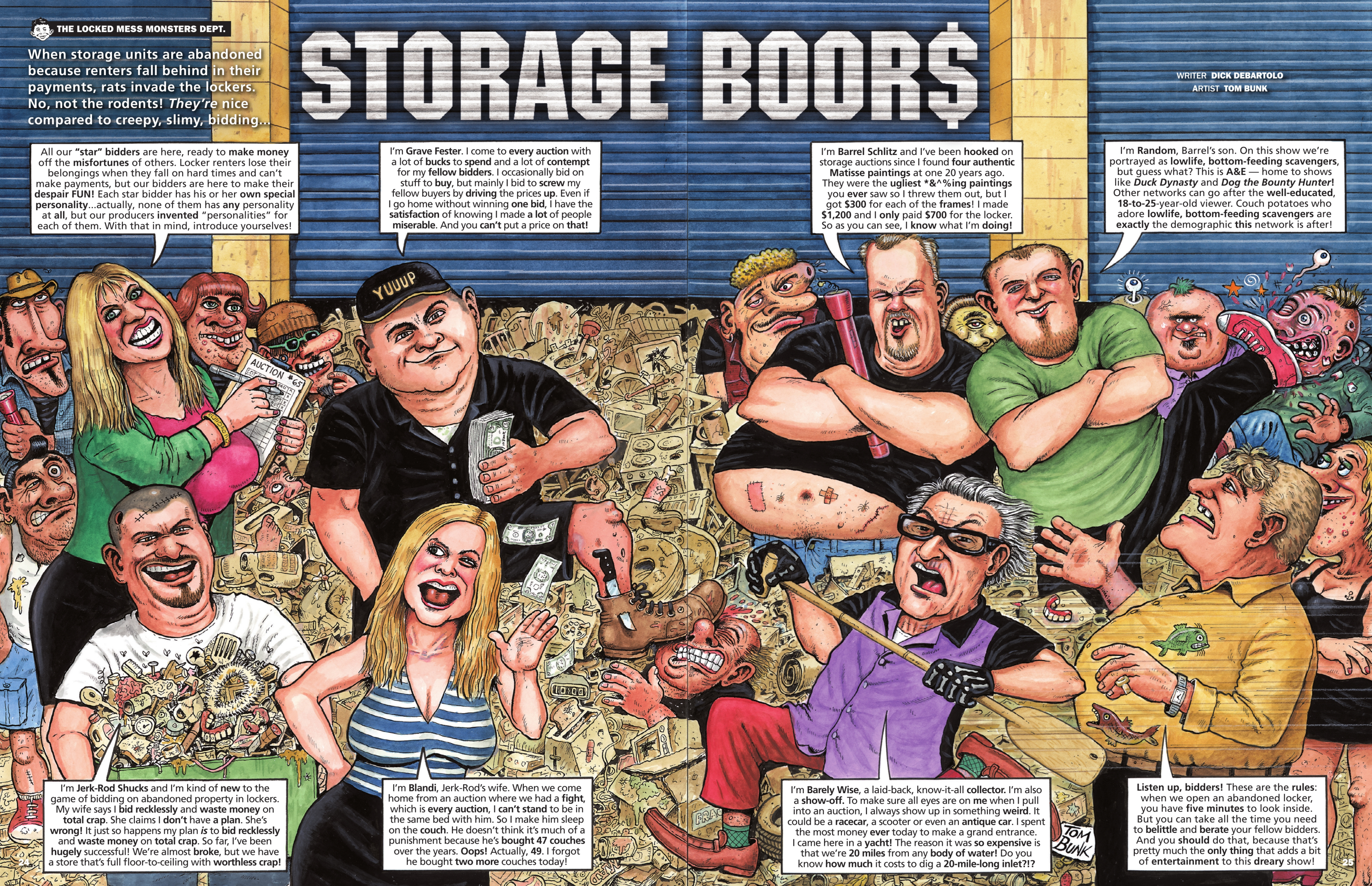

!
Did you honestly think we'd just let you take over our streaming territory?
Mental health struggles are *my* turf. It's over for you and your subtitles!
You're altogether ooky.
Does anyone mind if I eat some of these harvested organs?
N

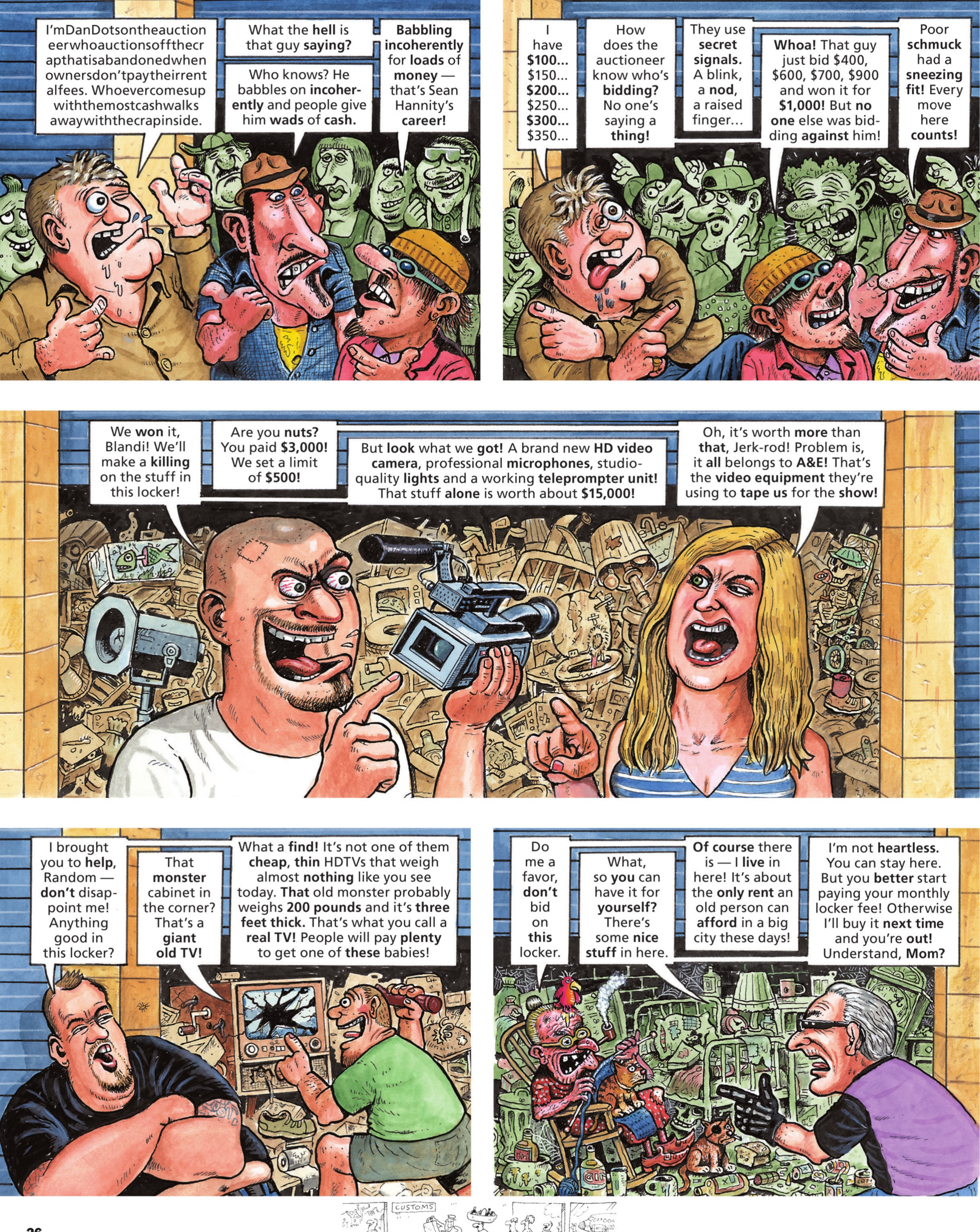
THE LOCKED MESS MONSTERS DEPT.

STORAGE BOOR$

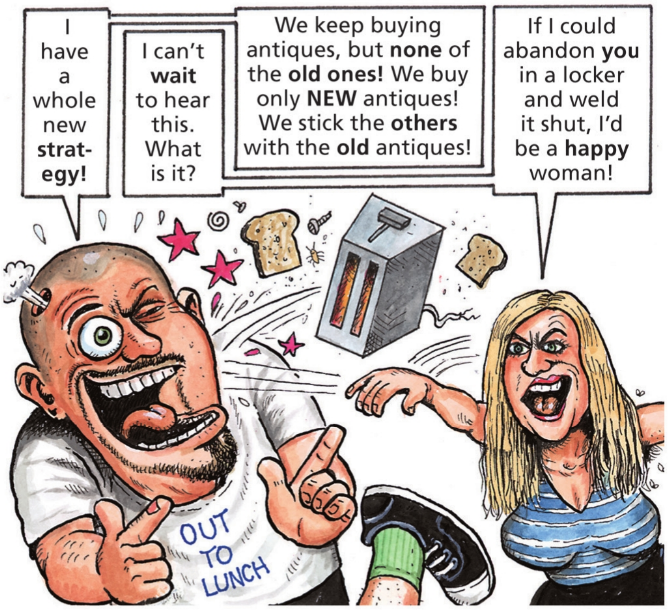
When storage units are abandoned because renters fall behind in their payments, rats invade the lockers. No, not the rodents! *They're* nice compared to creepy, slimy, bidding...

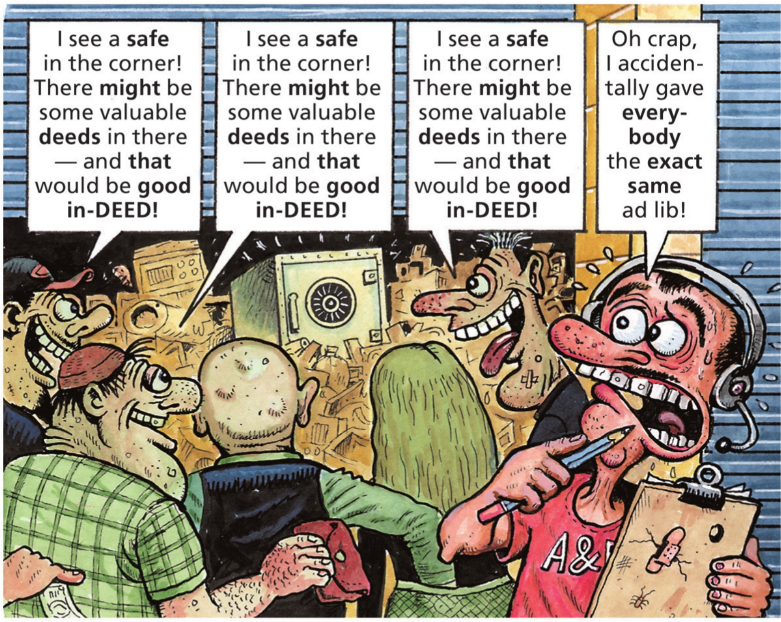
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **TOM BUNK**

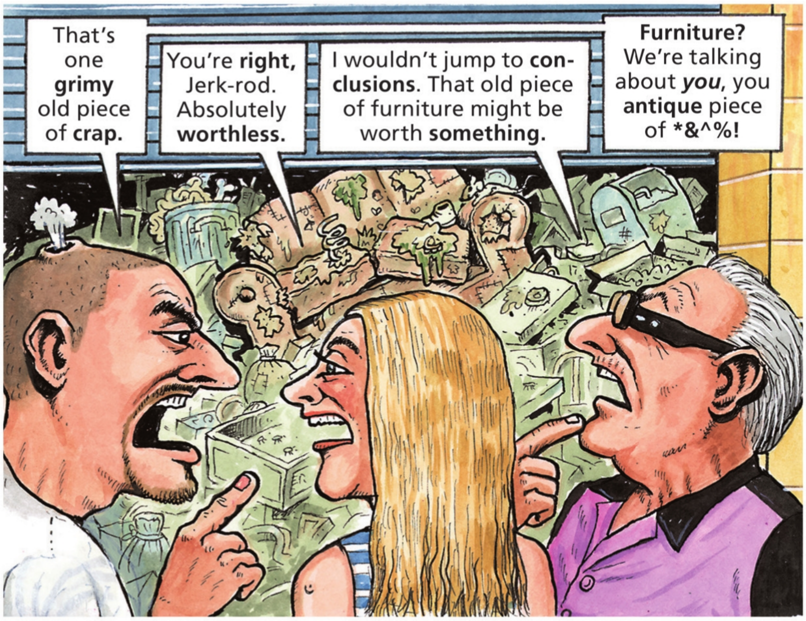

All our **"star" bidders** are here, ready to **make money** off the **misfortunes** of others. Locker renters lose their belongings when they fall on hard times and can't make payments, but our bidders are here to make their **despair FUN!** Each star bidder has his or her **own special personality**...actually, none of them has **any** personality at **all**, but our producers **invented** "personalities" for each of them. With that in mind, introduce yourselves!
I'm **Grave Fester**. I come to **every auction** with a lot of **bucks** to **spend** and a lot of **contempt** for my **fellow bidders**. I occasionally bid on stuff to **buy**, but mainly I bid to **screw** my fellow buyers by **driving** the prices **up**. Even if I go home without winning **one bid**, I have the **satisfaction** of knowing I made **a lot** of people **miserable**. And you **can't** put a price on **that!**
I'm **Barrel Schlitz** and I've been **hooked** on storage auctions since I found **four authentic Matisse paintings** at one 20 years ago. They were the **ugliest *&^%ing paintings** you **ever** saw so I threw them out, but I got **$300** for each of the **frames**! I made **$1,200** and I **only** paid **$700** for the locker. So as you can see, I **know** what I'm **doing!**
I'm **Random**, Barrel's son. On this show we're portrayed as **lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers**, but guess what? This is **A&E** — home to shows like ***Duck Dynasty*** and ***Dog the Bounty Hunter*!** Other networks can go after the **well-educated, 18-to-25-year-old viewer.** Couch potatoes who adore **lowlife, bottom-feeding scavengers** are **exactly** the demographic **this** network is after!
YUUUP
AUCTION #65
I'm **Jerk-Rod Shucks** and I'm kind of **new** to the game of bidding on abandoned property in lockers. My wife says I **bid recklessly** and **waste money** on **total crap**. She claims I **don't** have **a plan**. She's **wrong!** It just so happens my plan ***is*** to **bid recklessly** and **waste money** on **total crap**. So far, I've been **hugely** successful! We're almost **broke**, but we have a store that's full floor-to-ceiling with **worthless crap!**
I'm **Blandi**, Jerk-Rod's wife. When we come home from an auction where we had a **fight**, which is **every auction**, I **can't stand** to be in the same bed with him. So I make him sleep on the **couch**. He doesn't think it's much of a punishment because he's **bought 47 couches** over the years. **Oops!** Actually, **49**. I forgot he bought **two more** couches today!
I'm **Barely Wise**, a laid-back, know-it-all **collector**. I'm also a **show-off.** To make sure all eyes are on **me** when I pull into an auction, I always show up in something **weird**. It could be a **racecar**, a scooter or even an **antique car**. I spent the most money **ever** today to make a grand entrance. I came here in a **yacht!** The reason it was **so expensive** is that we're **20 miles** from any **body of water!** Do you know **how much** it costs to dig a **20-mile-long inlet?!?**
Listen up, bidders! These are the **rules**: when we open an abandoned locker, you have **five minutes** to look inside. But you can take all the time you need to **belittle** and **berate** your fellow bidders. And you **should** do that, because that's pretty much the **only thing** that adds a bit of **entertainment** to this **dreary** show!
TOM BUNK

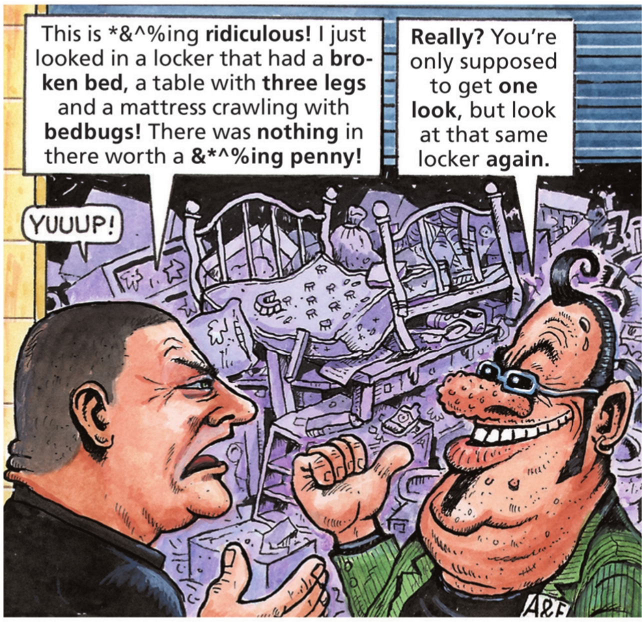

I'mDanDotsontheauctioneerwhoauctionsoffthecrapthatisabandonedwhenownersdon'tpaytheirrentalfees. Whoevercomesupwiththemostcashwalksawaywiththecrapinside.
What the hell is that guy saying?
Who knows? He babbles on incoherently and people give him wads of cash.
Babbling incoherently for loads of money — that's Sean Hannity's career!
I have $100... $150... $200... $250... $300... $350...
How does the auctioneer know who's bidding? No one's saying a thing!
They use secret signals. A blink, a nod, a raised finger...
Whoa! That guy just bid $400, $600, $700, $900 and won it for $1,000! But no one else was bidding against him!
Poor schmuck had a sneezing fit! Every move here counts!
We won it, Blandi! We'll make a killing on the stuff in this locker!
Are you nuts? You paid $3,000! We set a limit of $500!
But look what we got! A brand new HD video camera, professional microphones, studio-quality lights and a working teleprompter unit! That stuff alone is worth about $15,000!
Oh, it's worth more than that, Jerk-rod! Problem is, it all belongs to A&E! That's the video equipment they're using to tape us for the show!
I brought you to help, Random — don't disappoint me! Anything good in this locker?
That monster cabinet in the corner? That's a giant old TV!
What a find! It's not one of them cheap, thin HDTVs that weigh almost nothing like you see today. That old monster probably weighs 200 pounds and it's three feet thick. That's what you call a real TV! People will pay plenty to get one of these babies!
Do me a favor, don't bid on this locker.
What, so you can have it for yourself? There's some nice stuff in here.
Of course there is — I live in here! It's about the only rent an old person can afford in a big city these days!
I'm not heartless. You can stay here. But you better start paying your monthly locker fee! Otherwise I'll buy it next time and you're out! Understand, Mom?
GIN

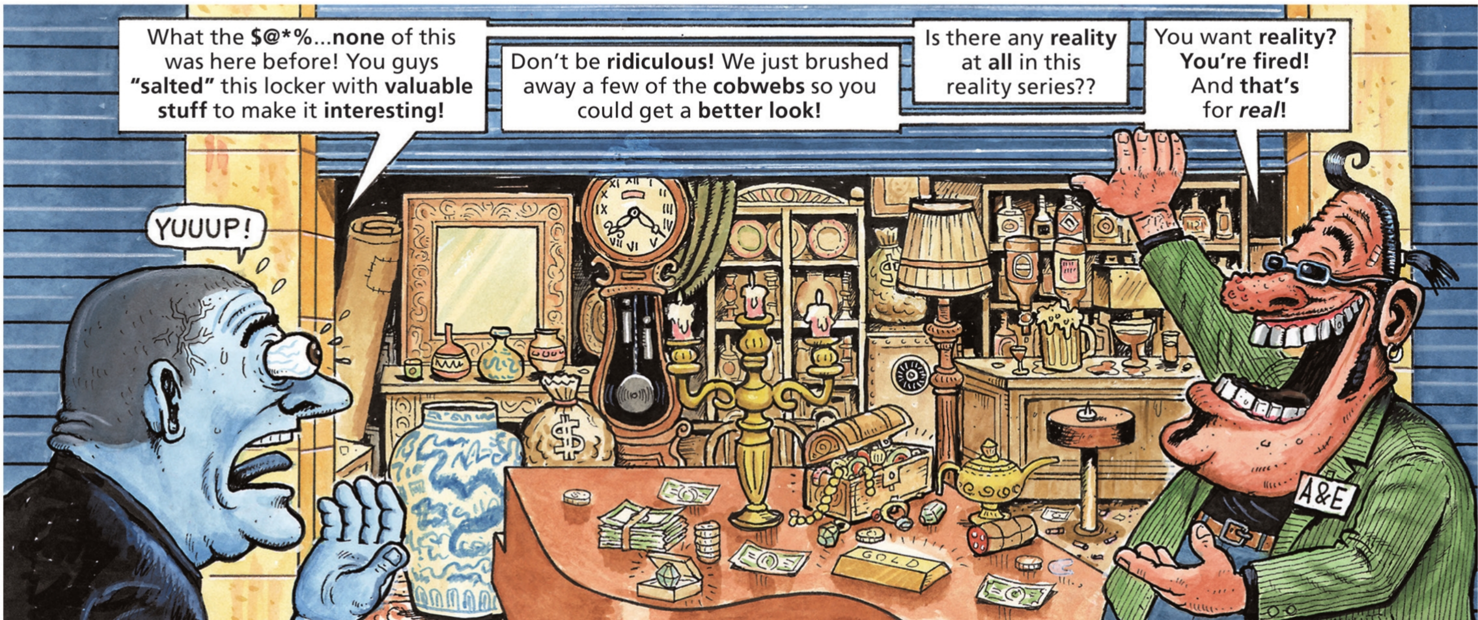
CUSTOMS

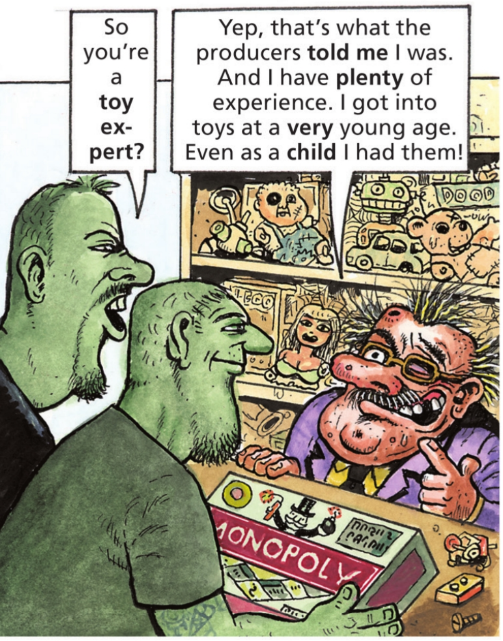

I have a whole new strat-egy!
I can't wait to hear this. What is it?
We keep buying antiques, but none of the old ones! We buy only NEW antiques! We stick the others with the old antiques!
If I could abandon you in a locker and weld it shut, I'd be a happy woman!
OUT TO LUNCH

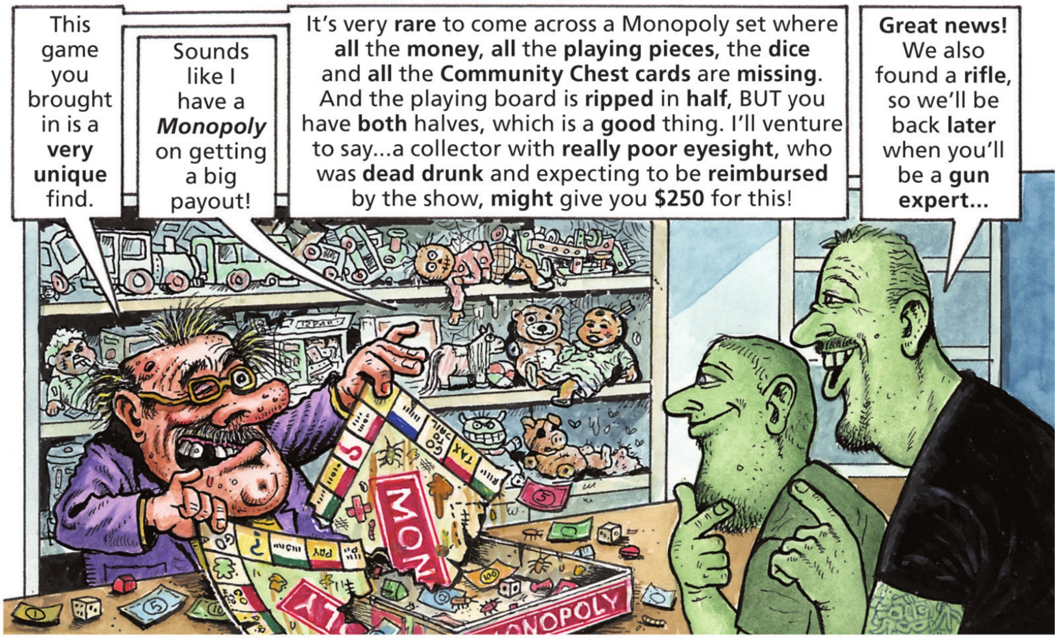

I see a safe in the corner! There might be some valuable deeds in there — and that would be good in-DEED!
I see a safe in the corner! There might be some valuable deeds in there — and that would be good in-DEED!
I see a safe in the corner! There might be some valuable deeds in there — and that would be good in-DEED!
Oh crap, I acciden-tally gave every-body the exact same ad lib!
A&E

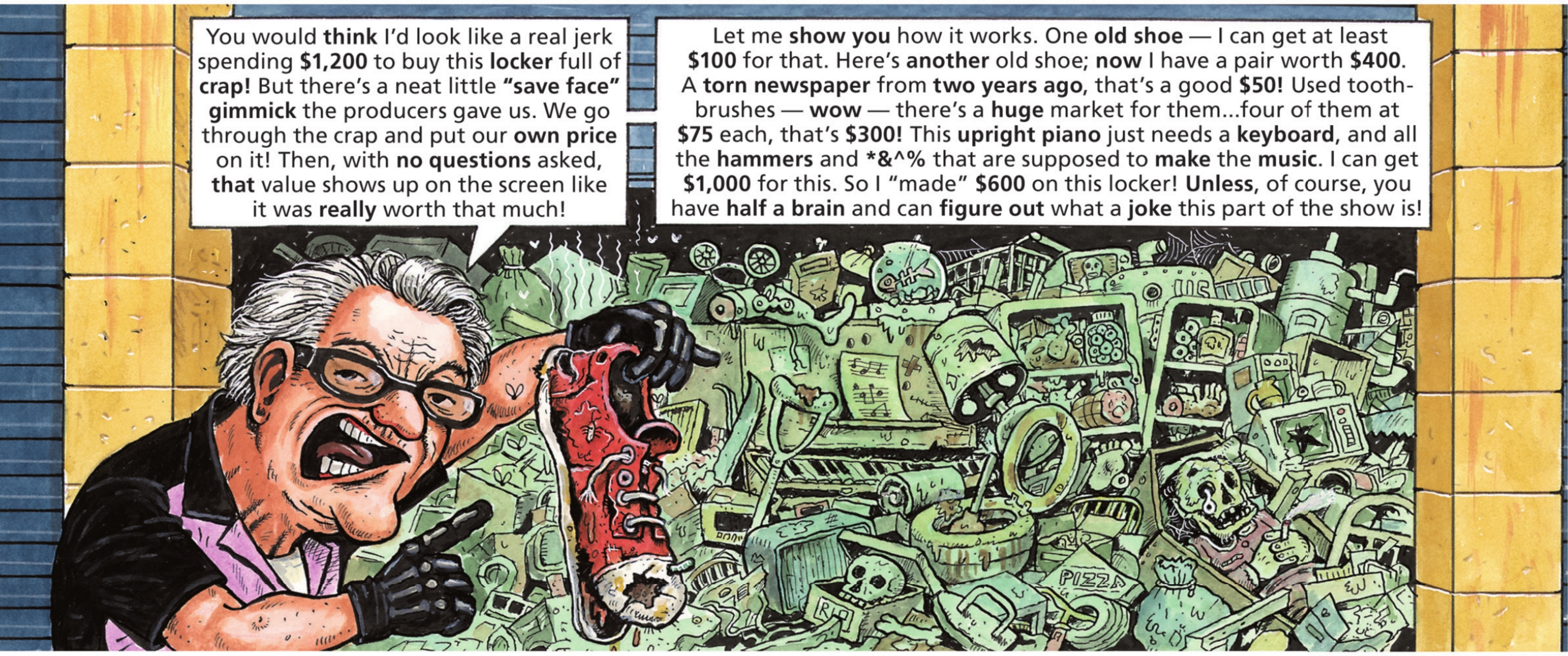

That's one grimy old piece of crap.
You're right, Jerk-rod. Absolutely worthless.
I wouldn't jump to con-clusions. That old piece of furniture might be worth something.
Furniture? We're talking about you, you antique piece of *&^%!


This is *&^%ing ridiculous! I just looked in a locker that had a bro-ken bed, a table with three legs and a mattress crawling with bedbugs! There was nothing in there worth a &*^%ing penny!
Really? You're only supposed to get one look, but look at that same locker again.
YUUUP!
A&E

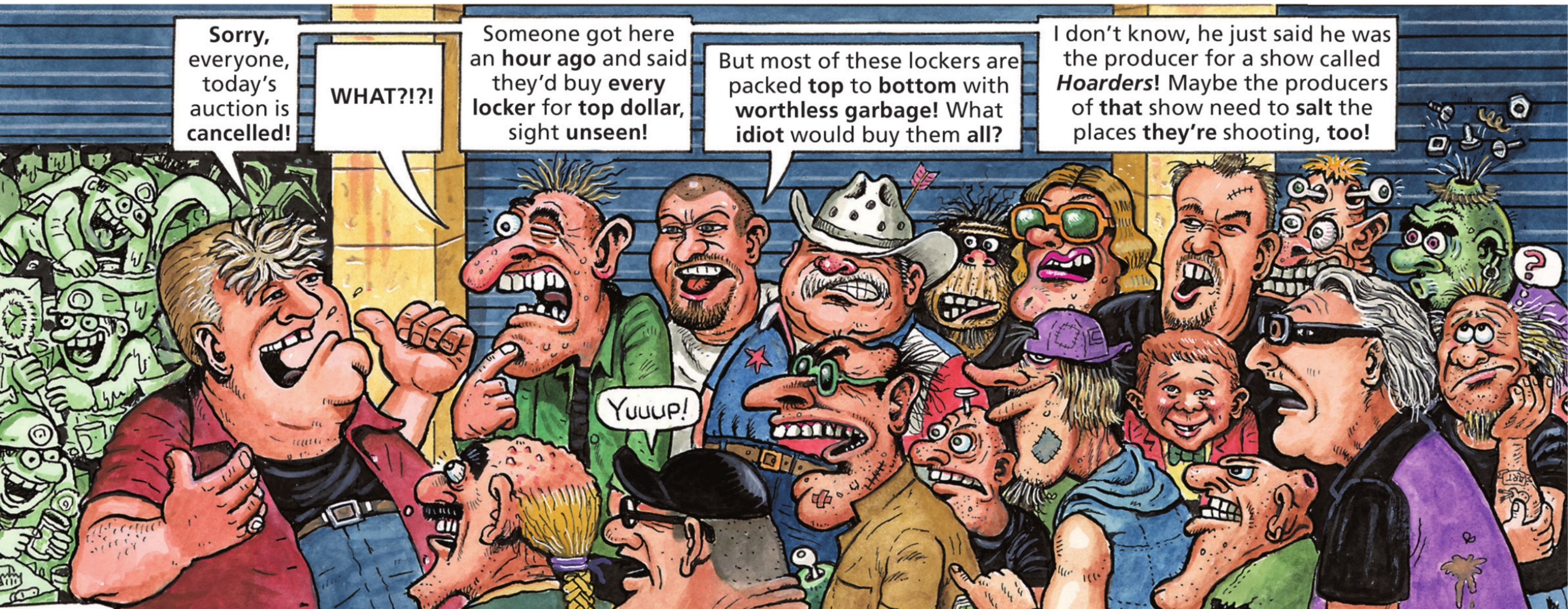

What the $@*%...none of this was here before! You guys "salted" this locker with valuable stuff to make it interesting!
Don't be ridiculous! We just brushed away a few of the cobwebs so you could get a better look!
Is there any reality at all in this reality series??
You want reality? You're fired! And that's for real!
YUUUP!
GOLD
A&E


So you're a **toy** ex-pert?
Yep, that's what the producers **told me** I was. And I have **plenty** of experience. I got into toys at a **very** young age. Even as a **child** I had them!
MONOPOLY


This game you brought in is a **very unique** find.
Sounds like I have a ***Monopoly*** on getting a big payout!
It's very **rare** to come across a Monopoly set where **all** the **money**, **all** the **playing pieces**, the **dice** and **all** the **Community Chest cards** are **missing**. And the playing board is **ripped** in **half**, BUT you have **both** halves, which is a **good** thing. I'll venture to say...a collector with **really poor eyesight**, who was **dead drunk** and expecting to be **reimbursed** by the show, **might** give you **$250** for this!
Great news! We also found a **rifle**, so we'll be back **later** when you'll be a **gun expert...**
MONOPOLY


You would **think** I'd look like a real jerk spending **$1,200** to buy this **locker** full of **crap!** But there's a neat little **"save face" gimmick** the producers gave us. We go through the crap and put our **own price** on it! Then, with **no questions** asked, **that** value shows up on the screen like it was **really** worth that much!
Let me **show you** how it works. One **old shoe** — I can get at least **$100** for that. Here's **another** old shoe; **now** I have a pair worth **$400**. A **torn newspaper** from **two years ago**, that's a good **$50!** Used toothbrushes — **wow** — there's a **huge** market for them...four of them at **$75** each, that's **$300!** This **upright piano** just needs a **keyboard**, and all the **hammers** and ***&^%** that are supposed to **make** the **music**. I can get **$1,000** for this. So I "made" **$600** on this locker! **Unless**, of course, you have **half a brain** and can **figure out** what a **joke** this part of the show is!
PIZZA

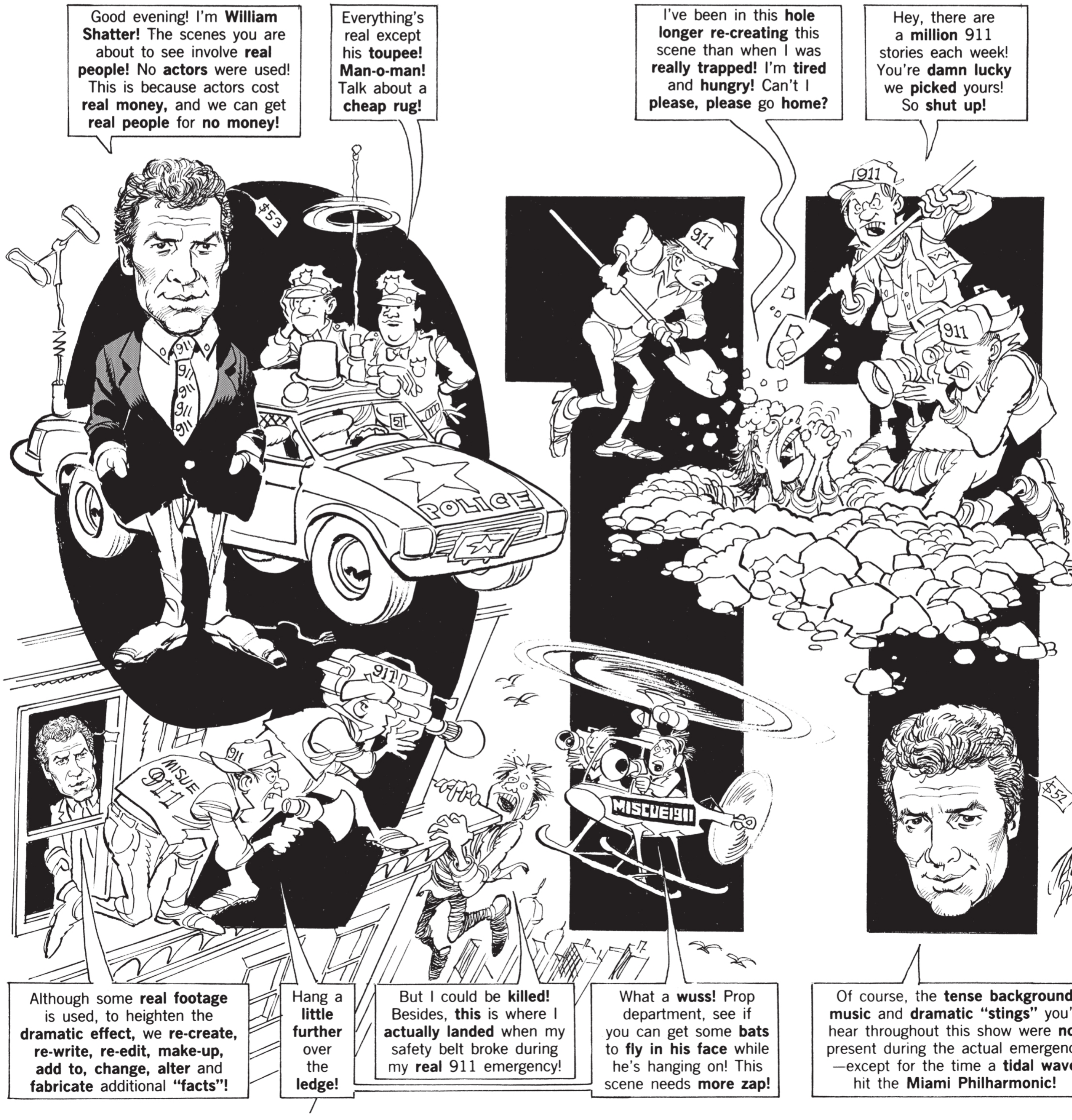
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #522, SEP 2013

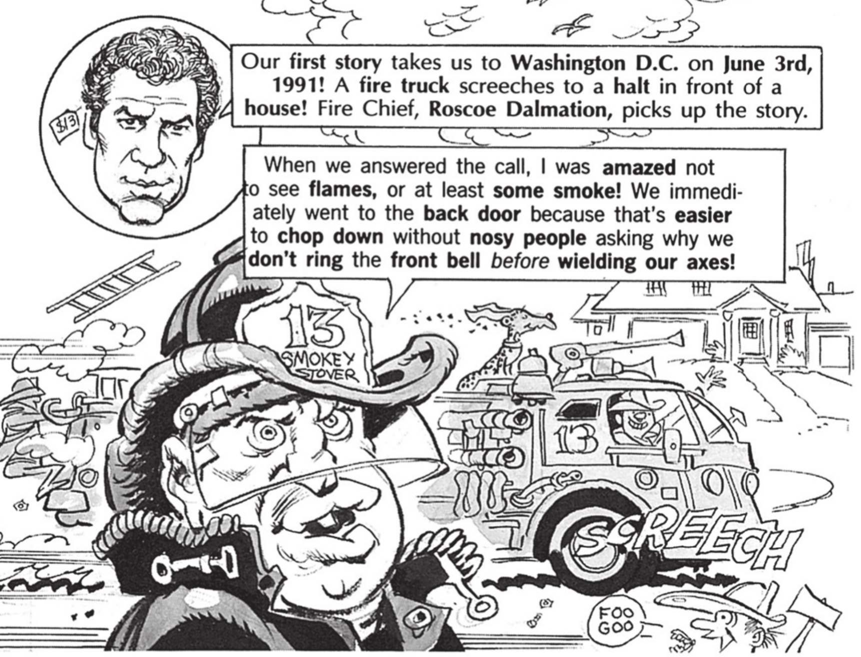

Sorry, everyone, today's auction is **cancelled!**
WHAT?!?!
Someone got here an **hour ago** and said they'd buy **every locker** for **top dollar**, sight **unseen!**
But most of these lockers are packed **top** to **bottom** with **worthless garbage!** What **idiot** would buy them **all?**
I don't know, he just said he was the producer for a show called ***Hoarders*!** Maybe the producers of **that** show need to **salt** the places **they're** shooting, **too!**
Yuuup!
?

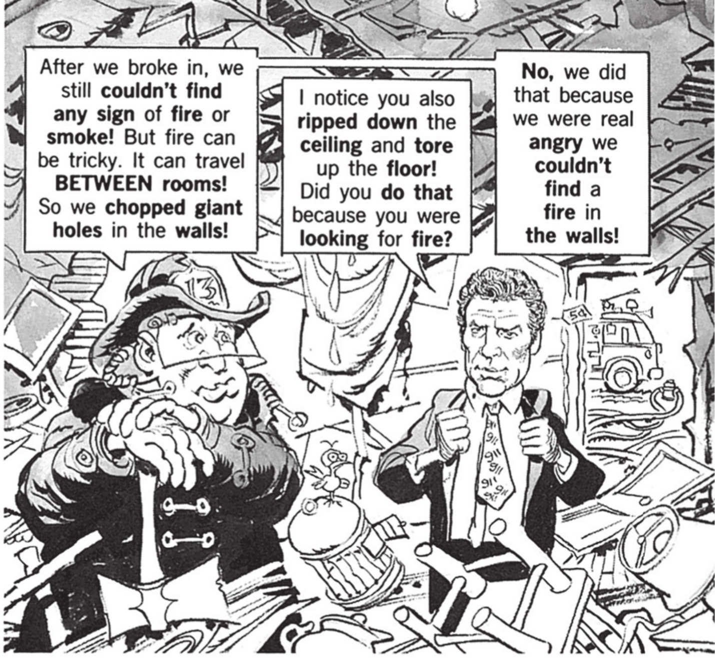
In the old days, when you had an accident or personal tragedy, you called the police and within minutes cops, firemen and medical personnel were at your door to help you. But these days, everything is showbiz. Call for help and along with the cops come television producers with lights and cameras, ready to video your pain, misery and suffering in the name of prime time entertainment! Be forewarned. Next time disaster strikes you, you might easily find yourself in an even bigger disaster—the television show we call...

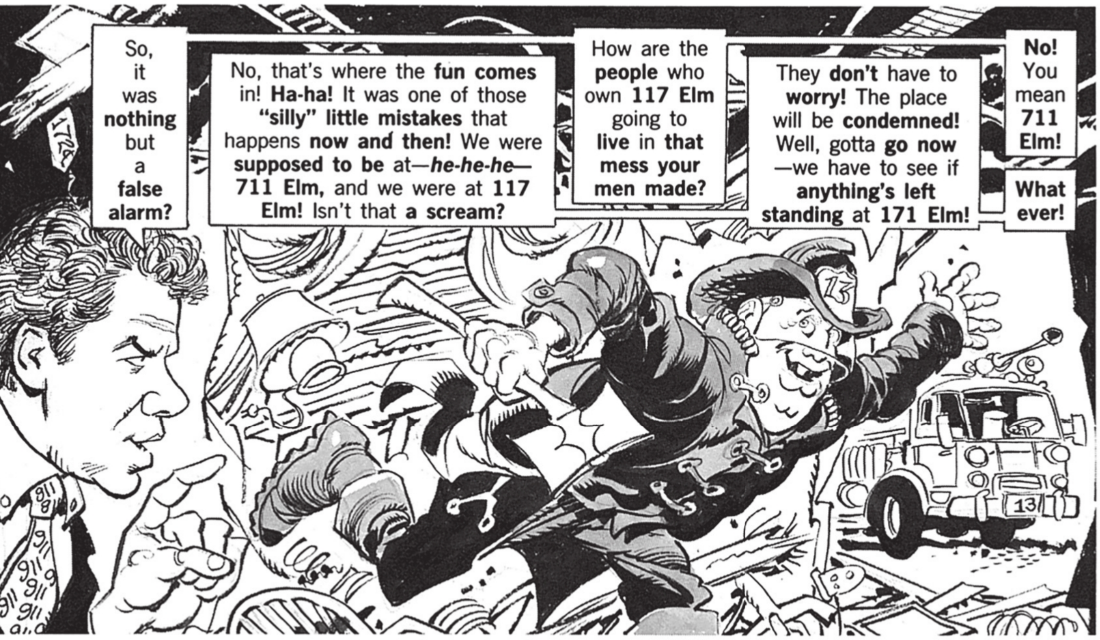
MISCUE 911

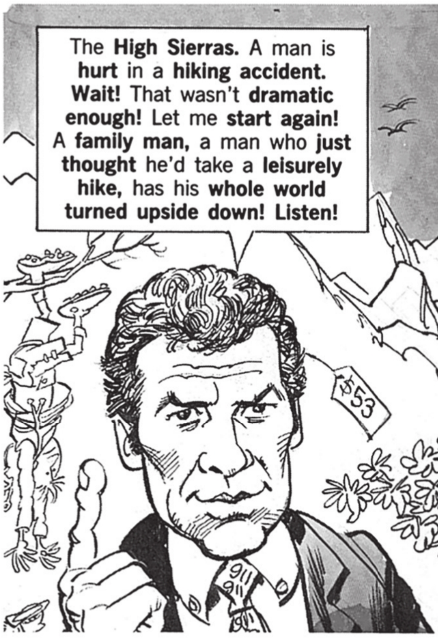
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**

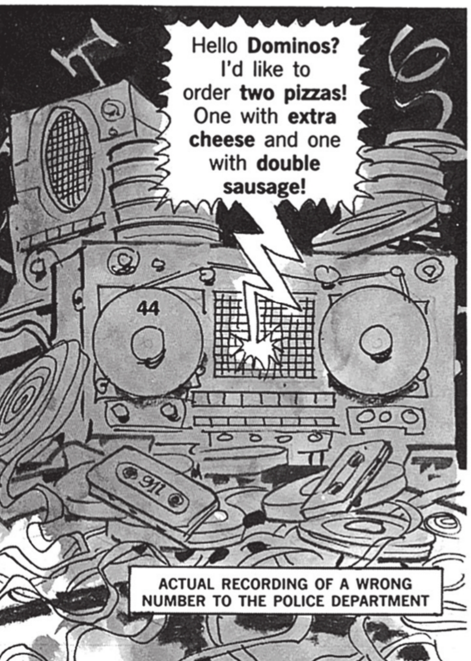

Good evening! I'm **William Shatter!** The scenes you are about to see involve **real people!** No **actors** were used! This is because actors cost **real money,** and we can get **real people** for **no money!**
Everything's real except his **toupee! Man-o-man!** Talk about a **cheap rug!**
I've been in this **hole longer re-creating** this scene than when I was **really trapped!** I'm **tired** and **hungry!** Can't I **please, please** go **home?**
Hey, there are a **million** 911 stories each week! You're **damn lucky** we **picked** yours! So **shut up!**
$53
911
POLICE
MISUE 911
MISCUE 911
$52
JACK DAVIS
Although some **real footage** is used, to heighten the **dramatic effect,** we **re-create, re-write, re-edit, make-up, add to, change, alter** and **fabricate** additional **"facts"!**
Hang a **little further** over the **ledge!**
But I could be **killed!** Besides, **this** is where I **actually landed** when my safety belt broke during my **real** 911 emergency!
What a **wuss!** Prop department, see if you can get some **bats** to **fly in his face** while he's hanging on! This scene needs **more zap!**
Of course, the **tense background music** and **dramatic "stings"** you'll hear throughout this show were **not** present during the actual emergency —except for the time a **tidal wave** hit the **Miami Philharmonic!**

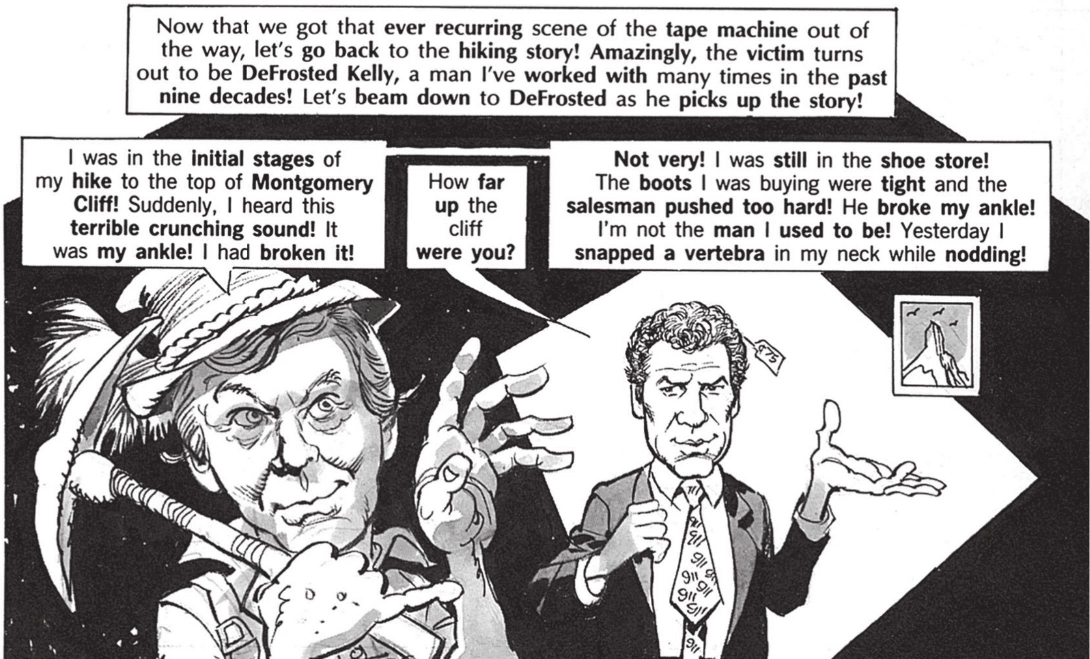

Our first story takes us to Washington D.C. on June 3rd, 1991! A fire truck screeches to a halt in front of a house! Fire Chief, Roscoe Dalmation, picks up the story.
When we answered the call, I was amazed not to see flames, or at least some smoke! We immediately went to the back door because that's easier to chop down without nosy people asking why we don't ring the front bell before wielding our axes!
$13
13 SMOKEY STOVER
13
SCREECH
FOO GOO

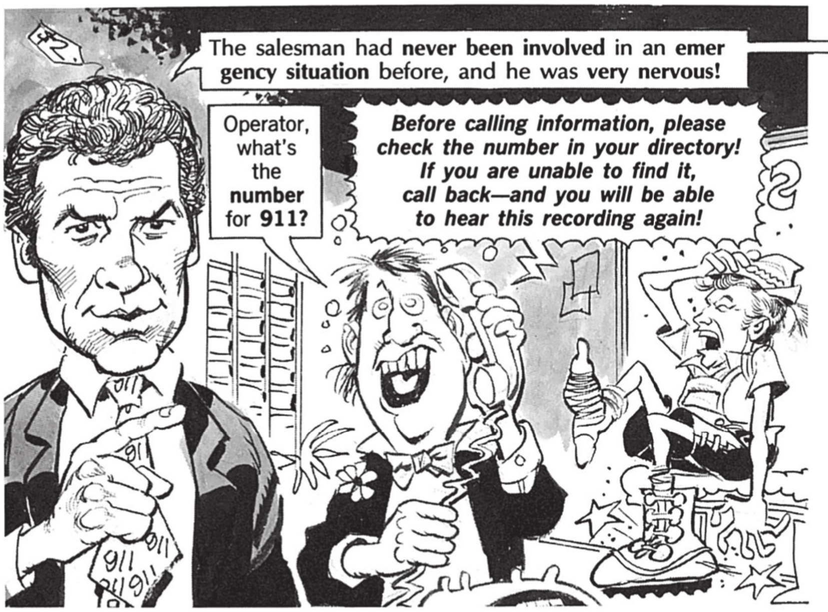

After we broke in, we still couldn't find any sign of fire or smoke! But fire can be tricky. It can travel BETWEEN rooms! So we chopped giant holes in the walls!
I notice you also ripped down the ceiling and tore up the floor! Did you do that because you were looking for fire?
No, we did that because we were real angry we couldn't find a fire in the walls!
13


So, it was nothing but a false alarm?
No, that's where the fun comes in! Ha-ha! It was one of those "silly" little mistakes that happens now and then! We were supposed to be at—he-he-he—711 Elm, and we were at 117 Elm! Isn't that a scream?
How are the people who own 117 Elm going to live in that mess your men made?
They don't have to worry! The place will be condemned! Well, gotta go now—we have to see if anything's left standing at 171 Elm!
No! You mean 711 Elm!
What ever!
13
13


The High Sierras. A man is hurt in a hiking accident. Wait! That wasn't dramatic enough! Let me start again! A family man, a man who just thought he'd take a leisurely hike, has his whole world turned upside down! Listen!
$53

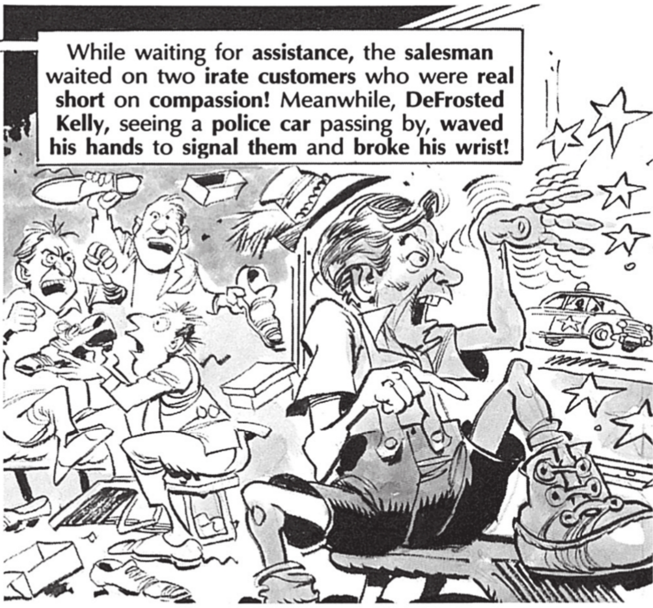

Hello Dominos? I'd like to order two pizzas! One with extra cheese and one with double sausage!
44
ACTUAL RECORDING OF A WRONG NUMBER TO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT


Now that we got that ever recurring scene of the tape machine out of the way, let's go back to the hiking story! Amazingly, the victim turns out to be DeFrosted Kelly, a man I've worked with many times in the past nine decades! Let's beam down to DeFrosted as he picks up the story!
I was in the initial stages of my hike to the top of Montgomery Cliff! Suddenly, I heard this terrible crunching sound! It was my ankle! I had broken it!
How far up the cliff were you?
Not very! I was still in the shoe store! The boots I was buying were tight and the salesman pushed too hard! He broke my ankle! I'm not the man I used to be! Yesterday I snapped a vertebra in my neck while nodding!
$75

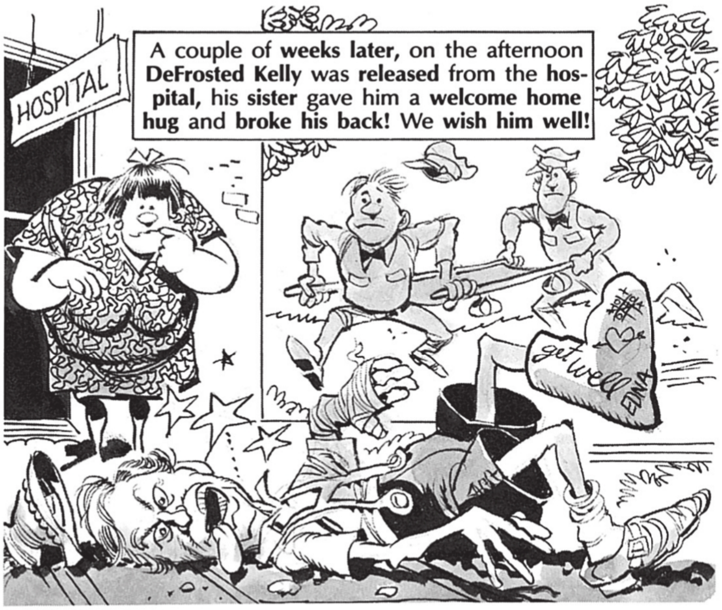


The salesman had **never been involved** in an **emergency situation** before, and he was **very nervous!**

Operator, what's the **number** for **911?**
Before calling information, please check the number in your directory! If you are unable to find it, call back—and you will be able to hear this recording again!
911
911

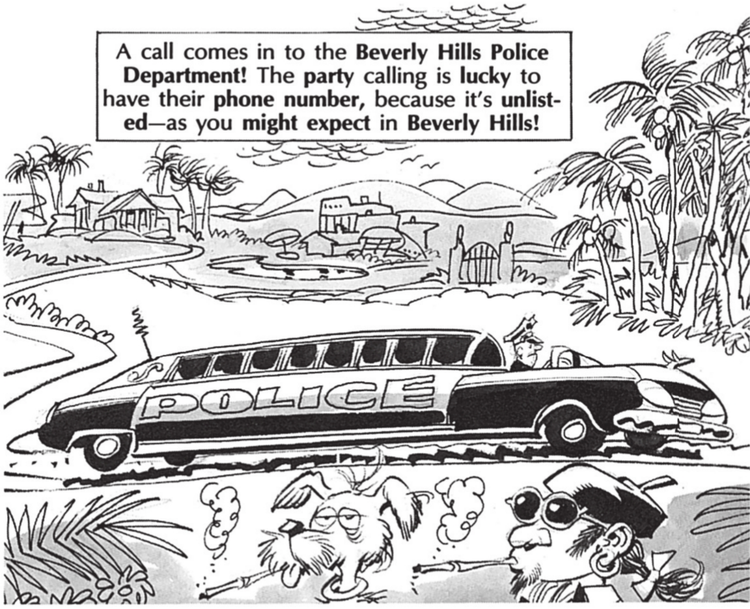


While waiting for **assistance,** the **salesman** waited on two **irate customers** who were **real short** on **compassion!** Meanwhile, **DeFrosted Kelly,** seeing a **police car** passing by, **waved his hands** to **signal them** and **broke his wrist!**

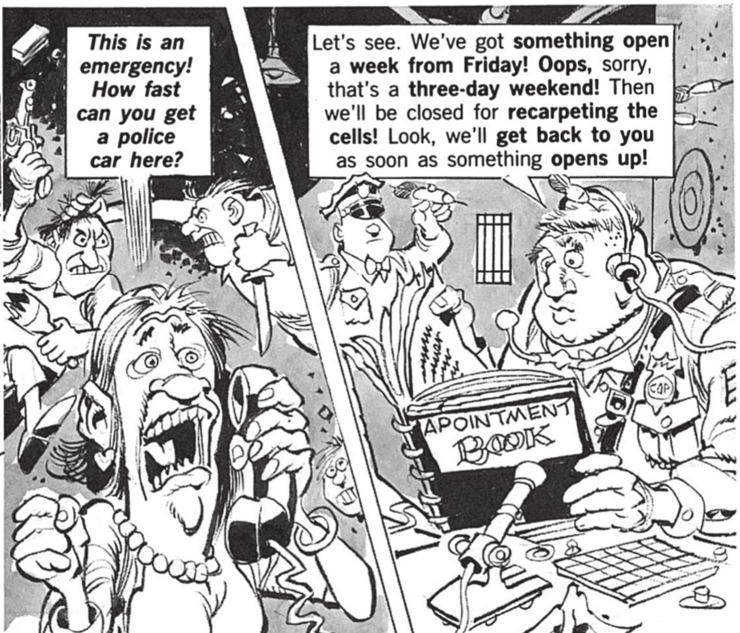


A couple of **weeks later,** on the afternoon **DeFrosted Kelly** was **released** from the **hospital,** his **sister** gave him a **welcome home hug** and **broke his back!** We wish him well!

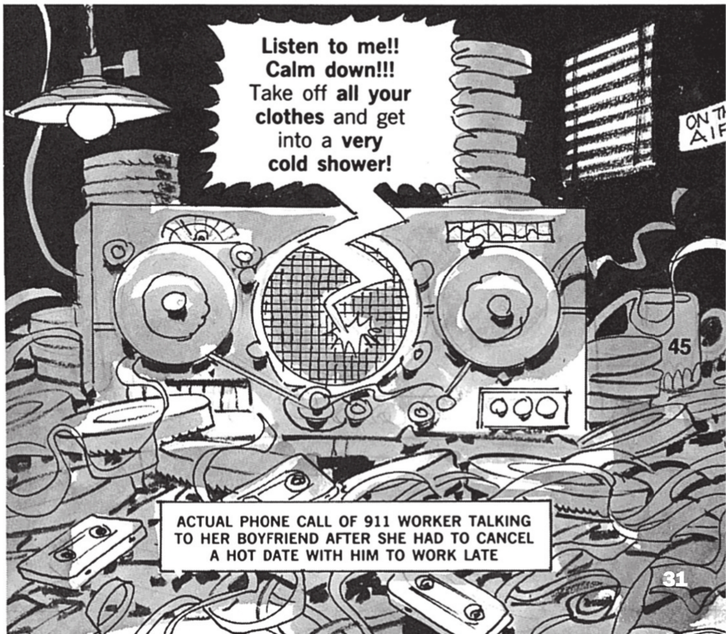
HOSPITAL
get well
EDNA



A call comes in to the **Beverly Hills Police Department!** The **party** calling is **lucky** to have their **phone number,** because it's **unlisted**—as you **might expect** in **Beverly Hills!**

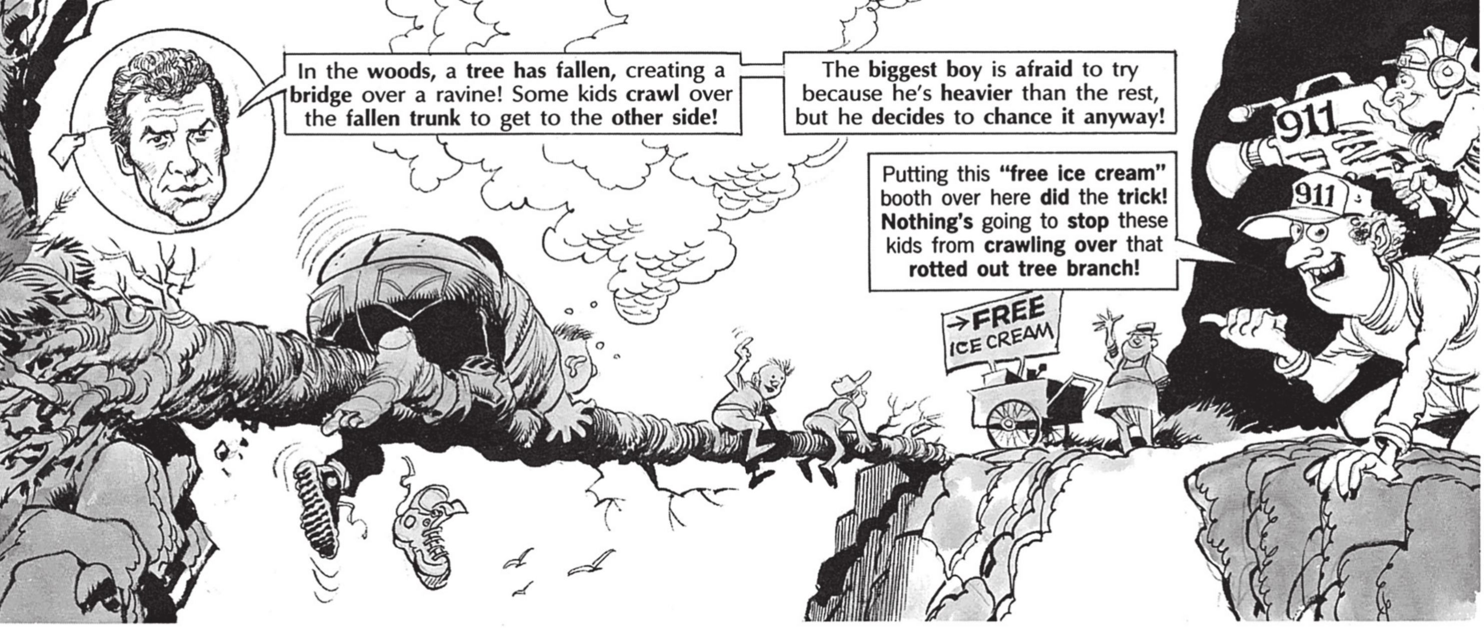


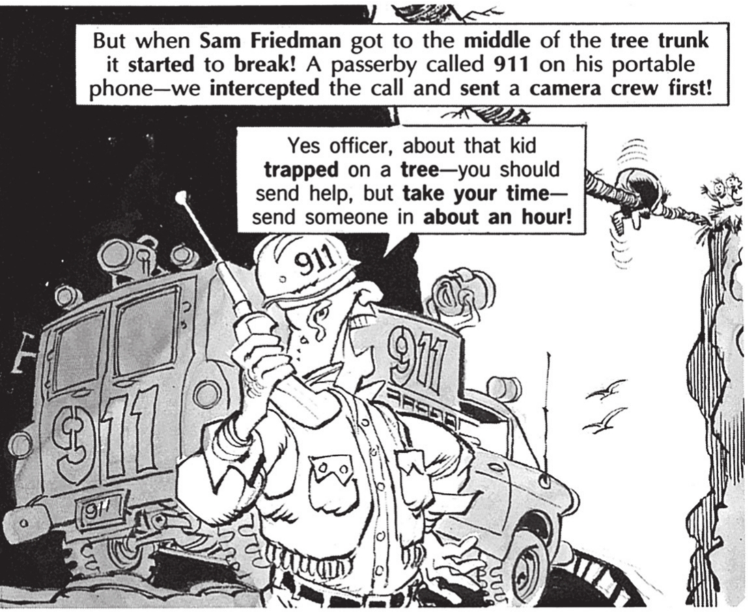
This is an emergency! How fast can you get a police car here?
Let's see. We've got **something open** a **week from Friday! Oops,** sorry, that's a **three-day weekend!** Then we'll be closed for **recarpeting the cells!** Look, we'll **get back to you** as soon as something **opens up!**
APOINTMENT BOOK
COP

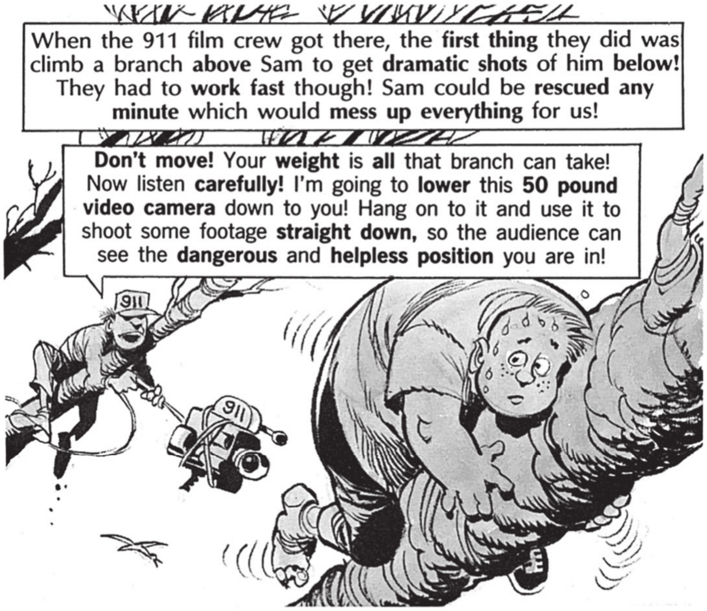


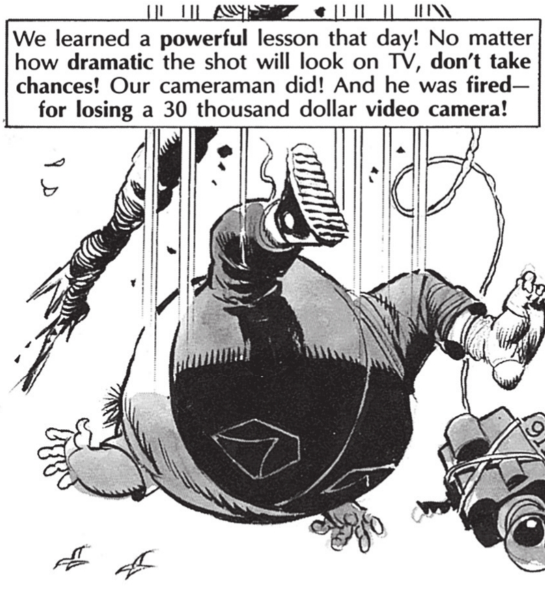
Listen to me!! Calm down!!! Take off **all your clothes** and get into a **very cold shower!**
45

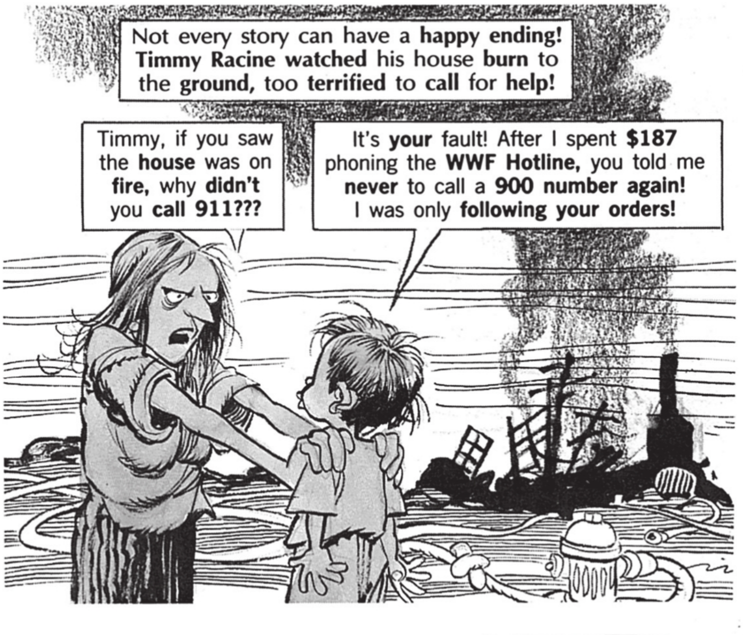
ACTUAL PHONE CALL OF 911 WORKER TALKING TO HER BOYFRIEND AFTER SHE HAD TO CANCEL A HOT DATE WITH HIM TO WORK LATE

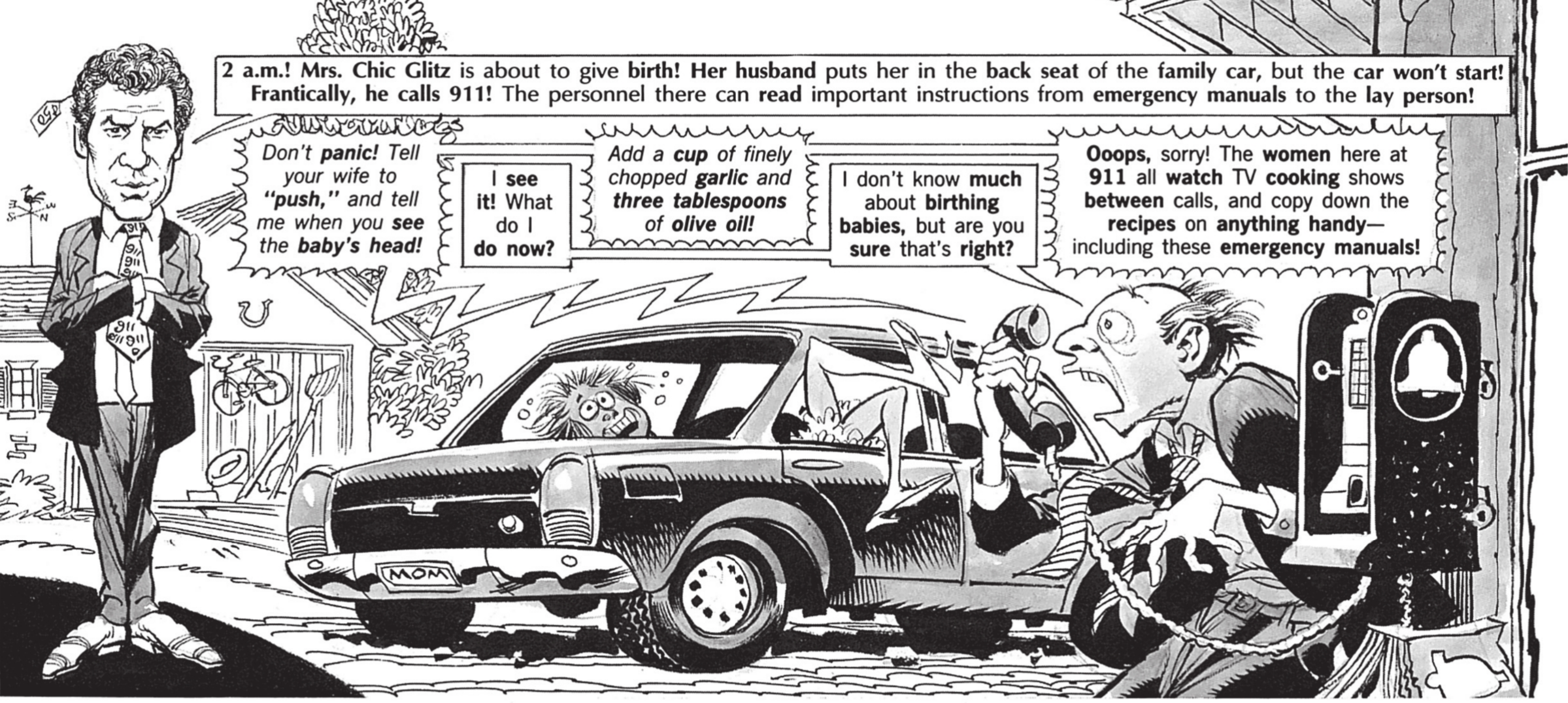

In the **woods,** a **tree has fallen,** creating a **bridge** over a ravine! Some kids **crawl** over the **fallen trunk** to get to the **other side!**
The **biggest boy** is **afraid** to try because he's **heavier** than the rest, but he **decides** to **chance it anyway!**
Putting this **"free ice cream"** booth over here **did** the **trick! Nothing's** going to **stop** these kids from **crawling over** that **rotted out tree branch!**
911
911
→FREE ICE CREAM


But when **Sam Friedman** got to the **middle** of the **tree trunk it started** to **break!** A passerby called **911** on his portable phone—we **intercepted** the call and **sent** a **camera crew first!**
Yes officer, about that kid **trapped** on a **tree**—you should send help, but **take your time**—send someone in **about an hour!**
911
911
911
911


When the 911 film crew got there, the **first thing** they did was climb a branch **above** Sam to get **dramatic shots** of him **below!** They had to **work fast** though! Sam could be **rescued any minute** which would **mess up everything** for us!
Don't move! Your **weight** is **all** that branch can take! Now listen **carefully!** I'm going to **lower** this **50 pound video camera** down to you! Hang on to it and use it to shoot some footage **straight down,** so the audience can see the **dangerous** and **helpless position** you are in!
911
911

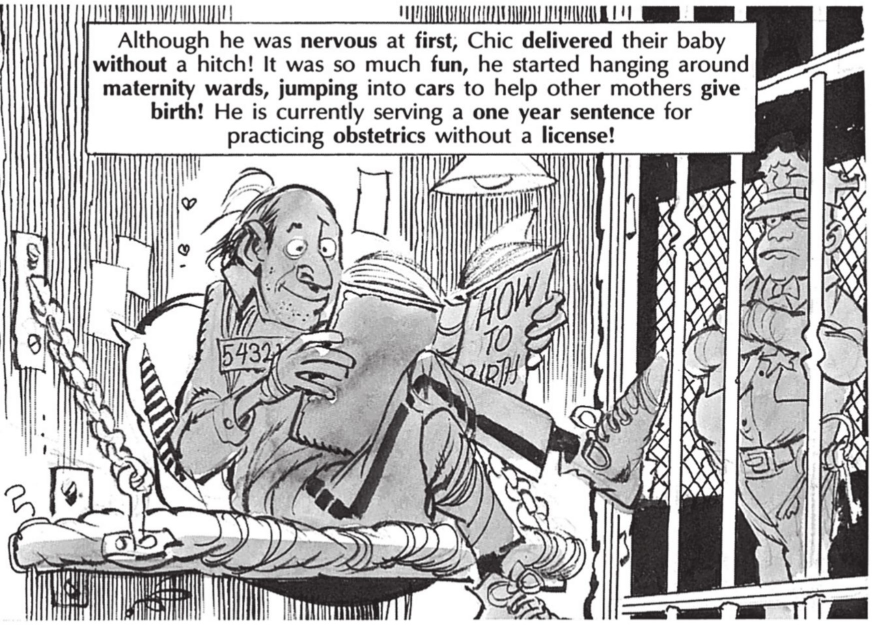

We learned a **powerful** lesson that day! No matter how **dramatic** the shot will look on TV, **don't take chances!** Our cameraman did! And he was **fired—for losing** a 30 thousand dollar **video camera!**
911


Not every story can have a **happy ending! Timmy Racine watched** his house **burn** to the **ground,** too **terrified** to **call** for **help!**
Timmy, if you saw the **house** was on **fire,** why **didn't** you **call 911???**
It's **your** fault! After I spent **$187** phoning the **WWF Hotline,** you told me **never** to call a **900 number again!** I was only **following your orders!**



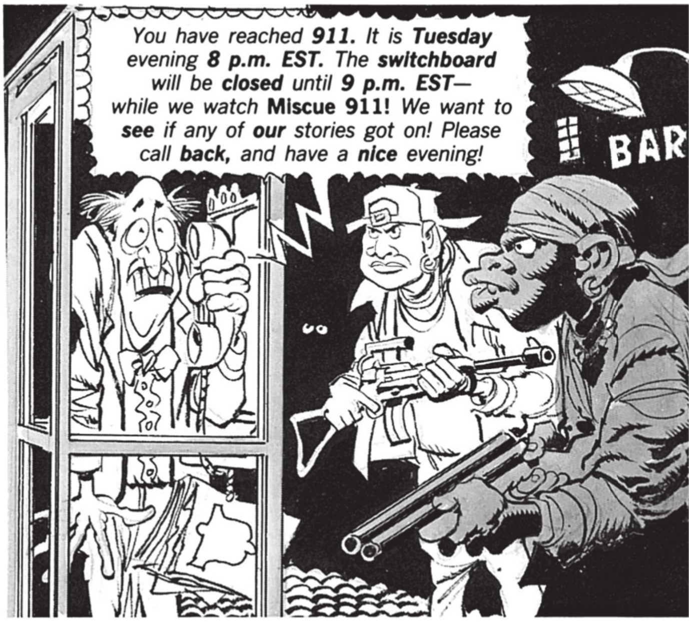
2 a.m.! Mrs. Chic Glitz is about to give **birth! Her husband** puts her in the **back seat** of the **family car,** but the **car won't start! Frantically, he calls 911!** The personnel there can **read** important instructions from **emergency manuals** to the **lay person!**

*Don't **panic!** Tell your wife to **"push,"** and tell me when you **see** the **baby's head!***
I **see it!** What do I **do now?**
*Add a **cup** of finely chopped **garlic** and **three tablespoons** of **olive oil!***
I don't know **much** about **birthing babies,** but are you **sure** that's **right?**
Ooops, sorry! The **women** here at **911** all **watch** TV **cooking** shows **between** calls, and copy down the **recipes** on **anything handy**—including these **emergency manuals!**
911
911 911
MOM

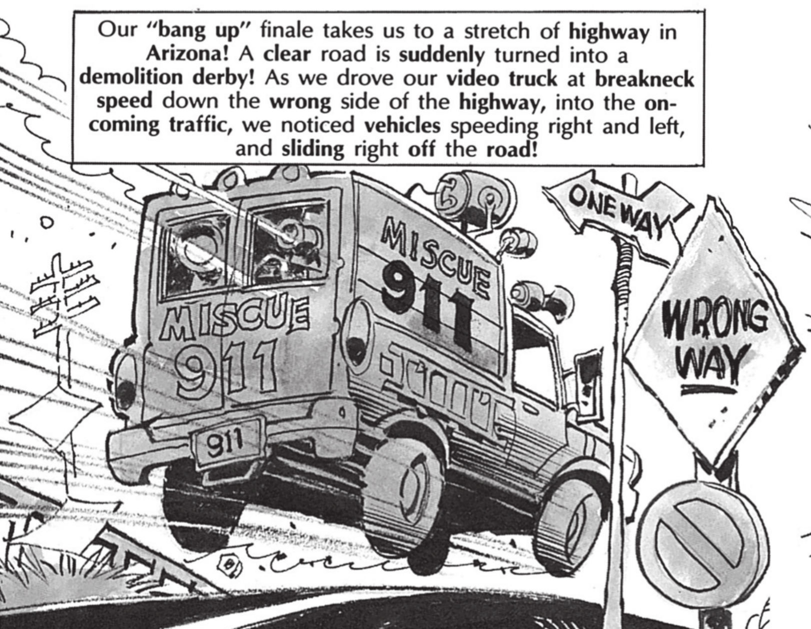


Although he was **nervous** at **first,** Chic **delivered** their baby **without** a hitch! It was so much **fun,** he started hanging around **maternity wards, jumping** into **cars** to help other mothers **give birth!** He is currently serving a **one year sentence** for practicing **obstetrics** without a **license!**

54321
HOW TO BIRTH

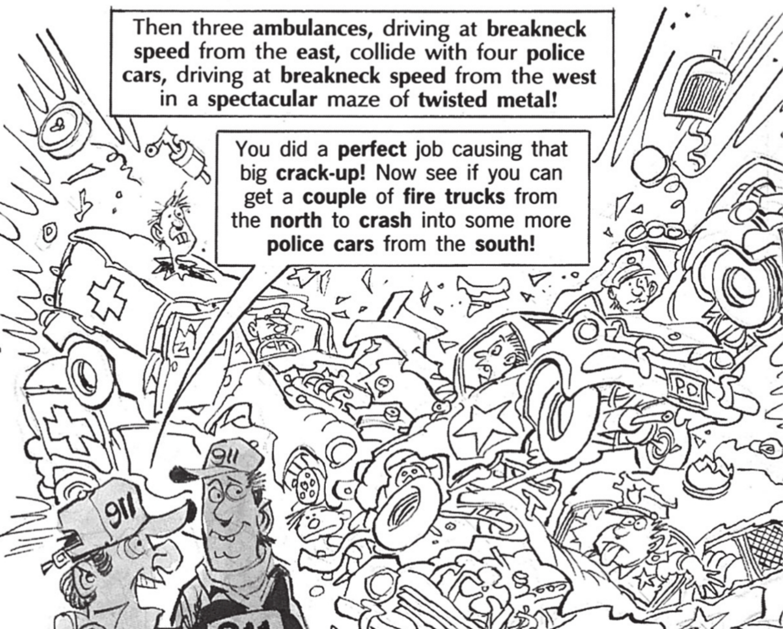


*You have reached **911.** It is **Tuesday** evening **8 p.m. EST.** The **switchboard** will be **closed** until **9 p.m. EST**—while we watch **Miscue 911!** We want to **see** if any of **our** stories got on! Please call **back,** and have a **nice** evening!*
BAR



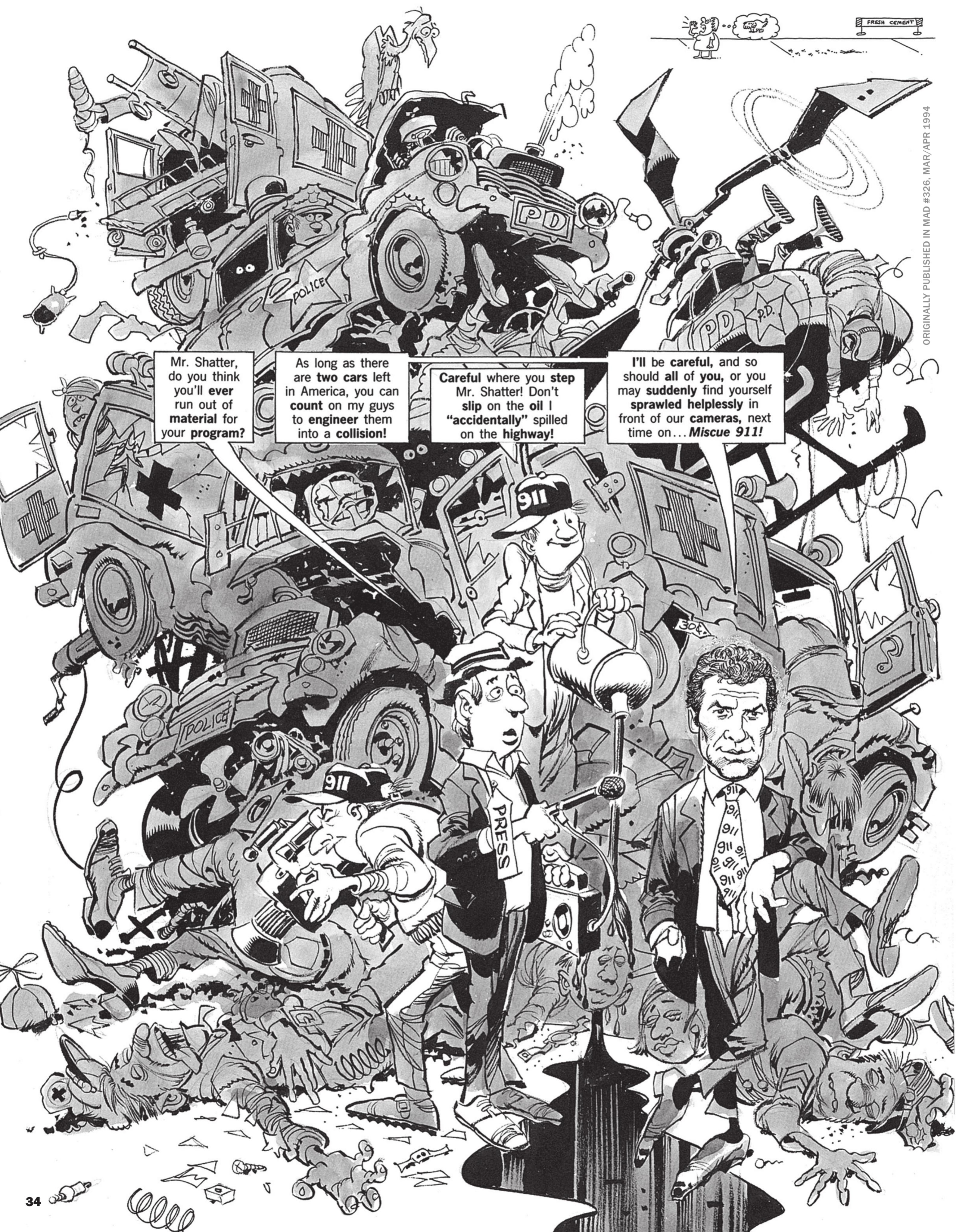
Our **"bang up"** finale takes us to a stretch of **highway** in **Arizona!** A **clear** road is **suddenly** turned into a **demolition derby!** As we drove our **video truck** at **breakneck speed** down the **wrong** side of the **highway,** into the **oncoming traffic,** we noticed **vehicles** speeding right and left, and **sliding** right **off** the **road!**

MISCUE 911
MISCUE 911
911
ONE WAY
WRONG WAY



Then three **ambulances,** driving at **breakneck speed** from the **east,** collide with four **police cars,** driving at **breakneck speed** from the **west** in a **spectacular** maze of **twisted metal!**

You did a **perfect** job causing that big **crack-up!** Now see if you can get a **couple** of **fire trucks** from the **north** to **crash** into some more **police cars** from the **south!**
911
P.D.

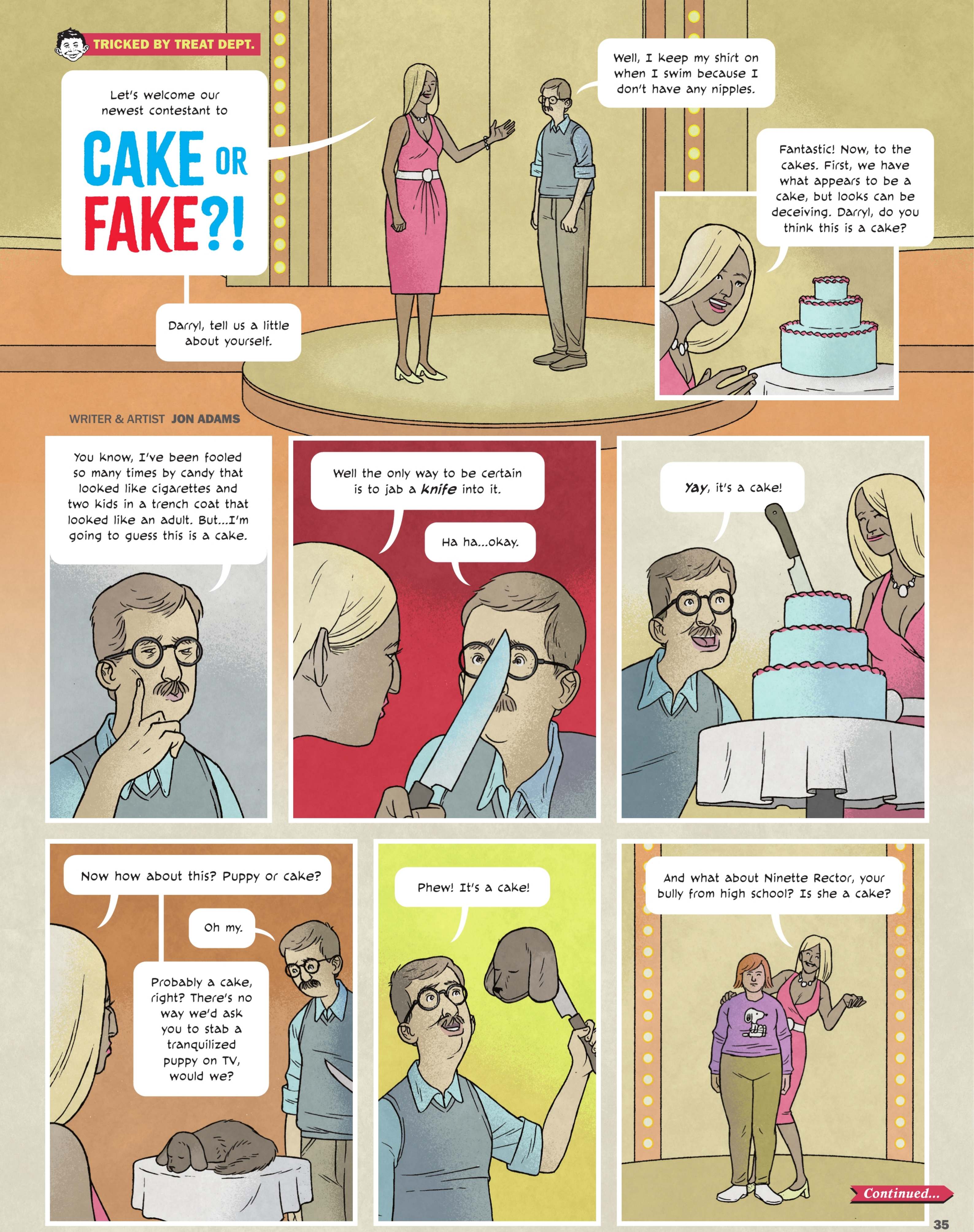

FRESH CEMENT
POLICE
PD
Mr. Shatter, do you think you'll **ever** run out of **material** for your **program?**
As long as there are **two cars** left in America, you can **count** on my guys to **engineer** them into a **collision!**
Careful where you **step** Mr. Shatter! Don't **slip** on the **oil** I **"accidentally"** spilled on the **highway!**
I'll be **careful,** and so should **all of you,** or you may **suddenly** find yourself **sprawled helplessly** in front of our **cameras,** next time on... ***Miscue 911!***
PD
P.D.
911
30¢
POLICE
911
PRESS
911

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #326, MAR/APR 1994

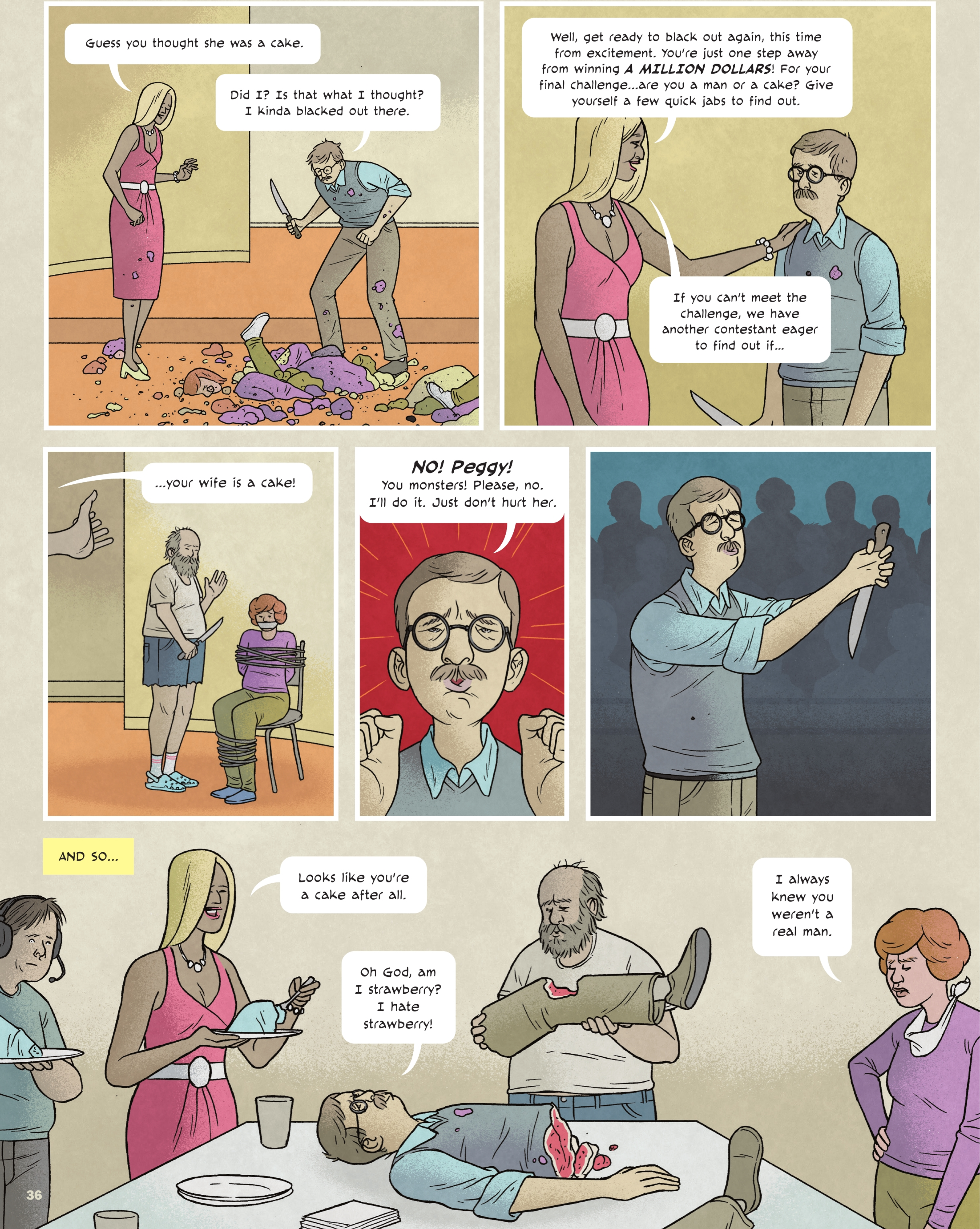
TRICKED BY TREAT DEPT.

CAKE OR FAKE?!

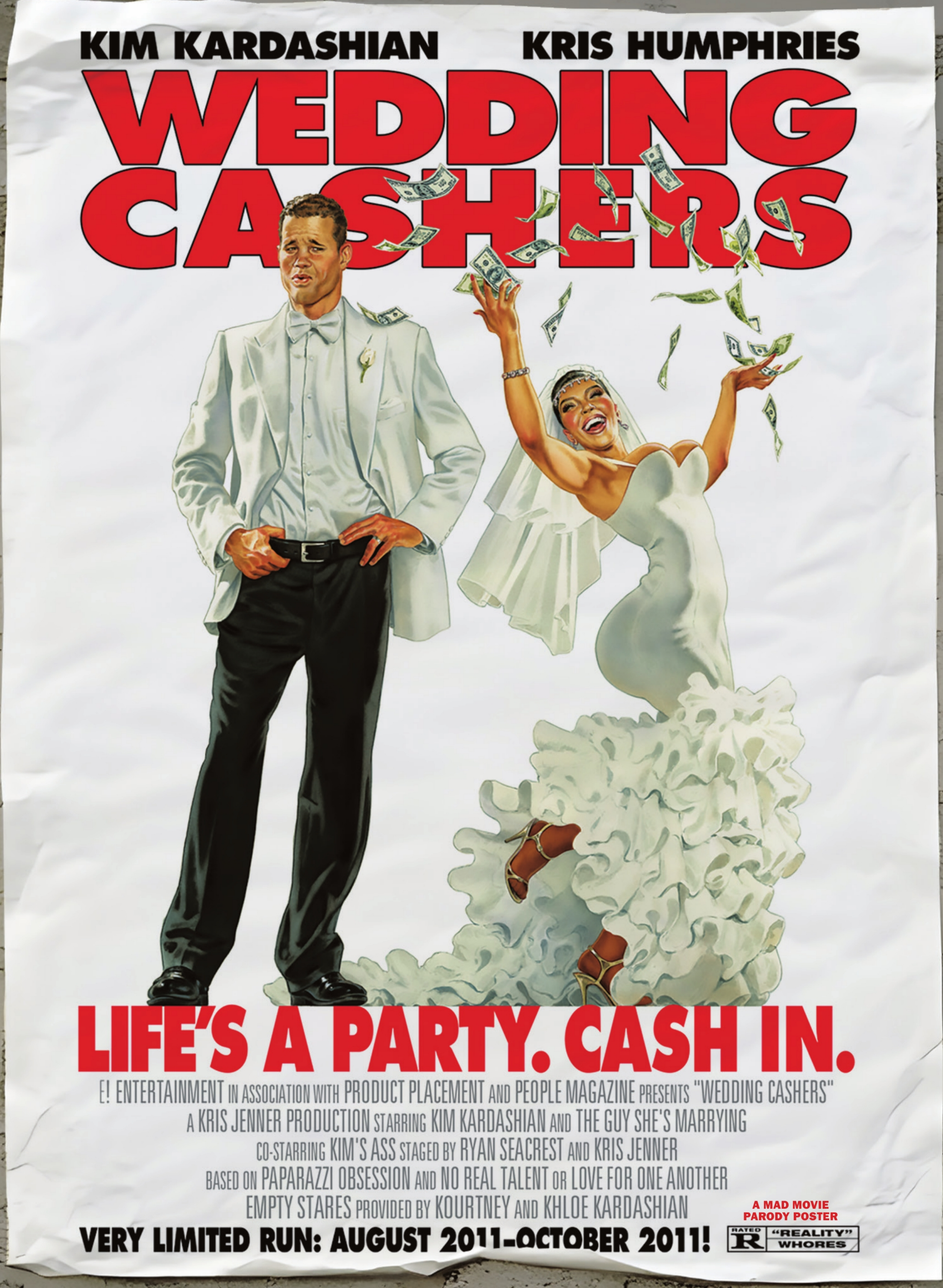
WRITER & ARTIST **JON ADAMS**


Let's welcome our newest contestant to CAKE OR FAKE?!
Darryl, tell us a little about yourself.
Well, I keep my shirt on when I swim because I don't have any nipples.
Fantastic! Now, to the cakes. First, we have what appears to be a cake, but looks can be deceiving. Darryl, do you think this is a cake?
You know, I've been fooled so many times by candy that looked like cigarettes and two kids in a trench coat that looked like an adult. But...I'm going to guess this is a cake.
Well the only way to be certain is to jab a *knife* into it.
Ha ha...okay.
Yay, it's a cake!
Now how about this? Puppy or cake?
Oh my.
Probably a cake, right? There's no way we'd ask you to stab a tranquilized puppy on TV, would we?
Phew! It's a cake!
And what about Ninette Rector, your bully from high school? Is she a cake?

Continued...


Guess you thought she was a cake.
Did I? Is that what I thought? I kinda blacked out there.
Well, get ready to black out again, this time from excitement. You're just one step away from winning **A MILLION DOLLARS**! For your final challenge...are you a man or a cake? Give yourself a few quick jabs to find out.
If you can't meet the challenge, we have another contestant eager to find out if...
...your wife is a cake!
NO! Peggy! You monsters! Please, no. I'll do it. Just don't hurt her.
AND SO...
Looks like you're a cake after all.
Oh God, am I strawberry? I hate strawberry!
I always knew you weren't a real man.

REMEMBER KIM KARDASHIAN'S SECOND HUSBAND? NEITHER DID WE...



KIM KARDASHIAN **KRIS HUMPHRIES**

WEDDING CASHERS

LIFE'S A PARTY. CASH IN.

E! ENTERTAINMENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH PRODUCT PLACEMENT AND PEOPLE MAGAZINE PRESENTS "WEDDING CASHERS"
A KRIS JENNER PRODUCTION STARRING KIM KARDASHIAN AND THE GUY SHE'S MARRYING
CO-STARRING KIM'S ASS STAGED BY RYAN SEACREST AND KRIS JENNER
BASED ON PAPARAZZI OBSESSION AND NO REAL TALENT OR LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER
EMPTY STARES PROVIDED BY KOURTNEY AND KHLOE KARDASHIAN

A MAD MOVIE PARODY POSTER

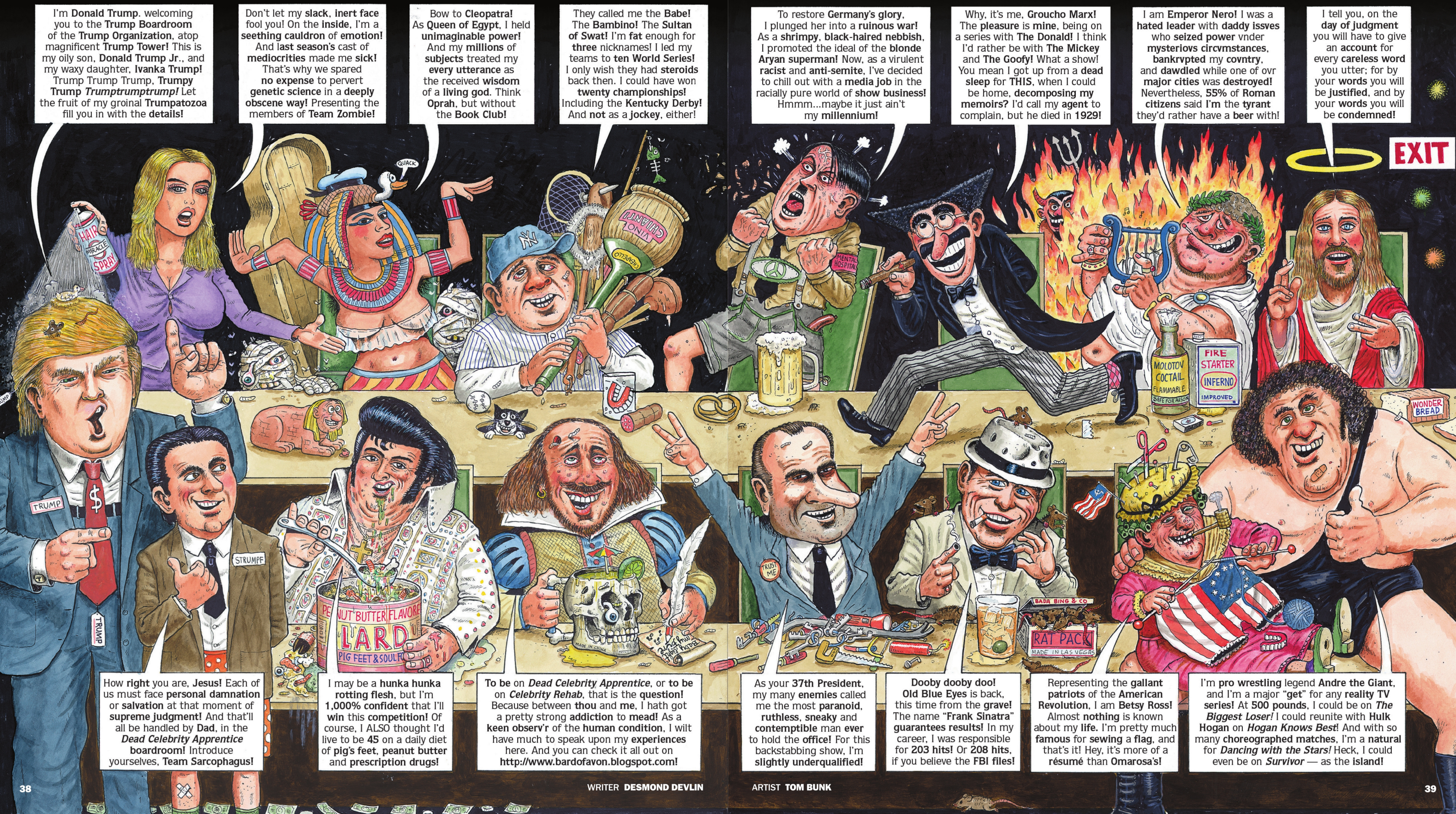
VERY LIMITED RUN: AUGUST 2011-OCTOBER 2011!

RATED R "REALITY" WHORES

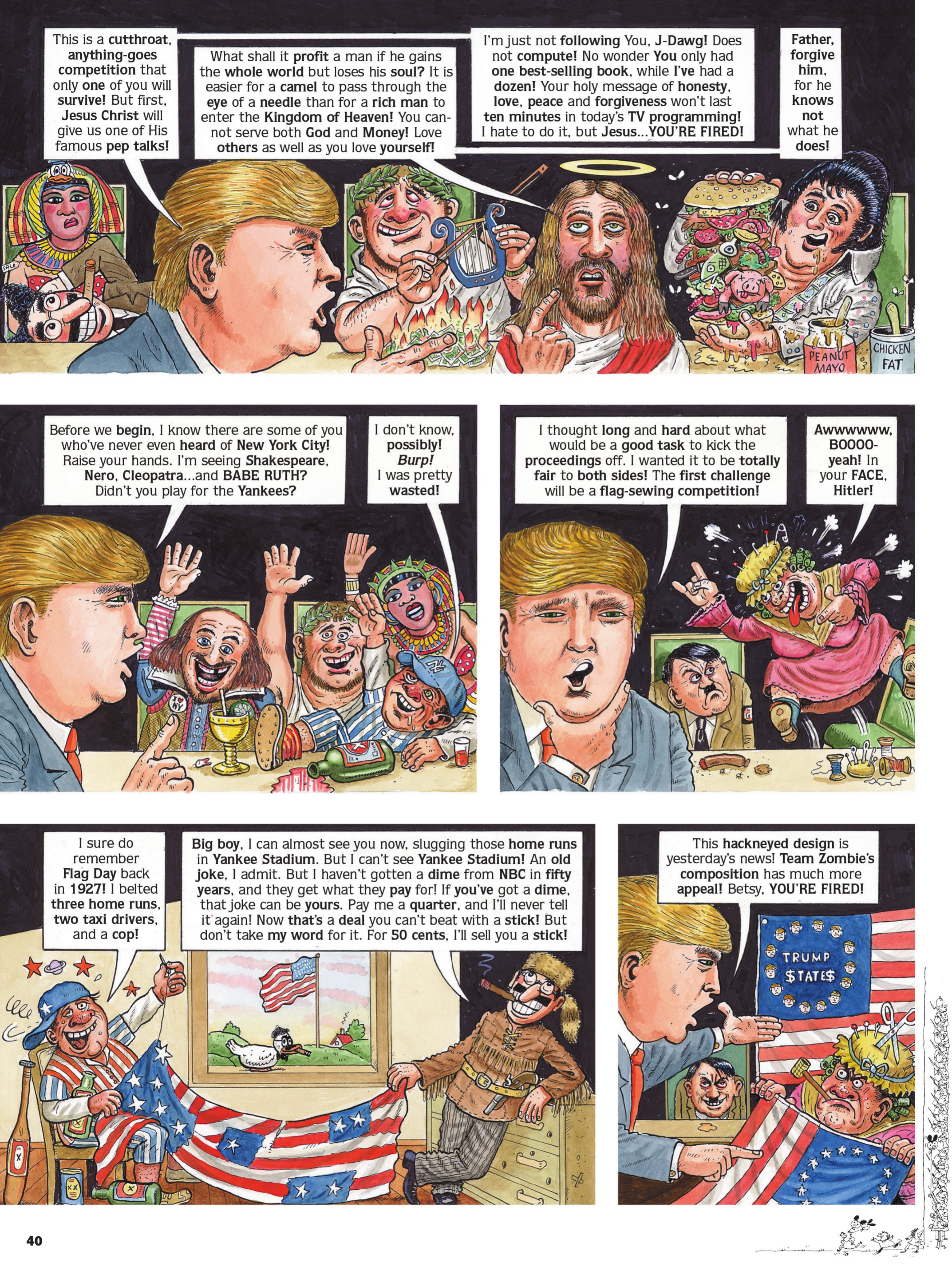
WRITER **MATT LASSEN** ARTIST **MARK STUTZMAN** ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #513, FEB 2012

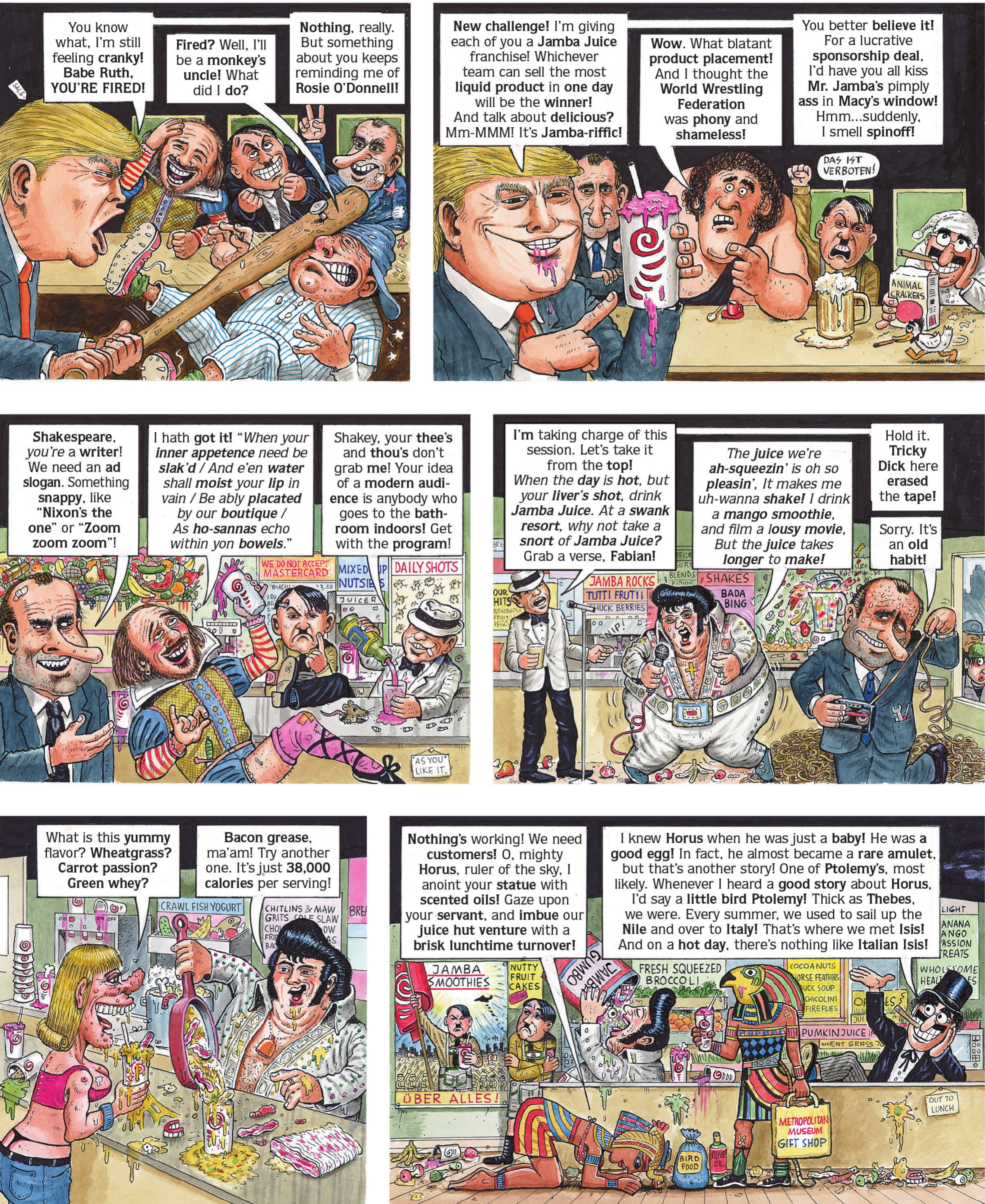
When *The Apprentice* turned into *Celebrity Apprentice*, they only forgot one itty-bitty thing. Celebrities! Last season's washed-up wannabes and barely-weres packed all the star wattage of a sputtering bug zapper. Mr. Donald Trump is a man accustomed to the best in life. Therefore, any celebrity project bearing the Trump name should reflect the unforgettable, shared moments of human culture. The Roman Empire! The Renaissance! Shaving Vince McMahon's head on pay-per-view! So don't ask how it's happened, just root for the history-making superstars as they fight to become...

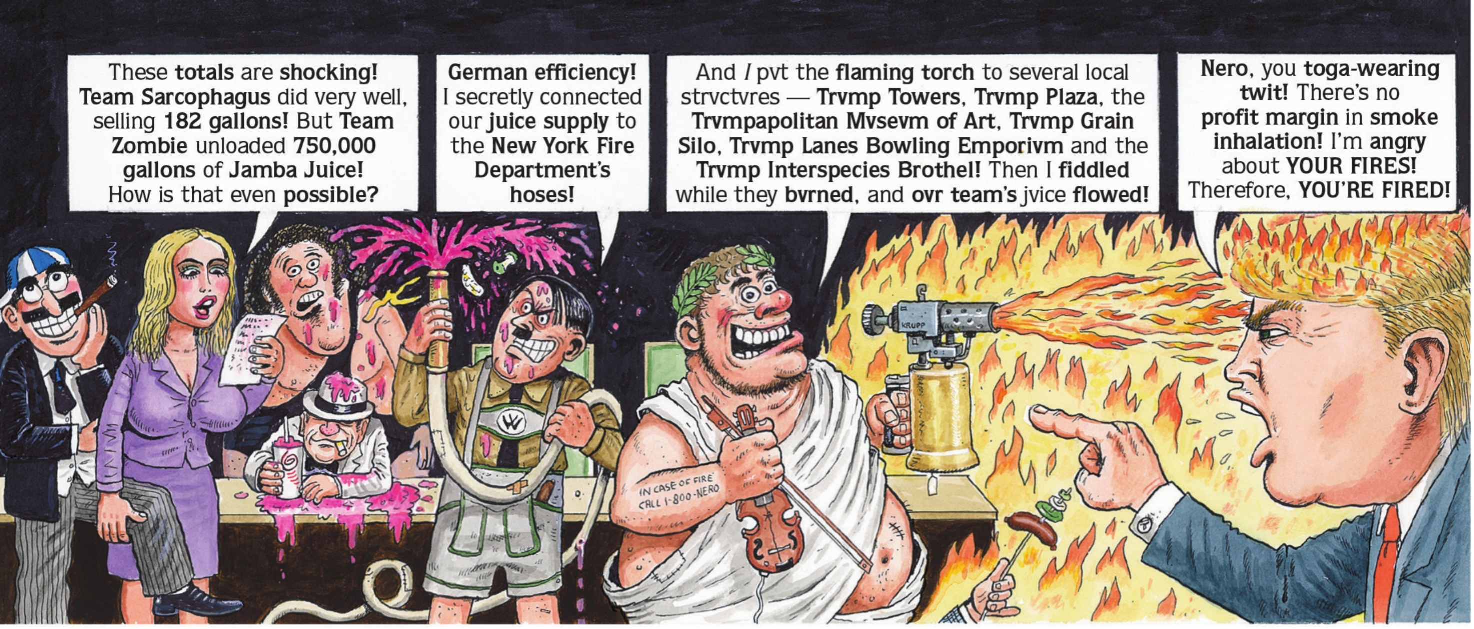
THE DEAD CELEBRITY APPRENTICE

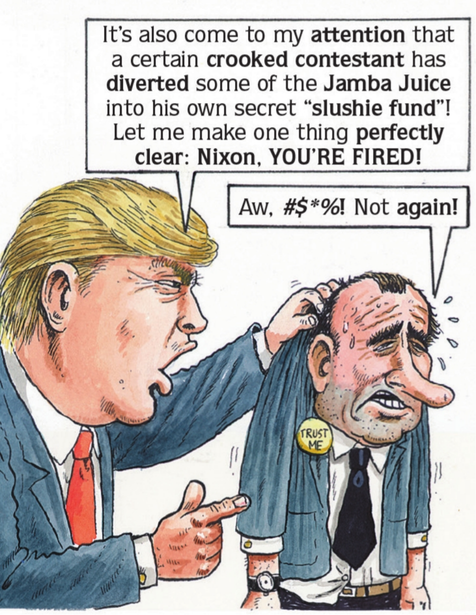

I'm **Donald Trump**, welcoming you to the **Trump Boardroom** of the **Trump Organization**, atop magnificent **Trump Tower!** This is my oily son, **Donald Trump Jr.**, and my waxy daughter, **Ivanka Trump!** Trump Trump Trump, **Trumpy Trump** ***Trumptrumptrump!*** Let the fruit of my groinal **Trumpatozoa** fill you in with the **details!**
Don't let my **slack**, **inert face** fool you! On the **inside**, I'm a **seething cauldron** of **emotion!** And **last season's** cast of **mediocrities** made me **sick!** That's why we spared **no expense** to pervert **genetic science** in a **deeply obscene way!** Presenting the members of **Team Zombie!**
Bow to **Cleopatra!** As **Queen of Egypt**, I held **unimaginable power!** And my **millions** of **subjects** treated my **every utterance** as the received **wisdom** of **a living god**. Think **Oprah**, but without the **Book Club!**
They called me the **Babe!** The **Bambino!** The **Sultan of Swat!** I'm **fat** enough for **three** nicknames! I led my teams to **ten World Series!** I only wish they had **steroids** back then. I could have won **twenty championships!** Including the **Kentucky Derby!** And **not** as a **jockey**, either!
To restore **Germany's glory**, I plunged her into a **ruinous war!** As a **shrimpy, black-haired nebbish**, I promoted the ideal of the **blonde Aryan superman!** Now, as a virulent **racist** and **anti-semite**, I've decided to chill out with a **media job** in the racially pure world of **show business!** Hmmm...maybe it just ain't my **millennium!**
Why, it's me, **Groucho Marx!** The **pleasure** is **mine**, being on a series with **The Donald!** I think I'd rather be with **The Mickey** and **The Goofy!** What a show! You mean I got up from a **dead sleep** for **THIS**, when I could be home, **decomposing my memoirs?** I'd call my **agent** to complain, but he died in **1929!**
I am **Emperor Nero!** I was a **hated leader** with **daddy issves** who **seized power** vnder **mysteriovs circvmstances**, **bankrvpted** my **covntry**, and **dawdled** while one of ovr **major cities** was **destroyed!** Nevertheless, **55%** of **Roman citizens** said **I'm** the **tyrant** they'd rather have a **beer** with!
I tell you, on the **day of judgment** you will have to give an **account** for every **careless word** you utter; for by your **words** you will be **justified**, and by your **words** you will be **condemned!**
EXIT
HAIR MIRACLE SPRAY
QUACK
VINO CHIANTI
MENTAL HOSPITAL
TRUMP
STRUMPF
TRUMP
PEANUT BUTTER FLAVOR LARD PIG FEET & SOUL FOOD
MADE IN CHINA
TRUST ME
BADA BING & CO
RAT PACK MADE IN LAS VEGAS
MOLOTOV COCTAIL FLAMMABLE SAFE FOR ARSON
FIRE STARTER INFERNO IMPROVED
WONDER BREAD
How **right** you are, **Jesus!** Each of us must face **personal damnation** or **salvation** at that moment of **supreme judgment!** And that'll all be handled by **Dad**, in the ***Dead Celebrity Apprentice*** **boardroom!** Introduce yourselves, **Team Sarcophagus!**
I may be a **hunka hunka rotting flesh**, but I'm **1,000% confident** that I'll **win** this **competition!** Of course, I ALSO thought I'd live to be **45** on a daily diet of **pig's feet**, **peanut butter** and **prescription drugs!**
To be on ***Dead Celebrity Apprentice***, or **to be** on ***Celebrity Rehab***, that is the **question!** Because between **thou** and **me**, I hath got a pretty strong **addiction** to **mead!** As a **keen observ'r** of the **human condition**, I wilt have much to speak upon my **experiences** here. And you can check it all out on **http://www.bardofavon.blogspot.com!**
As your **37th President**, my many **enemies** called me the most **paranoid**, **ruthless**, **sneaky** and **contemptible** man **ever** to hold the **office!** For this backstabbing show, I'm **slightly underqualified!**
Dooby dooby doo! Old Blue Eyes is back, this time from the **grave!** The name **"Frank Sinatra"** **guarantees results!** In my career, I was responsible for **203 hits!** Or **208 hits**, if you believe the **FBI files!**
Representing the **gallant patriots** of the **American Revolution**, I am **Betsy Ross!** Almost **nothing** is known about my **life**. I'm pretty much **famous** for **sewing** a **flag**, and that's it! Hey, it's more of a **résumé** than **Omarosa's!**
I'm **pro wrestling** legend **Andre the Giant**, and I'm a major **"get"** for any **reality TV series!** At **500 pounds**, I could be on ***The Biggest Loser!*** I could reunite with **Hulk Hogan** on ***Hogan Knows Best!*** And with so many **choreographed matches**, I'm a **natural** for ***Dancing with the Stars!*** Heck, I could even be on ***Survivor*** — as the **island!**

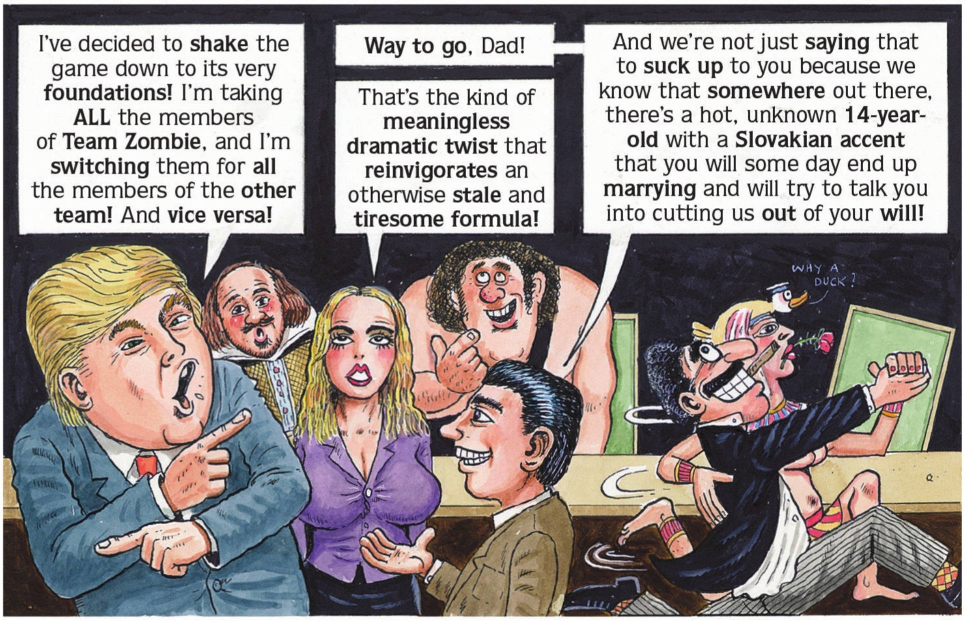
WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**   ARTIST **TOM BUNK**

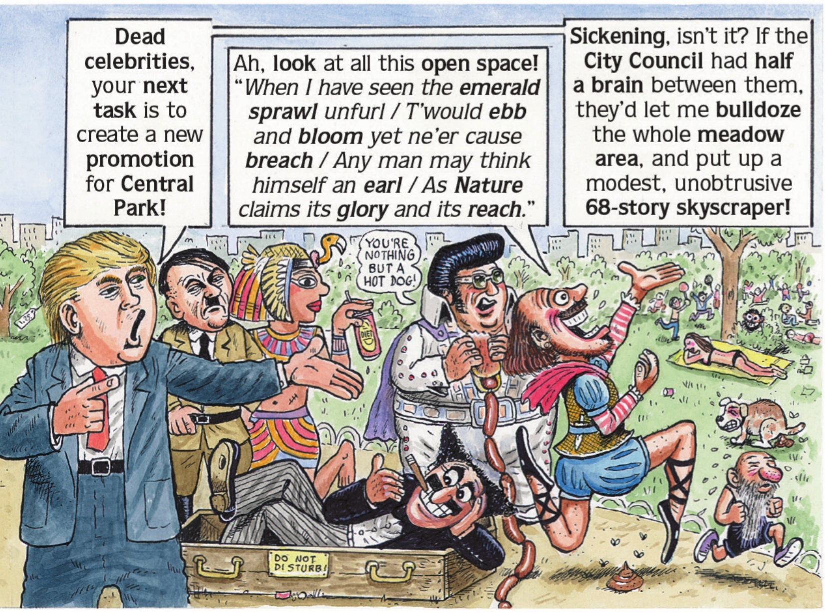

This is a cutthroat, anything-goes competition that only one of you will survive! But first, Jesus Christ will give us one of His famous pep talks!
What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven! You cannot serve both God and Money! Love others as well as you love yourself!
I'm just not following You, J-Dawg! Does not compute! No wonder You only had one best-selling book, while I've had a dozen! Your holy message of honesty, love, peace and forgiveness won't last ten minutes in today's TV programming! I hate to do it, but Jesus...YOU'RE FIRED!
Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!
PEANUT MAYO
CHICKEN FAT
Before we begin, I know there are some of you who've never even heard of New York City! Raise your hands. I'm seeing Shakespeare, Nero, Cleopatra...and BABE RUTH? Didn't you play for the Yankees?
I don't know, possibly! Burp! I was pretty wasted!
I ♥ NY
I thought long and hard about what would be a good task to kick the proceedings off. I wanted it to be totally fair to both sides! The first challenge will be a flag-sewing competition!
Awwwwww, BOOOO-yeah! In your FACE, Hitler!
I sure do remember Flag Day back in 1927! I belted three home runs, two taxi drivers, and a cop!
Big boy, I can almost see you now, slugging those home runs in Yankee Stadium. But I can't see Yankee Stadium! An old joke, I admit. But I haven't gotten a dime from NBC in fifty years, and they get what they pay for! If you've got a dime, that joke can be yours. Pay me a quarter, and I'll never tell it again! Now that's a deal you can't beat with a stick! But don't take my word for it. For 50 cents, I'll sell you a stick!
This hackneyed design is yesterday's news! Team Zombie's composition has much more appeal! Betsy, YOU'RE FIRED!
TRUMP $TATE$

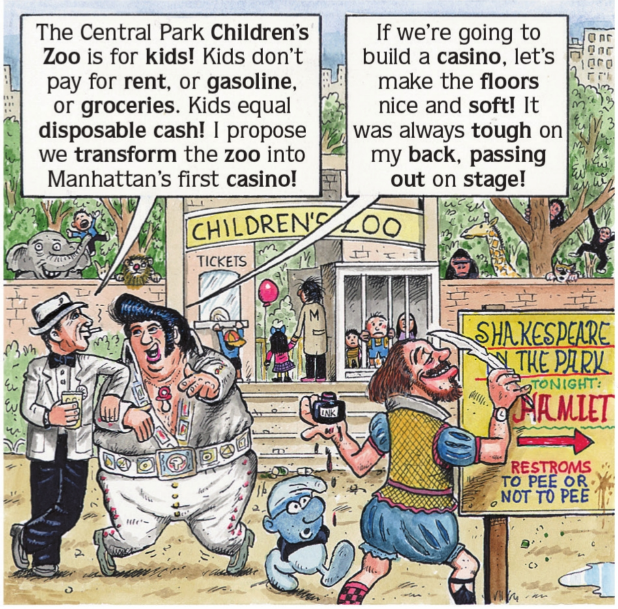

SALE
You know what, I'm still feeling **cranky! Babe Ruth, YOU'RE FIRED!**
Fired? Well, I'll be a **monkey's uncle!** What did I **do?**
Nothing, really. But something about you keeps reminding me of **Rosie O'Donnell!**
New challenge! I'm giving each of you a **Jamba Juice** franchise! Whichever team can sell the most **liquid product** in **one day** will be the **winner!** And talk about **delicious?** Mm-MMM! It's **Jamba-riffic!**
Wow. What blatant **product placement!** And I thought the **World Wrestling Federation** was **phony** and **shameless!**
You better **believe it!** For a lucrative **sponsorship deal**, I'd have you all kiss **Mr. Jamba's** pimply **ass** in **Macy's window!** Hmm...suddenly, I smell **spinoff!**
DAS IST VERBOTEN!
ANIMAL CRACKERS
Shakespeare, *you're* a **writer**! We need an **ad slogan**. Something **snappy**, like "**Nixon's the one**" or "**Zoom zoom zoom**"!
I hath **got it!** "*When your **inner appetence** need be **slak'd** / And e'en **water** shall **moist** your **lip** in vain / Be ably **placated** by our **boutique** / As **ho-sannas** echo within yon **bowels**.*"
Shakey, your **thee's** and **thou's** don't grab **me**! Your idea of a **modern audience** is anybody who goes to the **bathroom indoors!** Get with the **program**!
WE DO NOT ACCEPT MASTERCARD
MIXED UP NUTSIES
DAILY SHOTS
JUICER
AS YOU LIKE IT.
I'm taking charge of this session. Let's take it from the **top!** *When the **day** is **hot**, but your **liver's shot**, drink **Jamba Juice**. At a **swank resort**, why not take a **snort** of **Jamba Juice?*** Grab a verse, **Fabian!**
*The **juice** we're **ah-squeezin'** is oh so **pleasin'**, It makes me uh-wanna **shake!** I drink a **mango smoothie**, and film a **lousy movie**, But the **juice** takes **longer to make!***
Hold it. **Tricky Dick** here **erased** the **tape!**
Sorry. It's an **old habit!**
JAMBA ROCKS
TUTTI FRUTTI
CHUCK BERRIES
SHAKES
BADA BING
SNIP!
What is this **yummy** flavor? **Wheatgrass? Carrot passion? Green whey?**
Bacon grease, ma'am! Try another one. It's just **38,000 calories** per serving!
CRAWL FISH YOGURT
CHITLINS & MAW GRITS COLE SLAW
Nothing's working! We need **customers!** O, mighty **Horus**, ruler of the sky, I anoint your **statue** with **scented oils!** Gaze upon your **servant**, and **imbue** our **juice hut venture** with a **brisk lunchtime turnover!**
I knew **Horus** when he was just a **baby!** He was **a good egg!** In fact, he almost became a **rare amulet**, but that's another story! One of **Ptolemy's**, most likely. Whenever I heard a **good story** about **Horus**, I'd say a **little bird Ptolemy!** Thick as **Thebes**, we were. Every summer, we used to sail up the **Nile** and over to **Italy!** That's where we met **Isis!** And on a **hot day**, there's nothing like **Italian Isis!**
JAMBA SMOOTHIES
NUTTY FRUIT CAKES
NEW
JAMBA GUMBO
FRESH SQUEEZED BROCCOLI
COCOANUTS
HORSE FEATHERS
DUCK SOUP
CHICOLINI
FIREFLIES
PUMKIN JUICE
WHEAT GRASS
ÜBER ALLES!
OUT TO LUNCH
BIRD FOOD
OLIVE OIL
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM GIFT SHOP

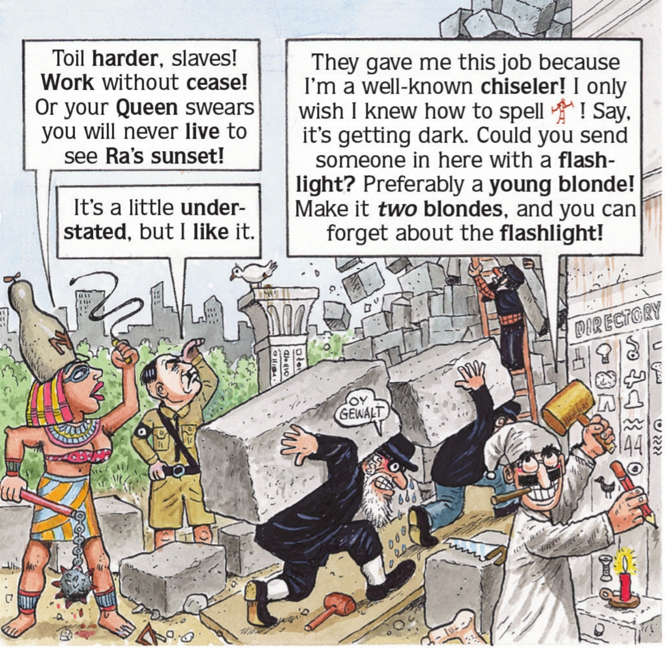

These totals are shocking! Team Sarcophagus did very well, selling 182 gallons! But Team Zombie unloaded 750,000 gallons of Jamba Juice! How is that even possible?
German efficiency! I secretly connected our juice supply to the New York Fire Department's hoses!
And I pvt the flaming torch to several local strvctvres — Trvmp Towers, Trvmp Plaza, the Trvmpapolitan Mvsevm of Art, Trvmp Grain Silo, Trvmp Lanes Bowling Emporivm and the Trvmp Interspecies Brothel! Then I fiddled while they bvrned, and ovr team's jvice flowed!
Nero, you toga-wearing twit! There's no profit margin in smoke inhalation! I'm angry about YOUR FIRES! Therefore, YOU'RE FIRED!
IN CASE OF FIRE CALL 1-800-NERO
KRUPP

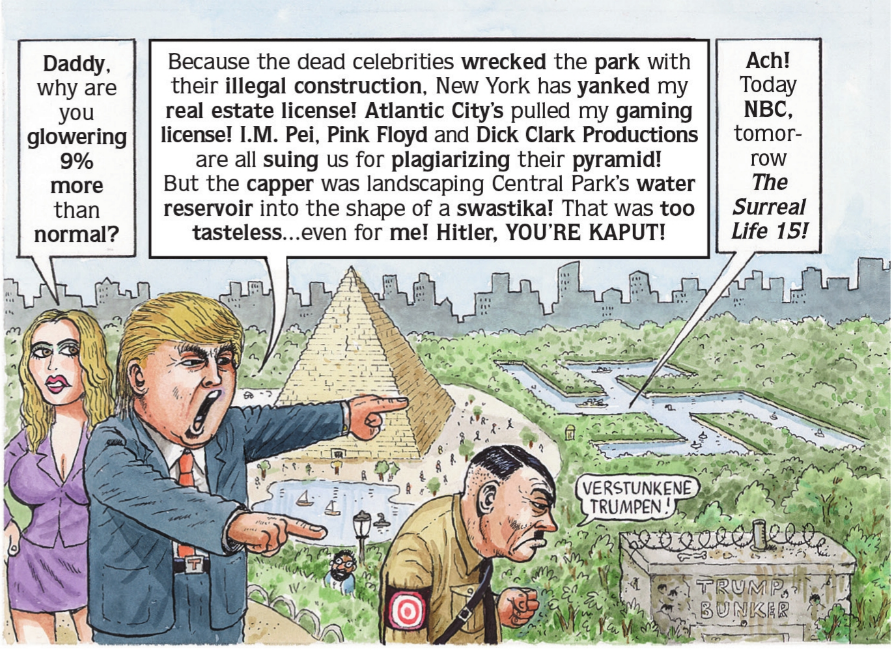

It's also come to my attention that a certain crooked contestant has diverted some of the Jamba Juice into his own secret "slushie fund"! Let me make one thing perfectly clear: Nixon, YOU'RE FIRED!
Aw, #$*%! Not again!
TRUST ME

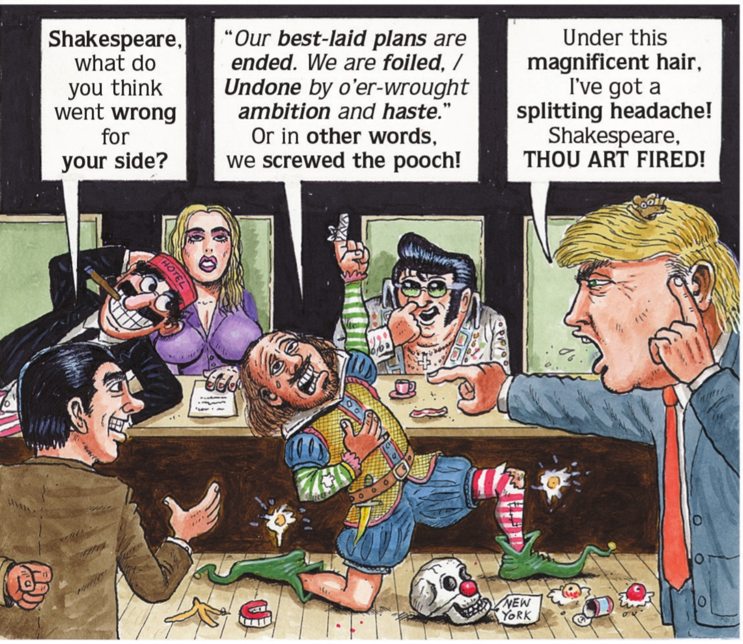

I've decided to shake the game down to its very foundations! I'm taking ALL the members of Team Zombie, and I'm switching them for all the members of the other team! And vice versa!
Way to go, Dad!
That's the kind of meaningless dramatic twist that reinvigorates an otherwise stale and tiresome formula!
And we're not just saying that to suck up to you because we know that somewhere out there, there's a hot, unknown 14-year-old with a Slovakian accent that you will some day end up marrying and will try to talk you into cutting us out of your will!
WHY A DUCK?

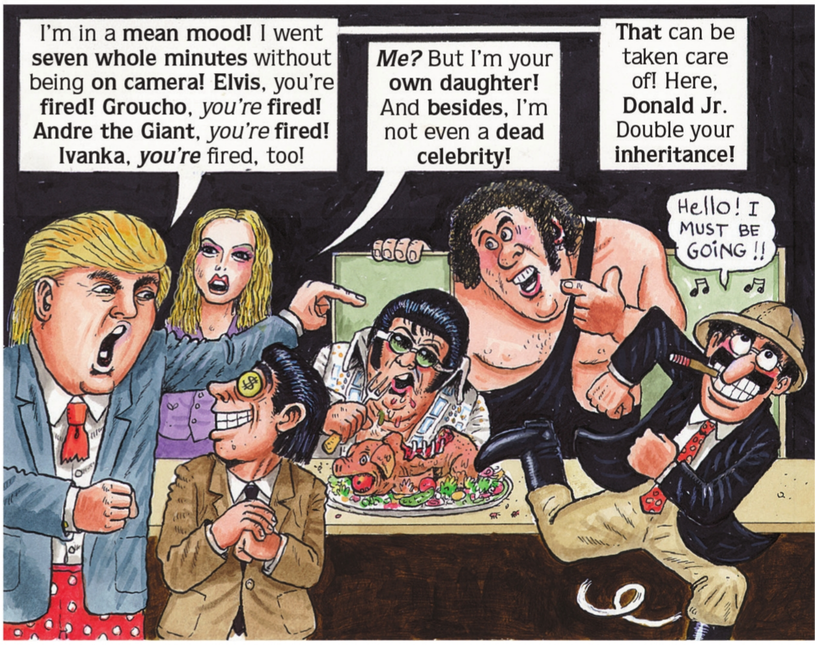

Dead celebrities, your next task is to create a new promotion for Central Park!
Ah, look at all this open space! "When I have seen the emerald sprawl unfurl / T'would ebb and bloom yet ne'er cause breach / Any man may think himself an earl / As Nature claims its glory and its reach."
Sickening, isn't it? If the City Council had half a brain between them, they'd let me bulldoze the whole meadow area, and put up a modest, unobtrusive 68-story skyscraper!
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A HOT DOG!
DO NOT DISTURB!

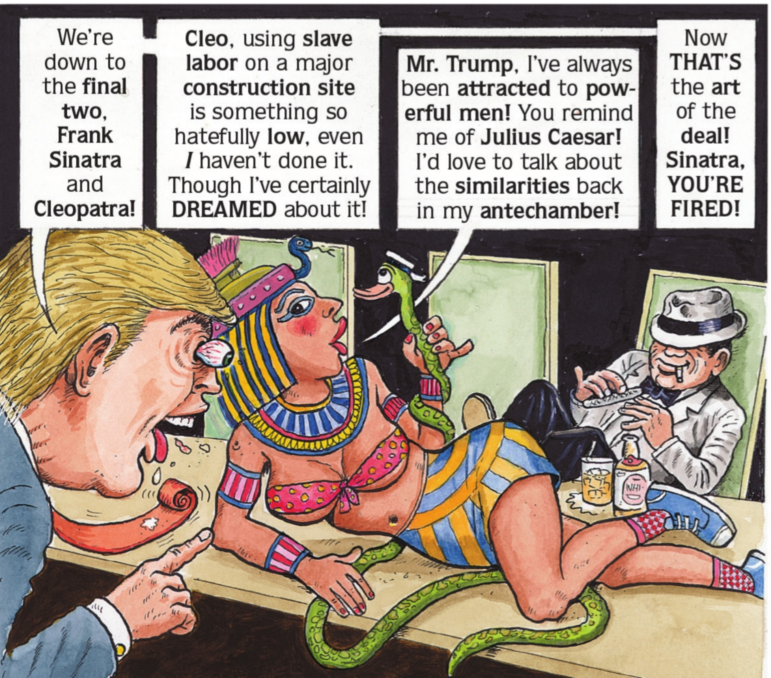

The Central Park Children's Zoo is for kids! Kids don't pay for rent, or gasoline, or groceries. Kids equal disposable cash! I propose we transform the zoo into Manhattan's first casino!
If we're going to build a casino, let's make the floors nice and soft! It was always tough on my back, passing out on stage!
CHILDREN'S ZOO
TICKETS
SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK
TONIGHT: HAMLET
RESTROOMS
TO PEE OR NOT TO PEE
INK


Toil **harder**, slaves! **Work** without **cease!** Or your **Queen** swears you will never **live** to see **Ra's sunset!**
It's a little **under-stated**, but I **like** it.
They gave me this job because I'm a well-known **chiseler!** I only wish I knew how to spell ! Say, it's getting dark. Could you send someone in here with a **flash-light?** Preferably a **young blonde!** Make it ***two* blondes**, and you can forget about the **flashlight!**
OY GEWALT
DIRECTORY

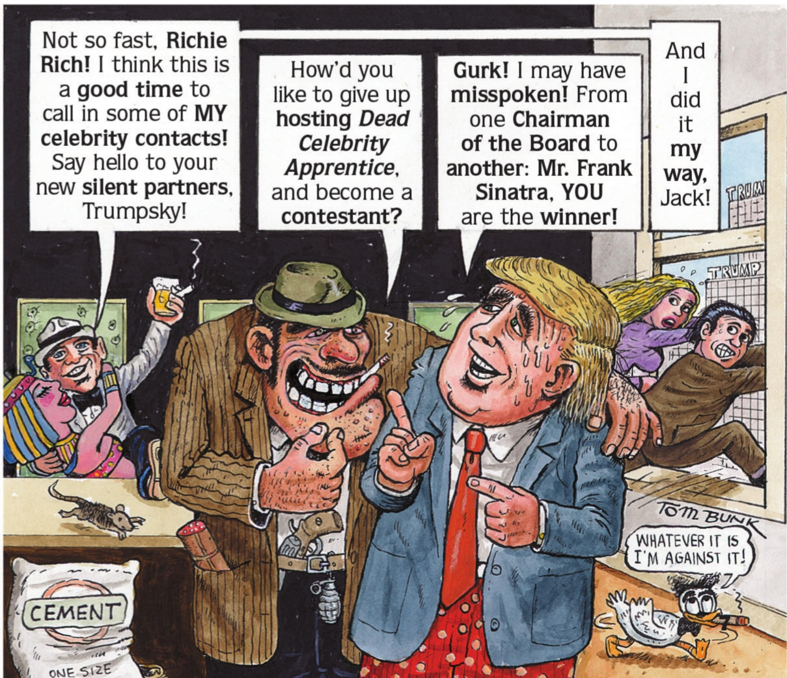

Daddy, why are you **glowering 9% more** than **normal?**
Because the dead celebrities **wrecked** the **park** with their **illegal construction**, New York has **yanked** my **real estate license! Atlantic City's** pulled my **gaming license! I.M. Pei, Pink Floyd** and **Dick Clark Productions** are all **suing** us for **plagiarizing** their **pyramid!** But the **capper** was landscaping Central Park's **water reservoir** into the shape of a **swastika!** That was **too tasteless**...even for **me! Hitler, YOU'RE KAPUT!**
Ach! Today **NBC**, tomor-row ***The Surreal Life 15!***
VERSTUNKENE TRUMPEN!
TRUMP BUNKER


Shakespeare, what do you think went **wrong** for **your side?**
"*Our* ***best-laid plans*** *are* ***ended****. We are* ***foiled****, /* ***Undone*** *by o'er-wrought* ***ambition*** *and* ***haste****.*" Or in **other words**, we **screwed the pooch!**
Under this **magnificent hair**, I've got a **splitting headache!** Shakespeare, **THOU ART FIRED!**
HOTEL
NEW YORK


I'm in a **mean mood!** I went **seven whole minutes** without being **on camera! Elvis**, you're **fired! Groucho**, *you're* **fired! Andre the Giant**, *you're* **fired! Ivanka**, ***you're*** fired, too!
Me? But I'm your **own daughter!** And **besides**, I'm not even a **dead celebrity!**
That can be taken care of! Here, **Donald Jr.** Double your **inheritance!**
Hello! I MUST BE GOING!!


We're down to the **final two**, **Frank Sinatra** and **Cleopatra!**
Cleo, using **slave labor** on a major **construction site** is something so hatefully **low**, even ***I*** haven't done it. Though I've certainly **DREAMED** about it!
Mr. Trump, I've always been **attracted** to **pow-erful men!** You remind me of **Julius Caesar!** I'd love to talk about the **similarities** back in my **antechamber!**
Now **THAT'S** the **art** of the **deal! Sinatra, YOU'RE FIRED!**

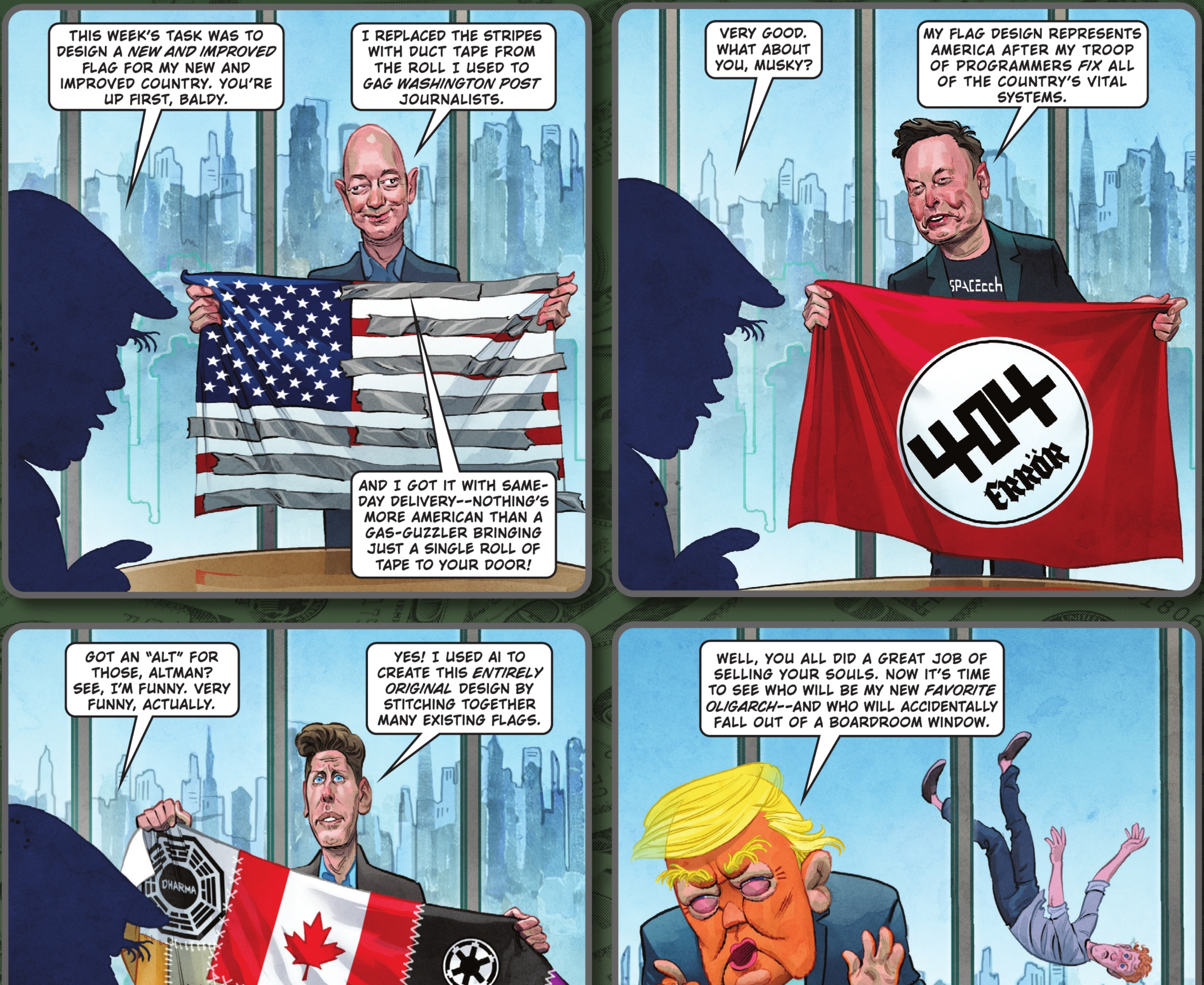
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #500, JUN 2009


Not so fast, **Richie Rich!** I think this is a **good time** to call in some of **MY celebrity contacts!** Say hello to your new **silent partners**, Trumpsky!
How'd you like to give up **hosting *Dead Celebrity Apprentice***, and become a **contestant?**
Gurk! I may have **misspoken!** From one **Chairman of the Board** to another: Mr. **Frank Sinatra**, **YOU** are the **winner!**
And I **did** it **my way,** Jack!
TRUMP
TRUMP
TOM BUNK
WHATEVER IT IS I'M AGAINST IT!
CEMENT
ONE SIZE

Introducing a new reality show from the makers of *THE APPRENTICE*...

THE OLIGARCH

WRITER **MATT COHEN** ARTIST **HERMANN MEJIA**


THIS WEEK'S TASK WAS TO DESIGN A *NEW AND IMPROVED* FLAG FOR MY NEW AND IMPROVED COUNTRY. YOU'RE UP FIRST, BALDY.
I REPLACED THE STRIPES WITH DUCT TAPE FROM THE ROLL I USED TO GAG *WASHINGTON POST* JOURNALISTS.
AND I GOT IT WITH SAME-DAY DELIVERY--NOTHING'S MORE AMERICAN THAN A GAS-GUZZLER BRINGING JUST A SINGLE ROLL OF TAPE TO YOUR DOOR!
VERY GOOD. WHAT ABOUT YOU, MUSKY?
MY FLAG DESIGN REPRESENTS AMERICA AFTER MY TROOP OF PROGRAMMERS *FIX* ALL OF THE COUNTRY'S VITAL SYSTEMS.
404
ERRÖR
GOT AN "ALT" FOR THOSE, ALTMAN? SEE, I'M FUNNY. VERY FUNNY, ACTUALLY.
YES! I USED AI TO CREATE THIS *ENTIRELY ORIGINAL* DESIGN BY STITCHING TOGETHER MANY EXISTING FLAGS.
DHARMA
BLACK FLAG
WELL, YOU ALL DID A GREAT JOB OF SELLING YOUR SOULS. NOW IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO WILL BE MY NEW *FAVORITE OLIGARCH*--AND WHO WILL ACCIDENTALLY FALL OUT OF A BOARDROOM WINDOW.

COMING SOON!

MAD PRESENTS...
SPY VS SPY
?
TOP SECRET
EPISODE #13
"MOUSE TRAPPED"
DC
GO!

GIVE MAD THE FINGER...
...BY SCROLLING AND READING IT ON DC GO!

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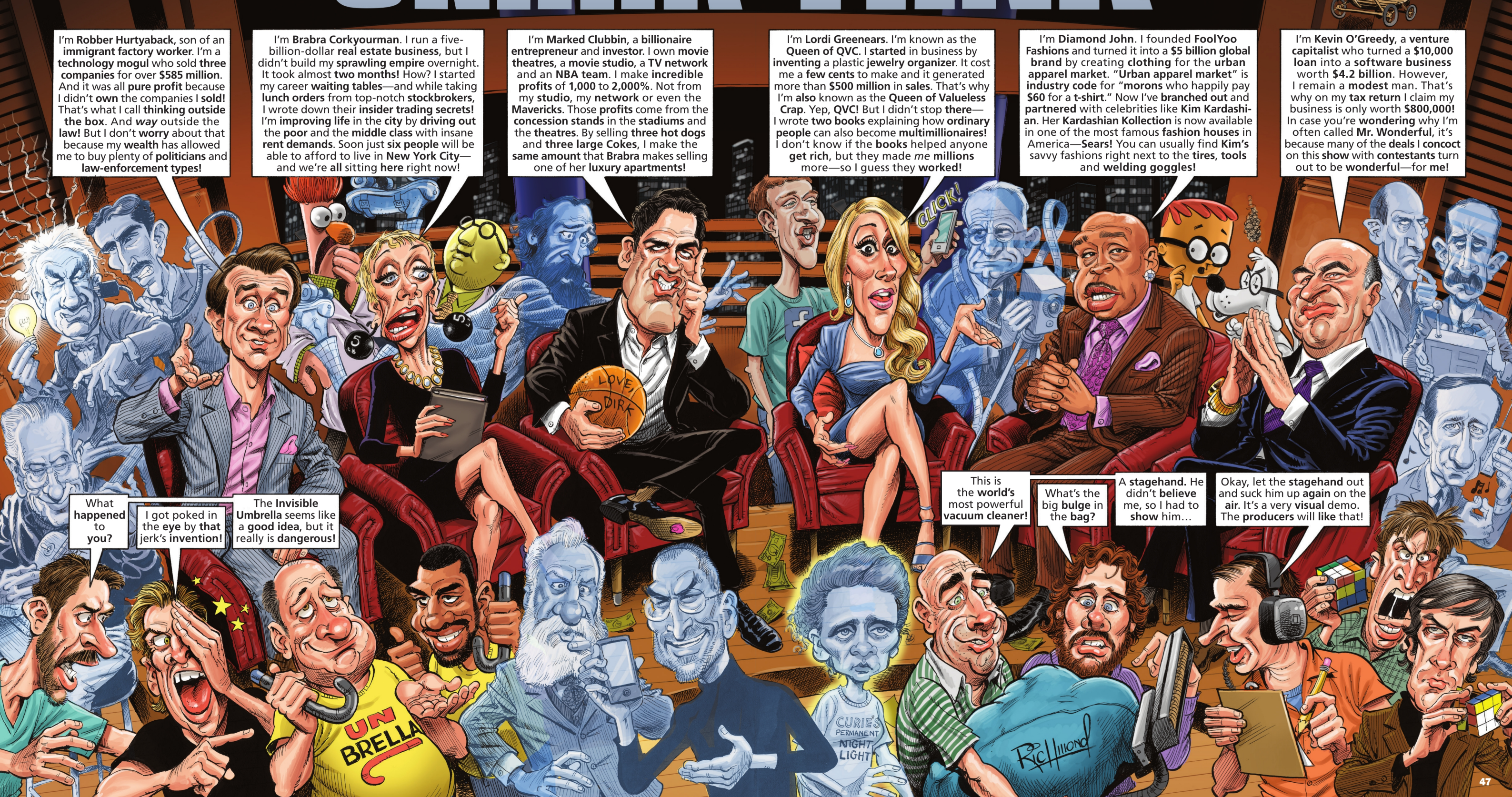
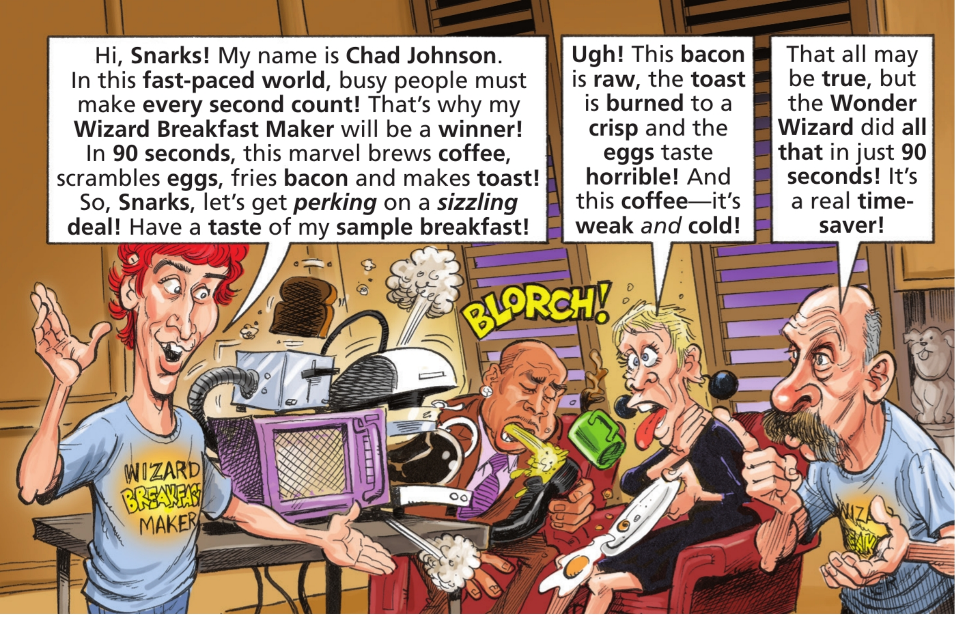
VENTURE TIME DEPT.

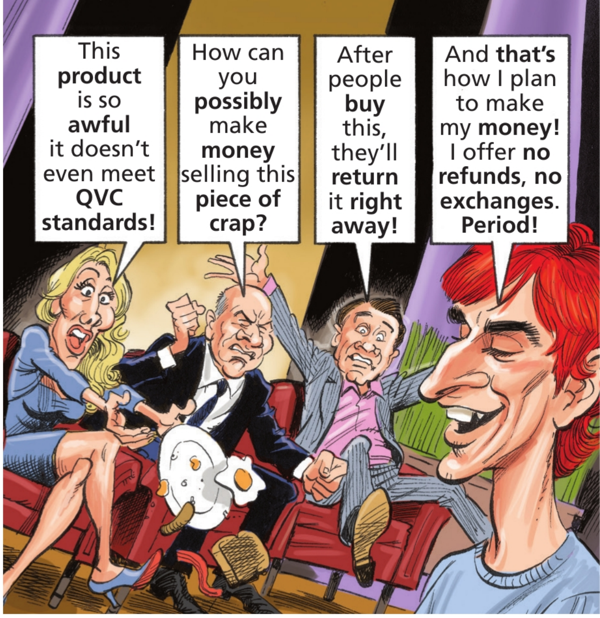
SHARK TANK

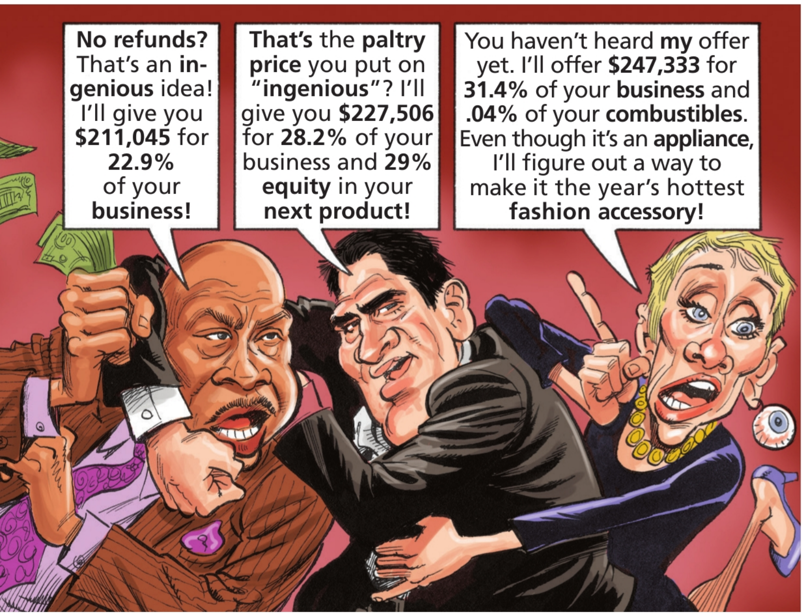
Forget going on Kickstarter to raise money! Hopeful entrepreneurs looking to start or build their businesses can do it in just minutes thanks to a popular reality show. But if they don't succeed, they walk away with nothing—not even their dignity! That's because the self-proclaimed "pros" on this show love to dash hopes and put people down! They even love to trash each other! Join us on a voyage to the very bottom of the...

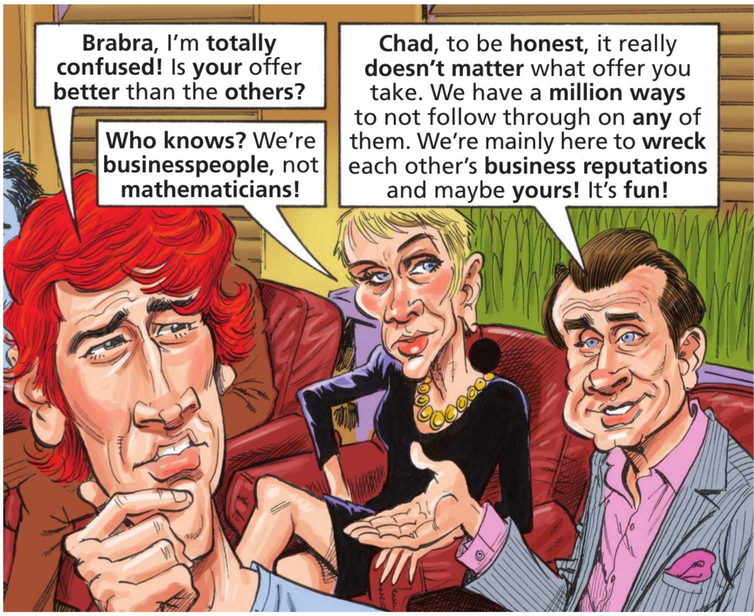
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

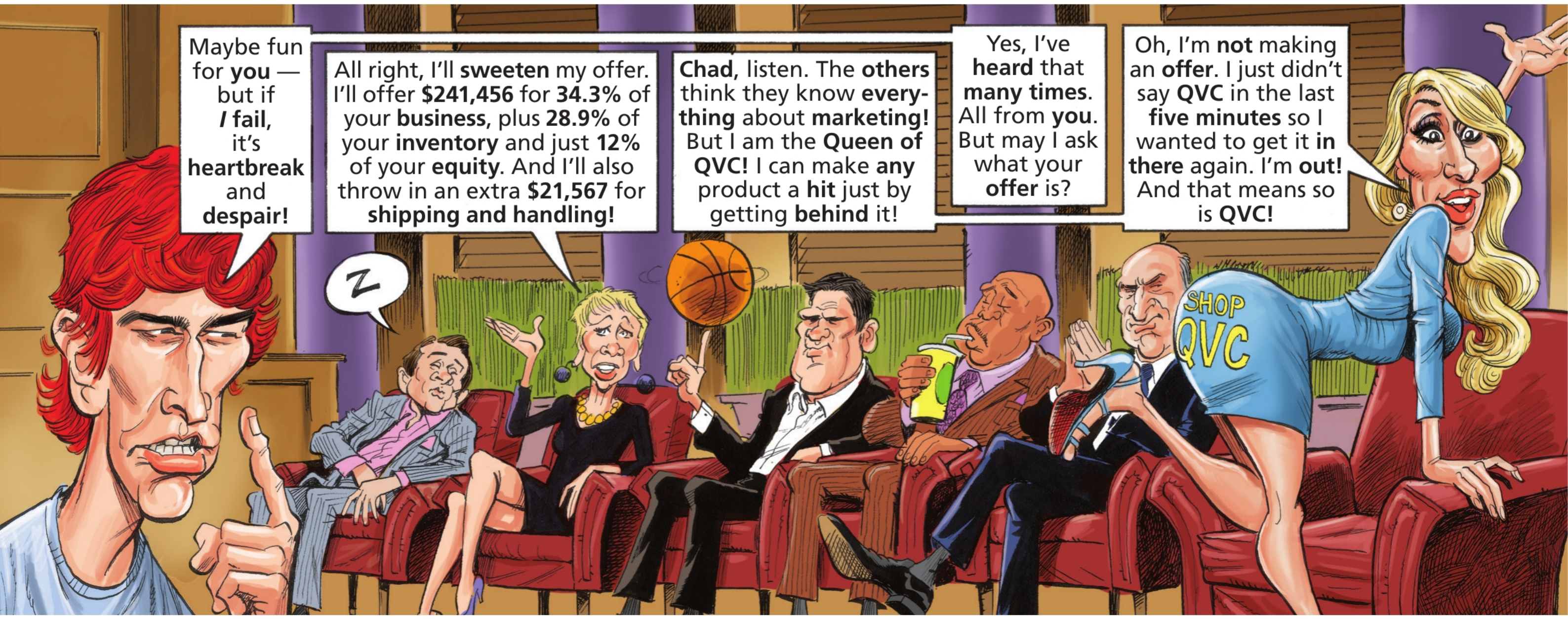

I'm **Robber Hurtyaback**, son of an **immigrant factory worker**. I'm a **technology mogul** who sold **three companies** for over **$585 million**. And it was all **pure profit** because I didn't **own** the companies I **sold!** That's what I call **thinking outside the box**. And *way* outside the **law!** But I don't **worry** about that because my **wealth** has allowed me to buy plenty of **politicians** and **law-enforcement types!**
I'm **Brabra Corkyourman**. I run a five-billion-dollar **real estate business**, but I didn't build my **sprawling empire** overnight. It took almost **two months!** How? I started my career **waiting tables**—and while taking **lunch orders** from top-notch **stockbrokers**, I wrote down their **insider trading secrets!** I'm **improving life** in the **city** by **driving out** the **poor** and the **middle class** with insane **rent demands**. Soon just **six people** will be able to afford to live in **New York City**—and we're **all** sitting **here** right now!
I'm **Marked Clubbin**, a **billionaire entrepreneur** and **investor**. I own **movie theatres**, a **movie studio**, a **TV network** and an **NBA team**. I make **incredible profits** of **1,000** to **2,000%**. Not from my **studio**, my **network** or even the **Mavericks**. Those **profits** come from the **concession stands** in the **stadiums** and the **theatres**. By selling **three hot dogs** and **three large Cokes**, I make the **same amount** that **Brabra** makes selling one of her **luxury apartments!**
I'm **Lordi Greenears**. I'm known as the **Queen of QVC**. I **started** in business by **inventing** a plastic **jewelry organizer**. It cost me a **few cents** to make and it generated more than **$500 million** in **sales**. That's why I'm **also** known as the **Queen of Valueless Crap**. Yep, **QVC!** But I didn't stop **there**—I wrote **two books** explaining how **ordinary people** can also become **multimillionaires!** I don't know if the **books** helped anyone **get rich**, but they made *me* **millions** more—so I guess they **worked!**
I'm **Diamond John**. I founded **FoolYoo Fashions** and turned it into a **$5 billion global brand** by creating **clothing** for the **urban apparel market**. "**Urban apparel market**" is **industry code** for "**morons** who happily pay **$60** for a **t-shirt**." Now I've **branched out** and **partnered** with celebrities like **Kim Kardashian**. Her **Kardashian Kollection** is now available in one of the most famous **fashion houses** in America—**Sears!** You can usually find **Kim's** savvy fashions right next to the **tires, tools** and **welding goggles!**
I'm **Kevin O'Greedy**, a **venture capitalist** who turned a **$10,000 loan** into a **software business** worth **$4.2 billion**. However, I remain a **modest** man. That's why on my **tax return** I claim my business is only worth **$800,000!** In case you're **wondering** why I'm often called **Mr. Wonderful**, it's because many of the **deals** I **concoct** on this **show** with **contestants** turn out to be **wonderful**—for **me!**
CLICK!
LOVE, DIRK
What **happened** to **you?**
I got poked in the **eye** by **that** jerk's **invention!**
The **Invisible Umbrella** seems like a **good idea**, but it really is **dangerous!**
UN BRELLA
CURIE'S PERMANENT NIGHT LIGHT
This is the **world's** most powerful **vacuum cleaner!**
What's the big **bulge** in the **bag?**
A **stagehand**. He didn't **believe** me, so I had to **show** him…
Okay, let the **stagehand** out and suck him up **again** on the **air**. It's a very **visual** demo. The **producers** will **like** that!

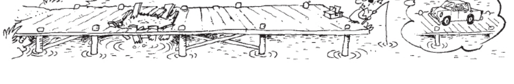

Hi, Snarks! My name is Chad Johnson. In this fast-paced world, busy people must make every second count! That's why my Wizard Breakfast Maker will be a winner! In 90 seconds, this marvel brews coffee, scrambles eggs, fries bacon and makes toast! So, Snarks, let's get perking on a sizzling deal! Have a taste of my sample breakfast!
Ugh! This bacon is raw, the toast is burned to a crisp and the eggs taste horrible! And this coffee—it's weak and cold!
That all may be true, but the Wonder Wizard did all that in just 90 seconds! It's a real time-saver!
BLORCH!
WIZARD BREAKFAST MAKER

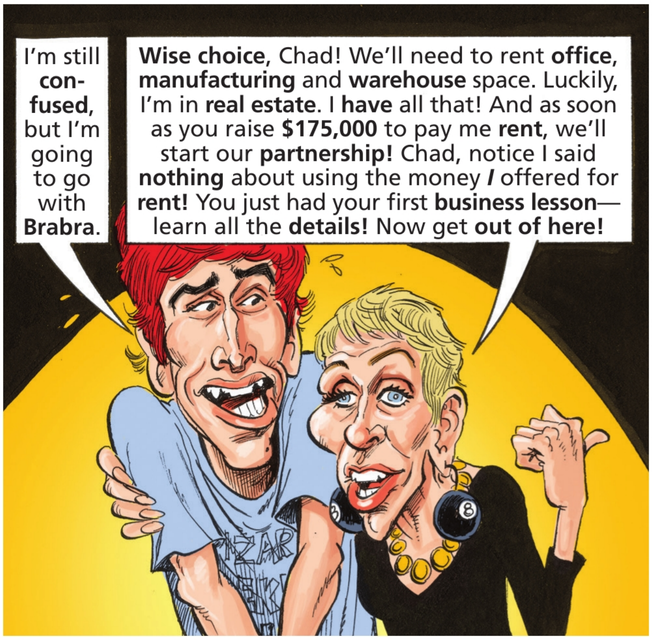

This product is so awful it doesn't even meet QVC standards!
How can you possibly make money selling this piece of crap?
After people buy this, they'll return it right away!
And that's how I plan to make my money! I offer no refunds, no exchanges. Period!

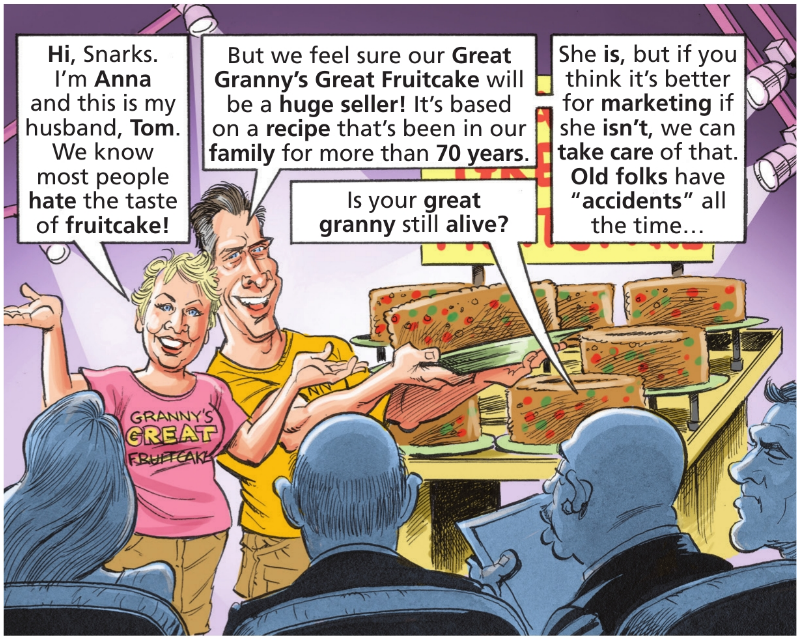

No refunds? That's an ingenious idea! I'll give you $211,045 for 22.9% of your business!
That's the paltry price you put on "ingenious"? I'll give you $227,506 for 28.2% of your business and 29% equity in your next product!
You haven't heard my offer yet. I'll offer $247,333 for 31.4% of your business and .04% of your combustibles. Even though it's an appliance, I'll figure out a way to make it the year's hottest fashion accessory!

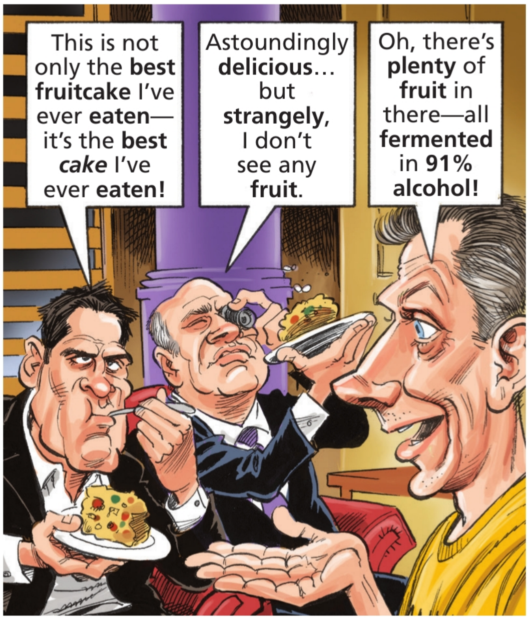

Brabra, I'm totally confused! Is your offer better than the others?
Who knows? We're businesspeople, not mathematicians!
Chad, to be honest, it really doesn't matter what offer you take. We have a million ways to not follow through on any of them. We're mainly here to wreck each other's business reputations and maybe yours! It's fun!

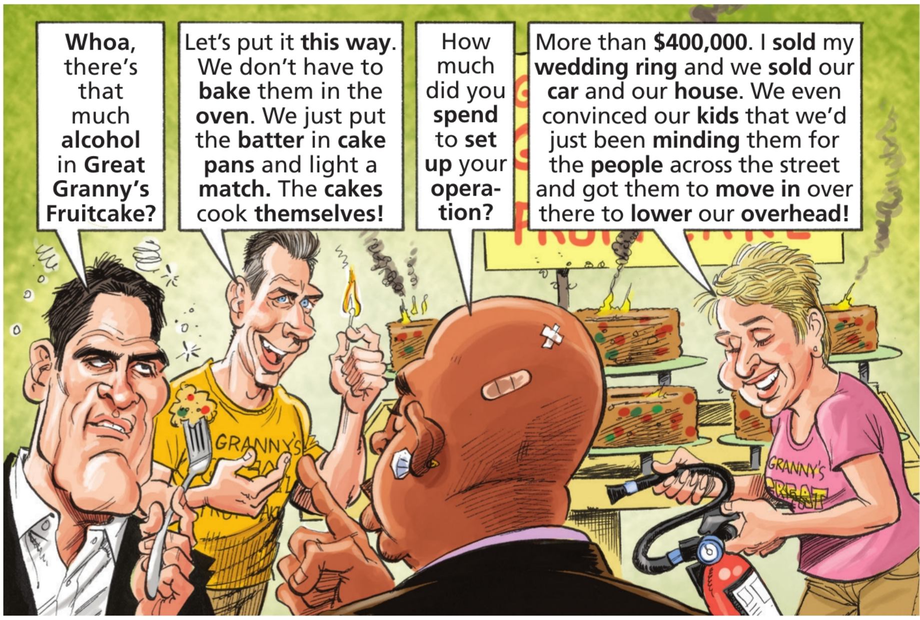

Maybe fun for you — but if I fail, it's heartbreak and despair!
All right, I'll sweeten my offer. I'll offer $241,456 for 34.3% of your business, plus 28.9% of your inventory and just 12% of your equity. And I'll also throw in an extra $21,567 for shipping and handling!
Chad, listen. The others think they know everything about marketing! But I am the Queen of QVC! I can make any product a hit just by getting behind it!
Yes, I've heard that many times. All from you. But may I ask what your offer is?
Oh, I'm not making an offer. I just didn't say QVC in the last five minutes so I wanted to get it in there again. I'm out! And that means so is QVC!
Z
SHOP QVC

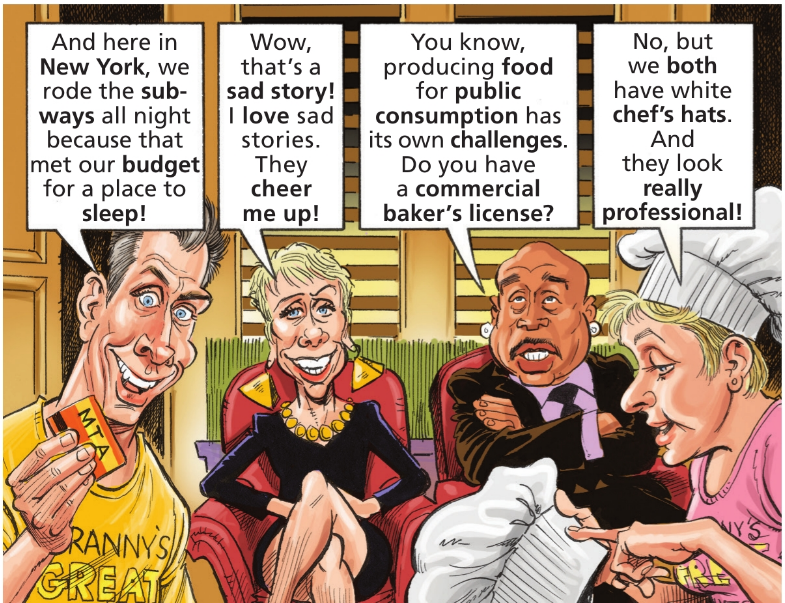


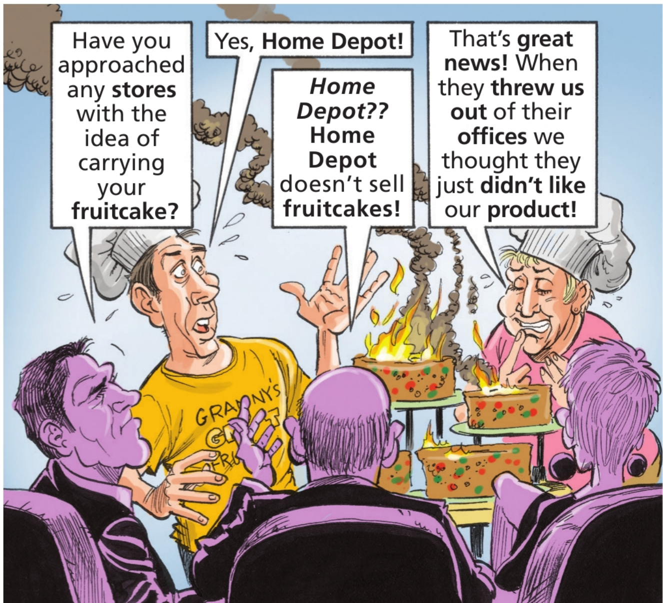

I'm still confused, but I'm going to go with Brabra.
Wise choice, Chad! We'll need to rent office, manufacturing and warehouse space. Luckily, I'm in real estate. I have all that! And as soon as you raise $175,000 to pay me rent, we'll start our partnership! Chad, notice I said nothing about using the money I offered for rent! You just had your first business lesson—learn all the details! Now get out of here!

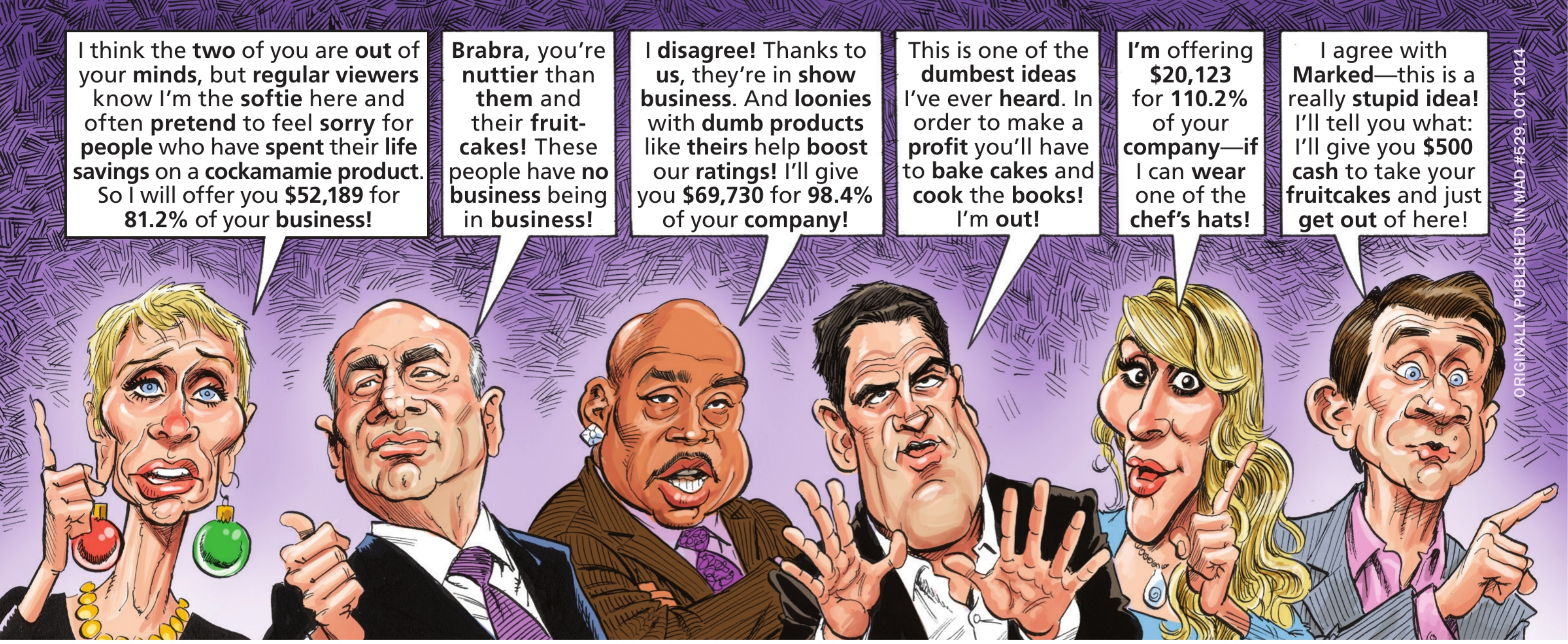

Hi, Snarks. I'm Anna and this is my husband, Tom. We know most people hate the taste of fruitcake!
But we feel sure our Great Granny's Great Fruitcake will be a huge seller! It's based on a recipe that's been in our family for more than 70 years.
Is your great granny still alive?
She is, but if you think it's better for marketing if she isn't, we can take care of that. Old folks have "accidents" all the time…
GRANNY'S GREAT FRUITCAKE


This is not only the best fruitcake I've ever eaten—it's the best cake I've ever eaten!
Astoundingly delicious… but strangely, I don't see any fruit.
Oh, there's plenty of fruit in there—all fermented in 91% alcohol!

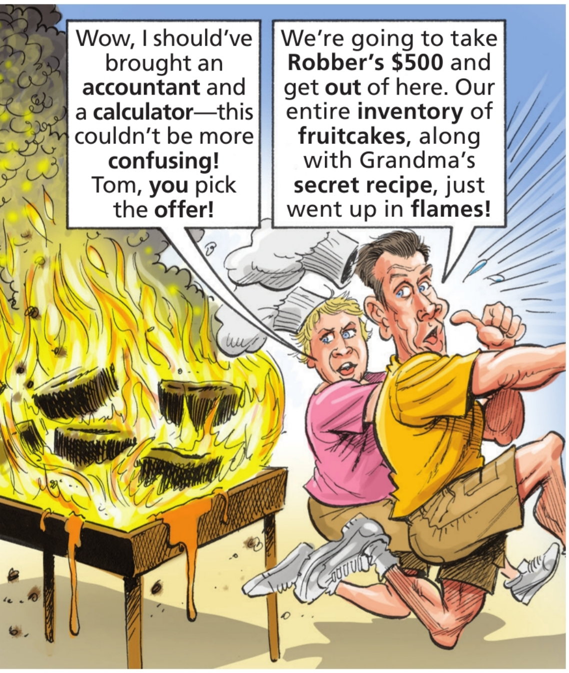

Whoa, there's that much alcohol in Great Granny's Fruitcake?
Let's put it this way. We don't have to bake them in the oven. We just put the batter in cake pans and light a match. The cakes cook themselves!
How much did you spend to set up your operation?
More than $400,000. I sold my wedding ring and we sold our car and our house. We even convinced our kids that we'd just been minding them for the people across the street and got them to move in over there to lower our overhead!
GRANNY'S GREAT

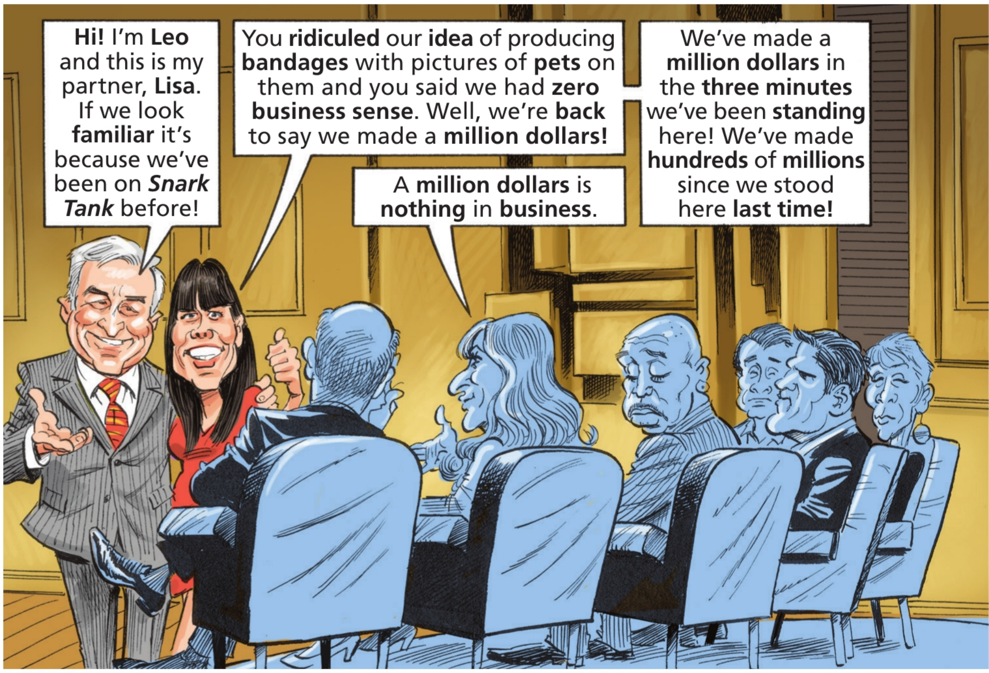

And here in New York, we rode the subways all night because that met our budget for a place to sleep!
Wow, that's a sad story! I love sad stories. They cheer me up!
You know, producing food for public consumption has its own challenges. Do you have a commercial baker's license?
No, but we both have white chef's hats. And they look really professional!
MTA
GRANNY'S GREAT

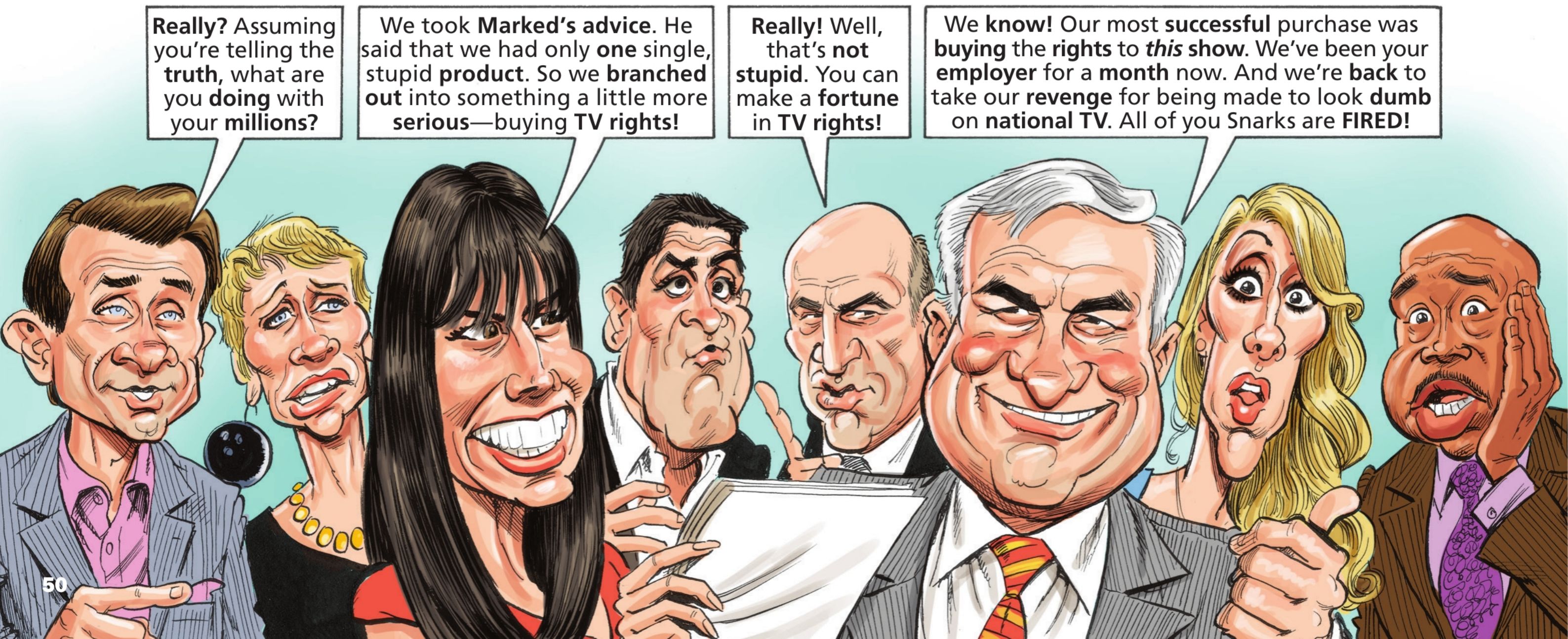

Have you approached any stores with the idea of carrying your fruitcake?
Yes, Home Depot!
Home Depot?? Home Depot doesn't sell fruitcakes!
That's great news! When they threw us out of their offices we thought they just didn't like our product!


I think the **two** of you are **out** of your **minds**, but **regular viewers** know I'm the **softie** here and often **pretend** to feel **sorry** for **people** who have **spent** their **life savings** on a **cockamamie product**. So I will offer you **$52,189** for **81.2%** of your **business!**
Brabra, you're **nuttier** than **them** and their **fruitcakes!** These people have **no business** being in **business!**
I **disagree!** Thanks to **us**, they're in **show business**. And **loonies** with **dumb products** like **theirs** help **boost** our **ratings!** I'll give you **$69,730** for **98.4%** of your **company!**
This is one of the **dumbest ideas** I've ever **heard**. In order to make a **profit** you'll have to **bake cakes** and **cook** the **books!** I'm **out!**
I'm offering **$20,123** for **110.2%** of your **company—if** I can **wear** one of the **chef's hats!**
I agree with **Marked**—this is a really **stupid idea!** I'll tell you what: I'll give you **$500 cash** to take your **fruitcakes** and just **get out** of here!

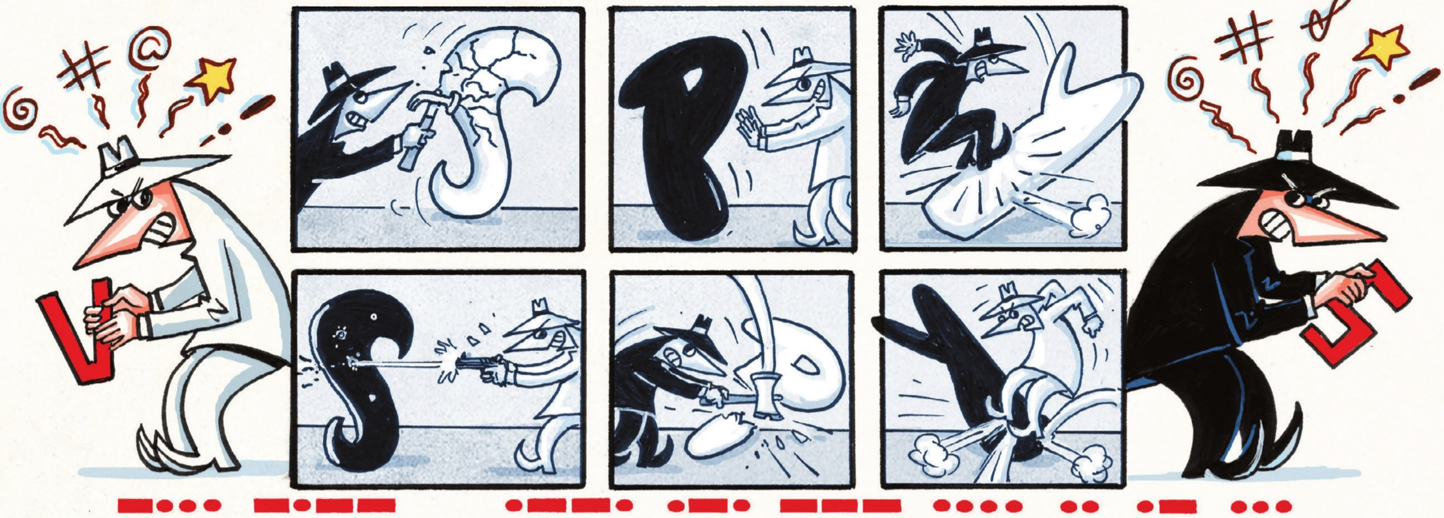
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #529, OCT 2014

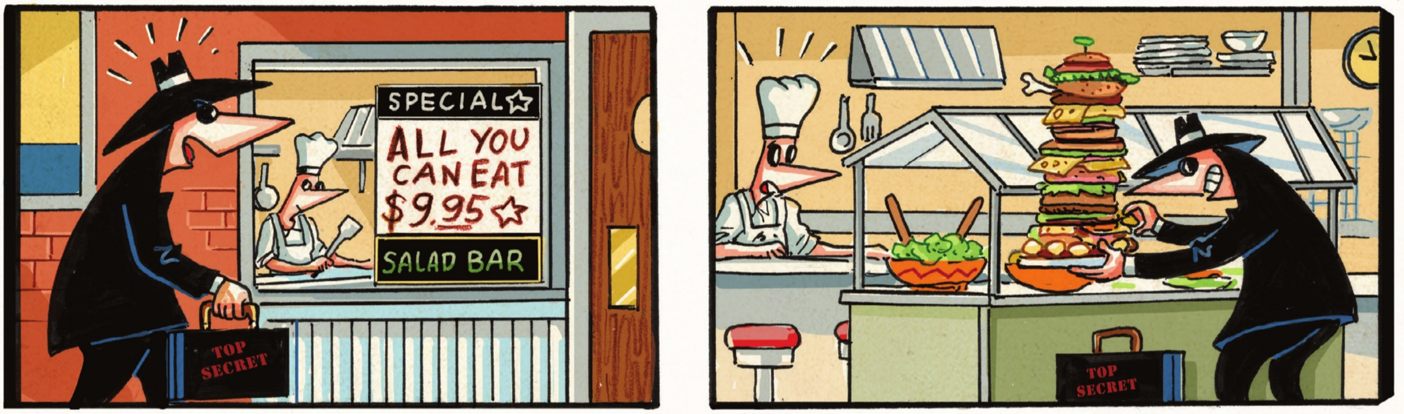

Wow, I should've brought an **accountant** and a **calculator**—this couldn't be more **confusing!** Tom, **you** pick the **offer!**
We're going to take **Robber's $500** and get **out** of here. Our entire **inventory** of **fruitcakes**, along with Grandma's **secret recipe**, just went up in **flames!**


Hi! I'm **Leo** and this is my partner, **Lisa**. If we look **familiar** it's because we've been on ***Snark Tank*** before!
You **ridiculed** our **idea** of producing **bandages** with pictures of **pets** on them and you said we had **zero business sense**. Well, we're **back** to say we made a **million dollars!**
A **million dollars** is **nothing** in **business**.
We've made a **million dollars** in the **three minutes** we've been **standing** here! We've made **hundreds** of **millions** since we stood here **last time!**

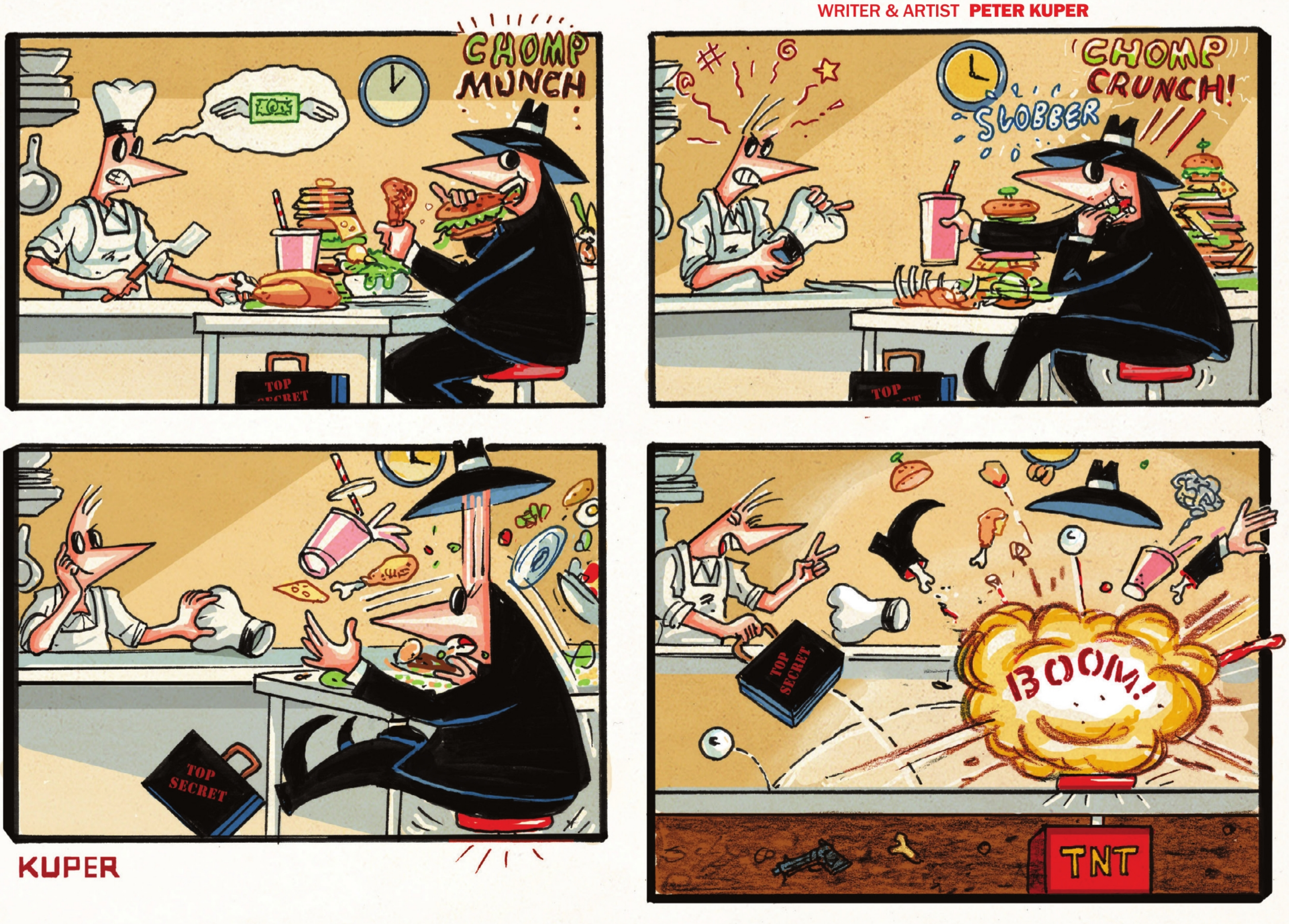

Really? Assuming you're telling the **truth**, what are you **doing** with your **millions?**
We took **Marked's advice**. He said that we had only **one** single, stupid **product**. So we **branched out** into something a little more **serious**—buying **TV rights!**
Really! Well, that's **not stupid**. You can make a **fortune** in **TV rights!**
We **know!** Our most **successful** purchase was **buying** the **rights** to ***this* show**. We've been your **employer** for a **month** now. And we're **back** to take our **revenge** for being made to look **dumb** on **national TV**. All of you Snarks are **FIRED!**

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.




SPECIAL
ALL YOU CAN EAT $9.95
SALAD BAR
TOP SECRET
TOP SECRET

WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

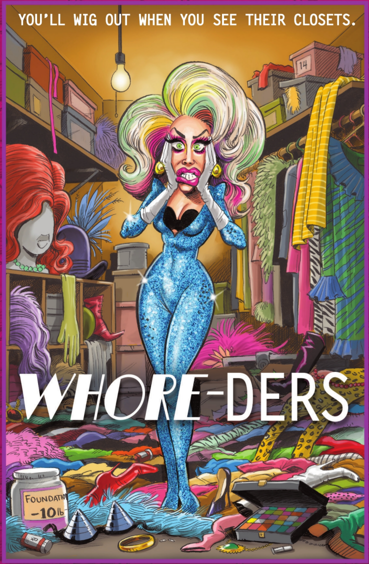

CHOMP
MUNCH
TOP SECRET
CHOMP
CRUNCH!
SLOBBER
TOP
TOP SECRET
TOP SECRET
BOOM!
TNT
KUPER

VIVA LAS DIVAS DEPT.

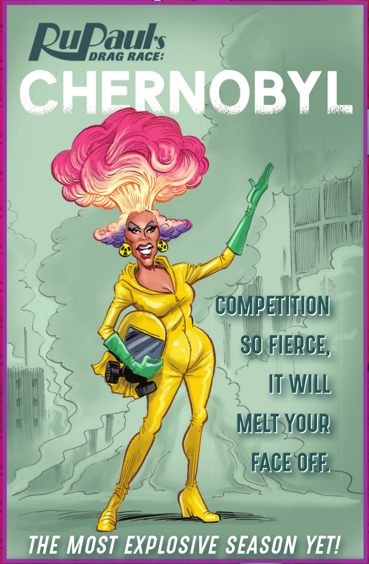
Honey, when it comes to *Drag Race*, VH1 is here to SERVE! Oh, you're full? Too bad, queen! Cuz the producers behind *RuPaul's Drag Race, RuPaul's Drag Race: Untucked!, RuPaul's Drag Race: All Stars, RuPaul's Drag Race UK*, and *Celebrity Drag Race* aren't sashaying away anytime soon. You think they'd listen to fans who need a break? In the words of fan-favorite contestant Alyssa Edwards: "Oh baby, not my gay ass." They've got even more shows coming down the runway. Yaaas, mama-the-house-down-boots-slay-wig!

WRITER
GRANT REED
ARTIST
TOM RICHMOND

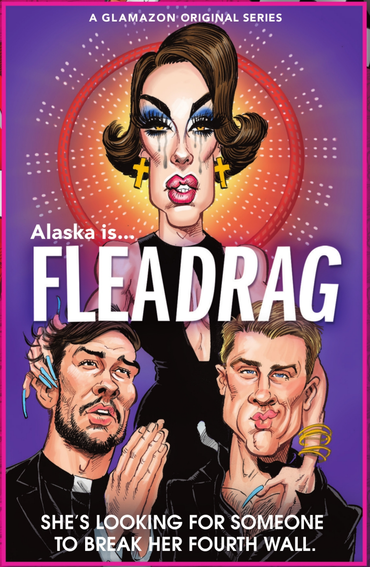
VH1 DRAGS OUT... EVEN MORE RuPaul SHOWS!


YOU'LL WIG OUT WHEN YOU SEE THEIR CLOSETS.
14
WHORE-DERS
FOUNDATION
-10lb
20

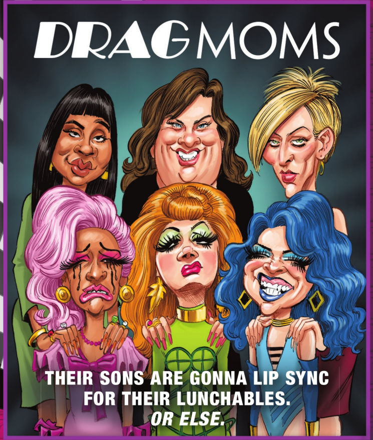
Cuz these girls are what? **Sickening.** (No, really. Hoarding is a disorder.)


RuPaul's DRAG RACE:
CHERNOBYL
COMPETITION SO FIERCE, IT WILL MELT YOUR FACE OFF.
THE MOST EXPLOSIVE SEASON YET!

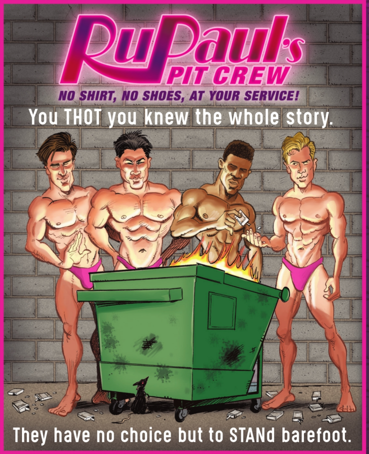
Listen, we're just trying to stay relevant. You guys liked this scary show, right? *Right?*


A GLAMAZON ORIGINAL SERIES
Alaska is...
FLEADRAG
SHE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO BREAK HER FOURTH WALL.

An all-star *Drag Race* winner in an iconic Emmy-winning role? Anus-thing is possible!


DRAG MOMS
THEIR SONS ARE GONNA LIP SYNC FOR THEIR LUNCHABLES. OR ELSE.

They were gonna exploit their kids anyway, so might as well make it empowering!


RuPaul's PIT CREW
NO SHIRT, NO SHOES, AT YOUR SERVICE!
You THOT you knew the whole story.
They have no choice but to STANd barefoot.

Where do these hunks go when they're not silently carrying out fabric for a few seconds each episode? The answer isn't pretty...but at least *they* are.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #12, APR 2020

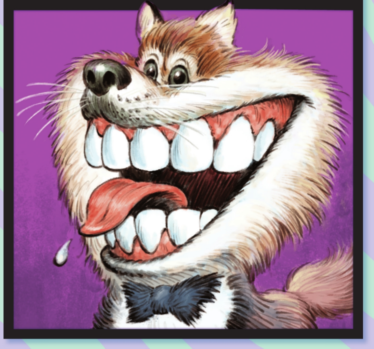
HAIRY TRANSFORMATION DEPT.

Here on the ZooUnlogical Channel, we take humble pets and use humiliating hairdressing, worrisome wardrobe picks, and plastic "furgery" to give them…

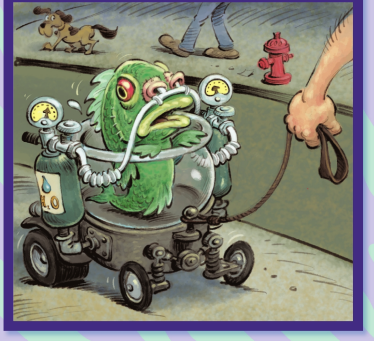
EXTREME ANIMAL MAKEOVERS

WRITER **BROCKTON McKINNEY** ARTIST **GIDEON KENDALL**

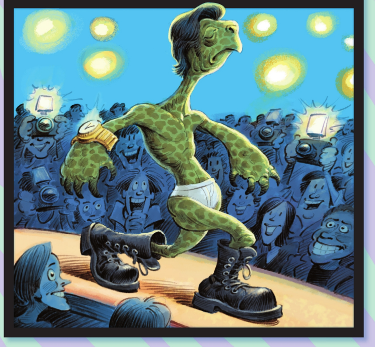
Puppies! Can they be any cuter? Of course! We used our special "Teeth Wide Shut" dental molds to give this Pomeranian pooch award-winning chompers. Coupled with a cut and fur dye, it gives this little hound a disturbing "Pom Cruise" look!



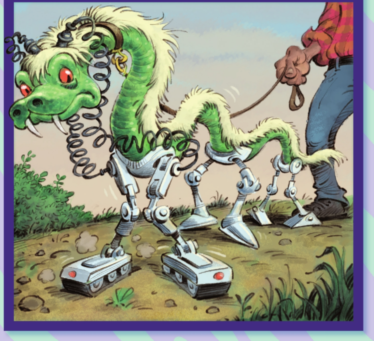
We know fish owners long to show off their finny friends to the world, but fish have an insufferable need for water. So we removed the gills, surgically grafted some nostrils, then created an aquatic breathing tank with wheels. Now this coy koi is as happy as a fish outta water!



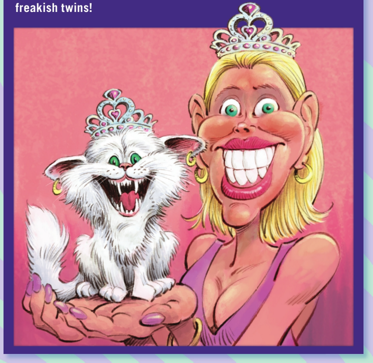
Fun fact: All turtles are overweight. But with a little ingenuity and a large lack of empathy, we helped this repellent reptile lose multiple pounds by removing his useless shell! Add the right terrapin accessories, and this nudie cutie can strut the runway with pride—albeit very slowly.



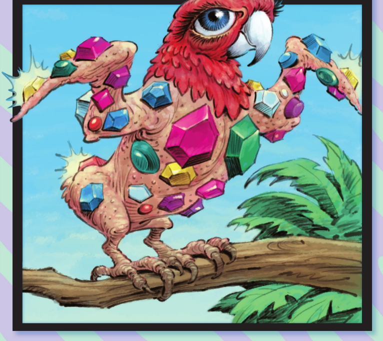
One of nature's best-known secrets is that snakes don't have legs! Plus, this guy is as slimy as…well, a different snake! But we fixed all that by decking him out with robotic legs and giving him our Husky Himalayan Hair Transplant. This serpent now looks so stunning, we wanna hump him like a manimal!



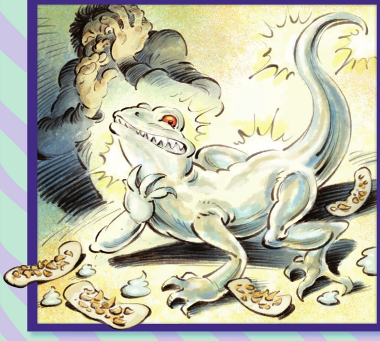
We gave this pretty kitty and her owner "hiss and hers" makeovers! To accomplish this crime against nature, we performed a "catnip and tuck," did a feline ear reassignment, and inserted howly-jowly cheek implants. Now it's nothing but treats and wins for these freakish twins!



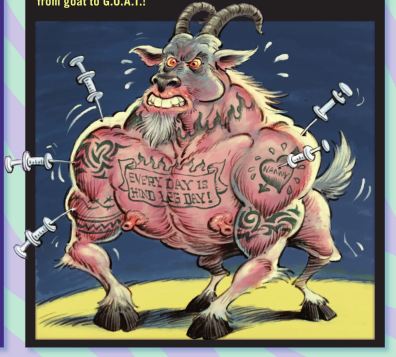
The number one complaint from parrot owners? "My bird's eyes look like bird's eyes!" So we worked with the most sought-after (by the authorities) optic surgeons to implant human peepers onto this parrot. And with a de-feathered, bedazzled wingspan, this bird went from fowl to fabulous!



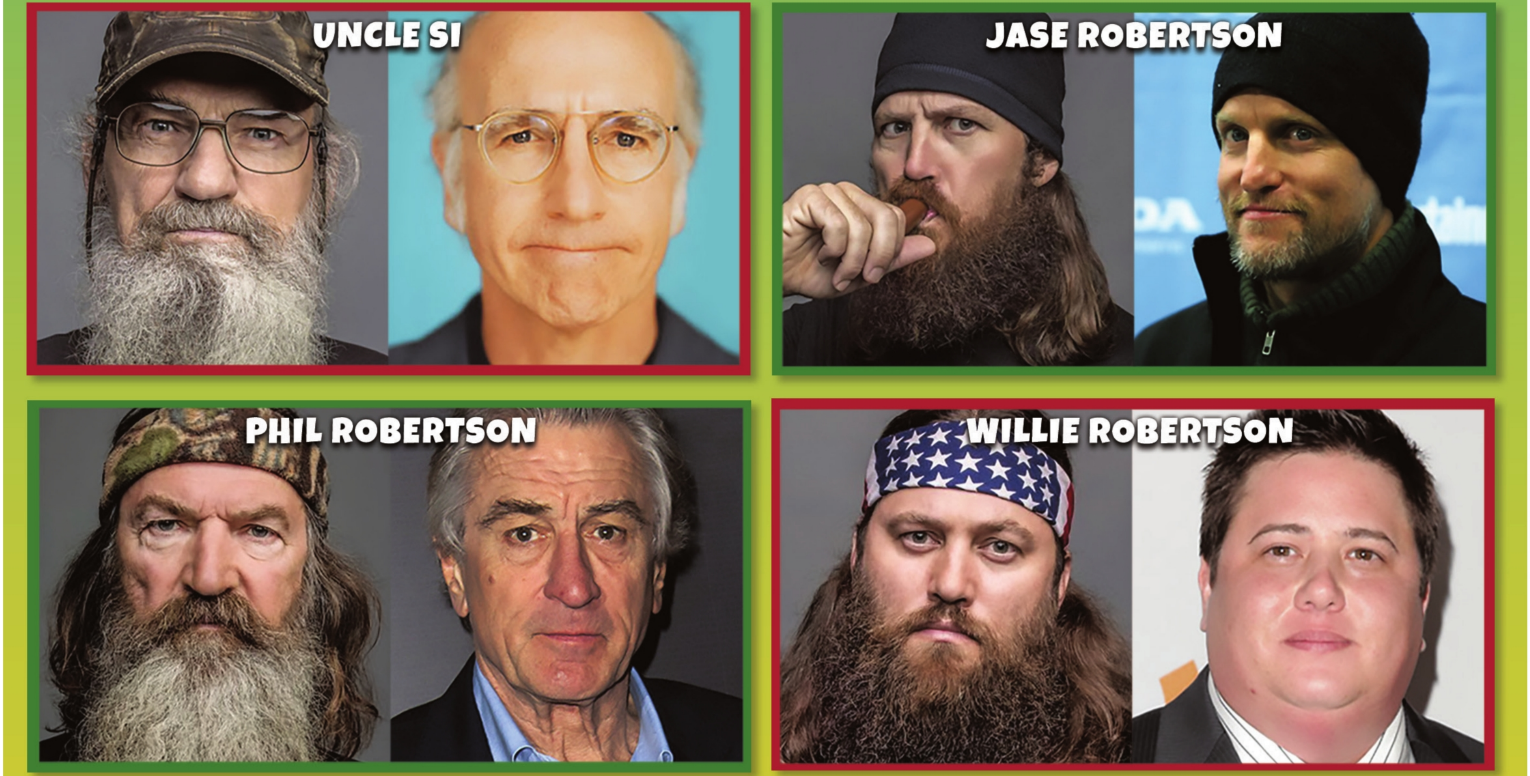
Everyone hates unwanted hair, and the bearded dragon is no exception! We were able to nix this bumpy frump's undesirable flesh fuzz with our one-of-a-kind Brazilian Chin Wax. Now this luxuriously lubed lizard is a real smooth operator!



Goats are shiftless, hairy, and horn-y, just as nature intended. But we can't have that! So we took this busted buck to Rustic Ram's Barn & Gym and got him billy goat buff! After weeks of weight work (and injections of our patented "stag-roids"), this guy went from goat to G.O.A.T.!


EVERY DAY IS HIND LEG DAY!
NANNY

MAD REVEALS THE GUYS OF DUCK DYNASTY WITHOUT BEARDS



EXCERPT FROM *THE BEST OF THE IDIOTICAL*, ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #524, DEC 2013

CELEBRITY CAUSE OF DEATH BETTING ODDS

WRITER **MIKE SNYDER** ARTIST **JACK SYRACUSE**

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

This month: SIMON COWELL

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Murdered by *American Idol* contestant he viciously insulted	1:1
Slap-fight with Ryan Seacrest over the FOX-TV hair gel and Man-Tan supply	5:1
Bored to death while watching *From Justin to Kelly*	12:1
Succumbs to "telepathic voodoo hex" of millions of viewers	16:1
Drowns at crowded public beach, after hours of yelling for help	20:1

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #440, APR 2004

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WHAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF A RECENT "EXTREME MAKEOVER"?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW

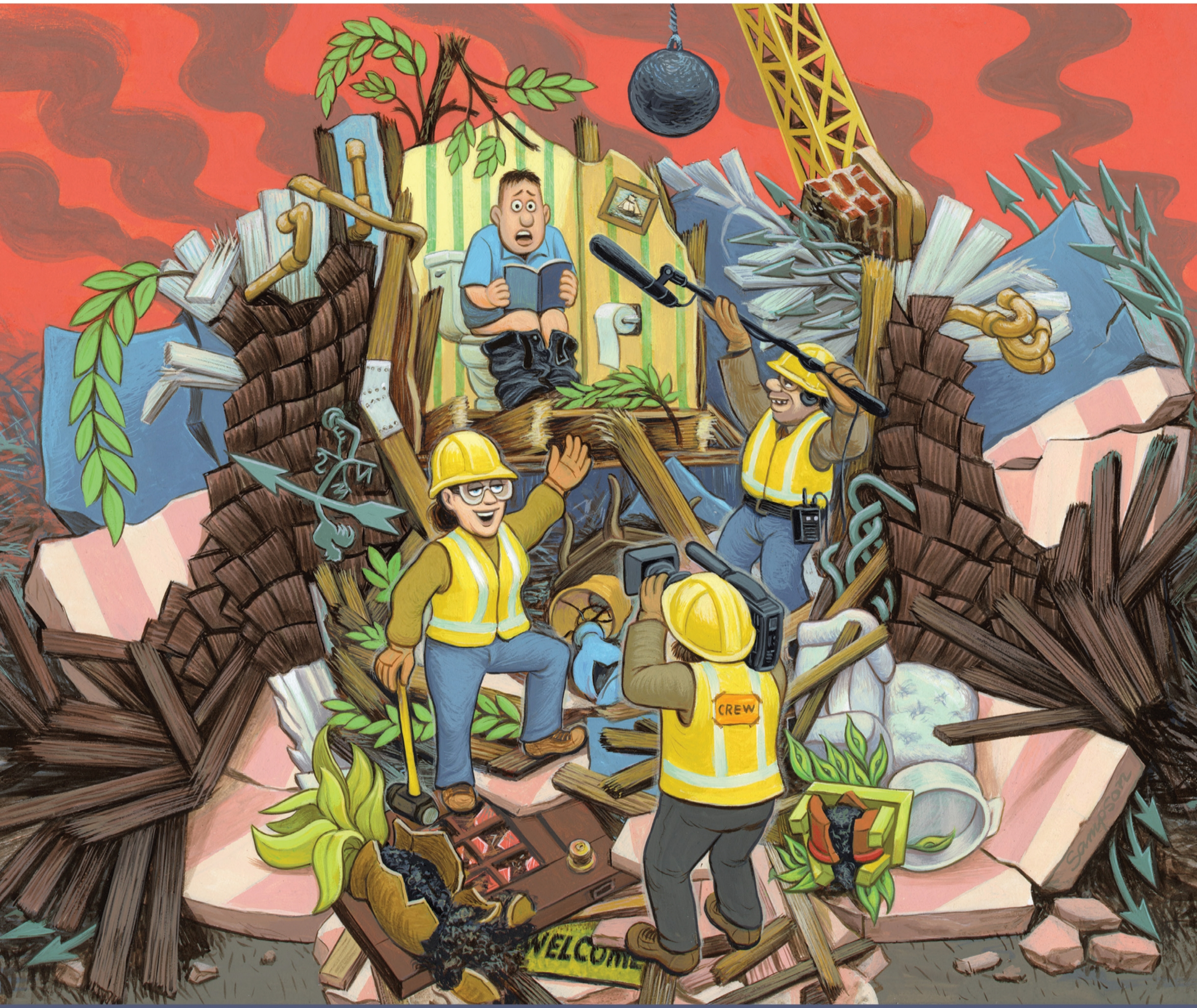
MAD FOLD-IN

Reality TV audiences love to watch a dramatic teardown and rebuild led by a personality with strong opinions. After all, the bigger the conflict, the better the ratings. To see who recently underwent such a transformation, fold as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A B

A B



THERE ARE SCORES OF PEOPLE RESIDING IN JUNKER BUILDINGS IN URGENT NEED OF COSTLY REPAIRS. THE FATE OF AN AGING EDIFICE DEPENDS ON IF IT IS WORTH THE INVESTMENT. YET SOME ARE RAZED WITHOUT NOTICE.

A B

WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

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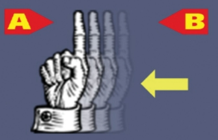
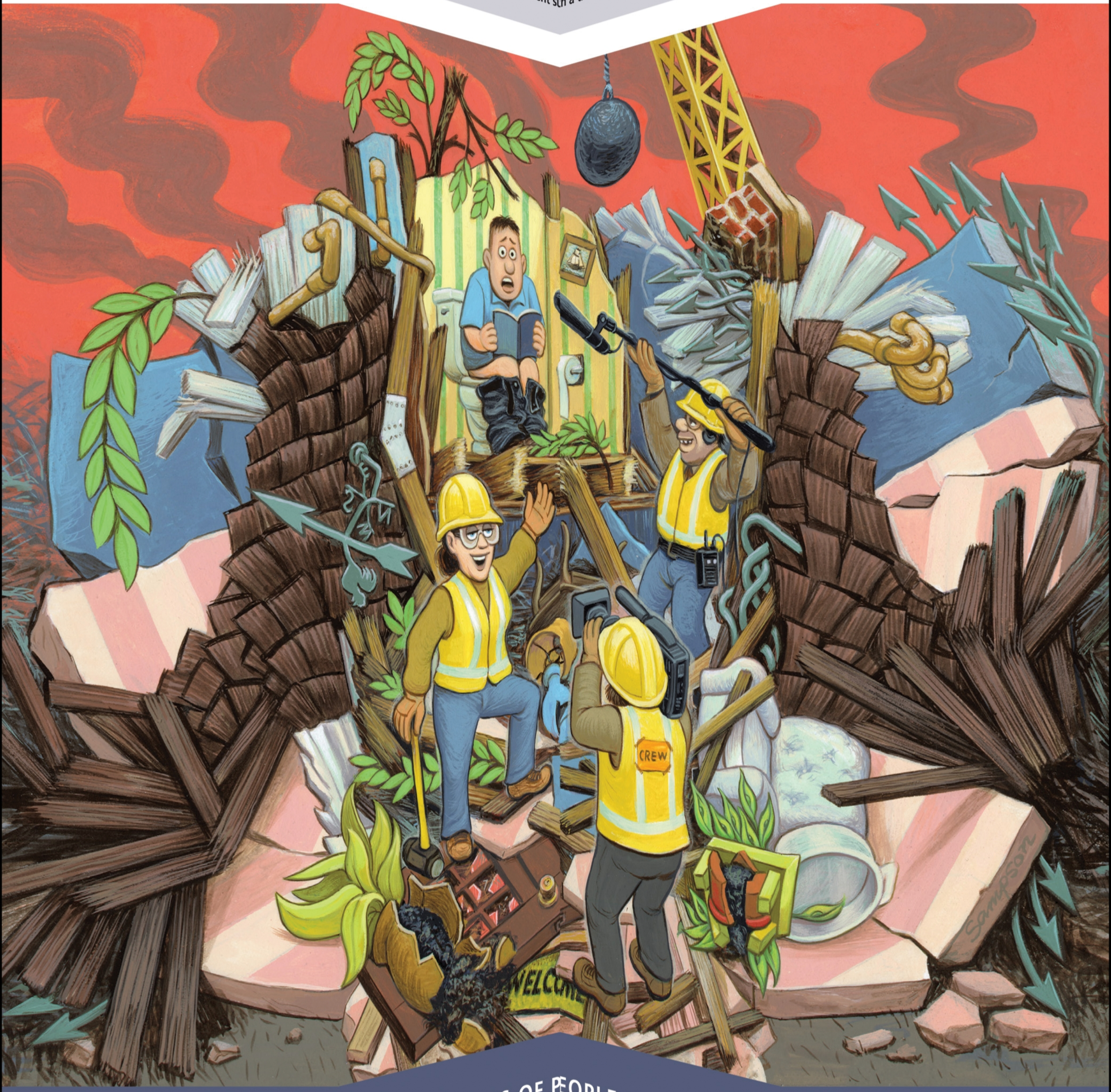


A

B



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WRITER & ARTIST **OHNNY SAMPSON**

A

B

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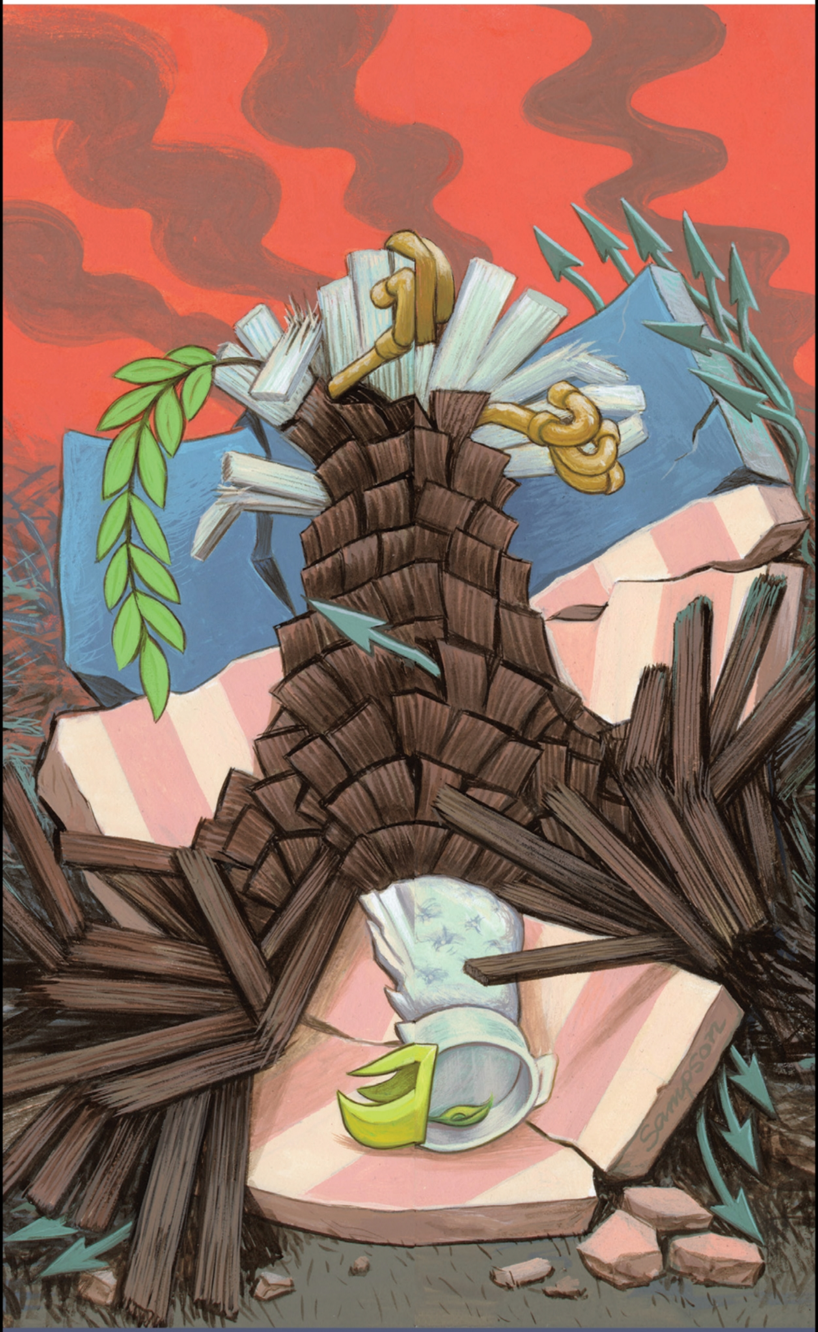
SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

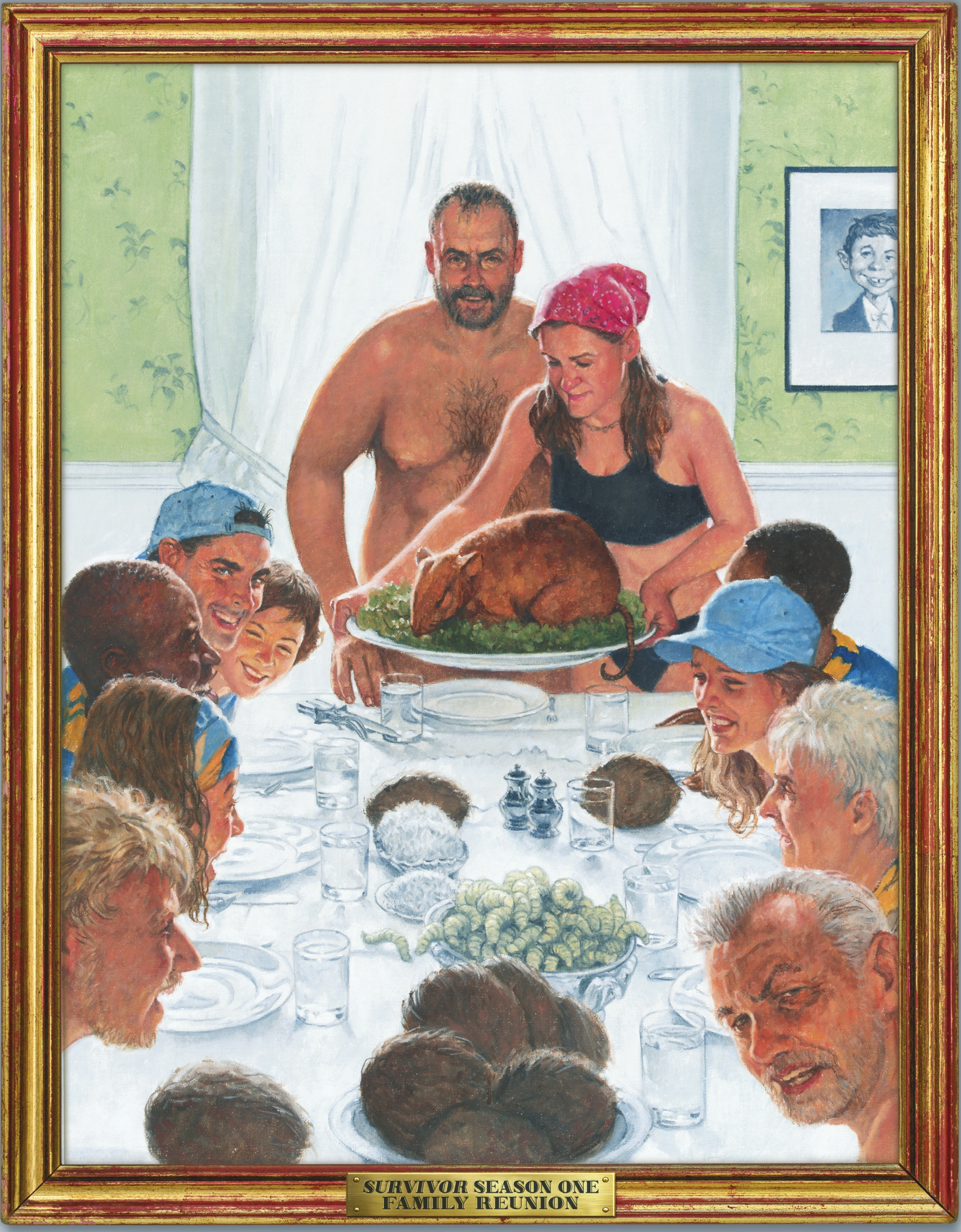
A B

A B



THE
JUST-
ICE
DEPT.

A B


SURVIVOR SEASON ONE FAMILY REUNION

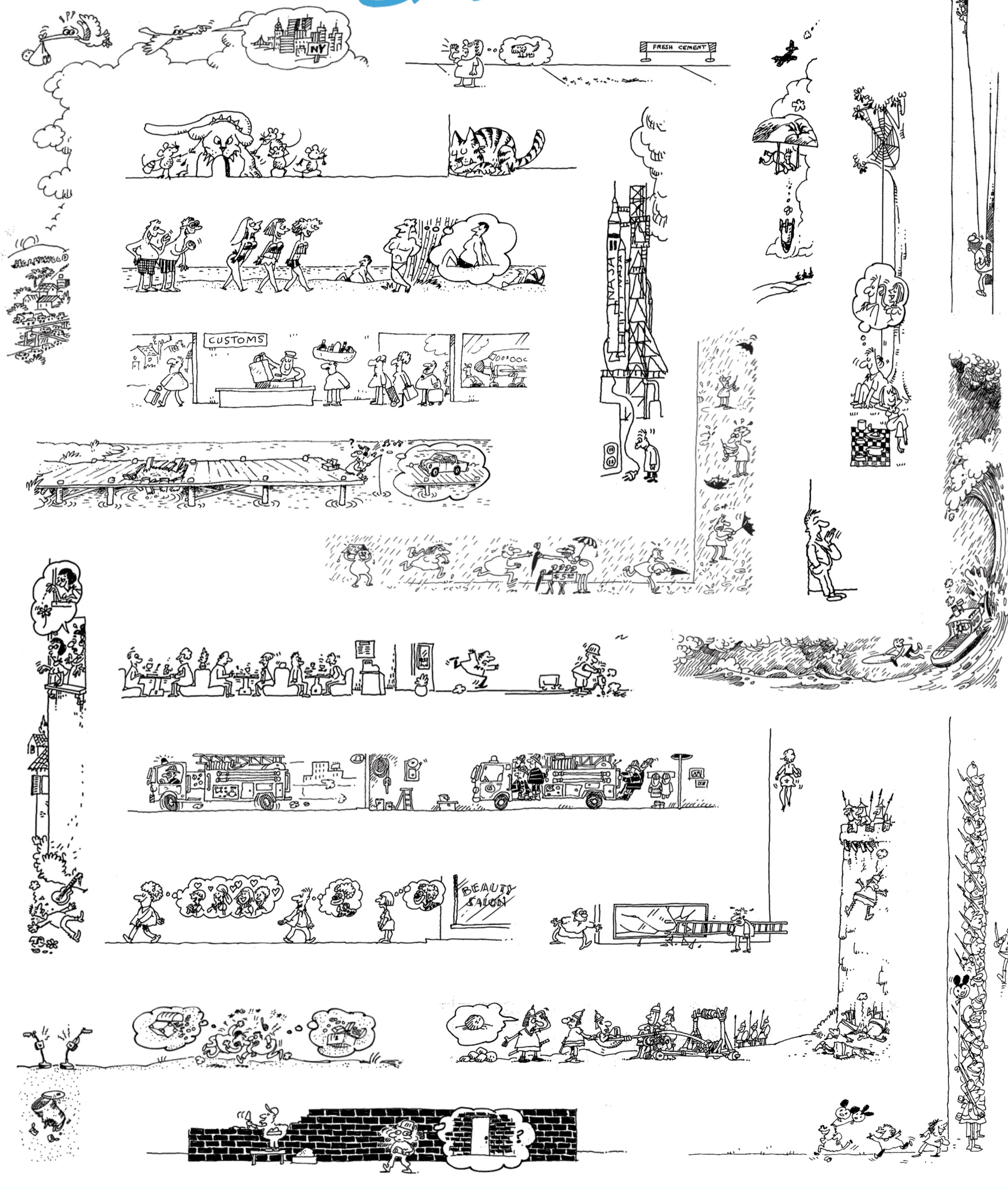
ARTIST **RICHARD WILLIAMS**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #401, JAN 2001

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

SERGIO ARAGONÉS

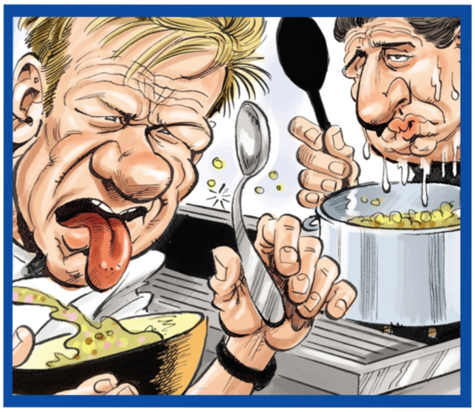

NY
FRESH CEMENT
HOLLYWOOD
NASA
CUSTOMS
$5.00
BEAUTY SALON

MAD™

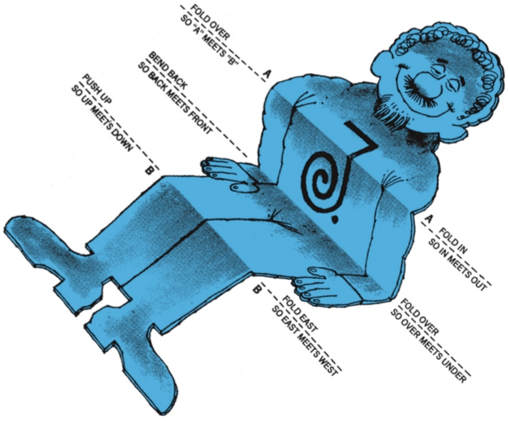
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Not sick of reality TV show yet? You will be after you read this %@#&*!$ tasteless parody from MAD #470, October 2006.

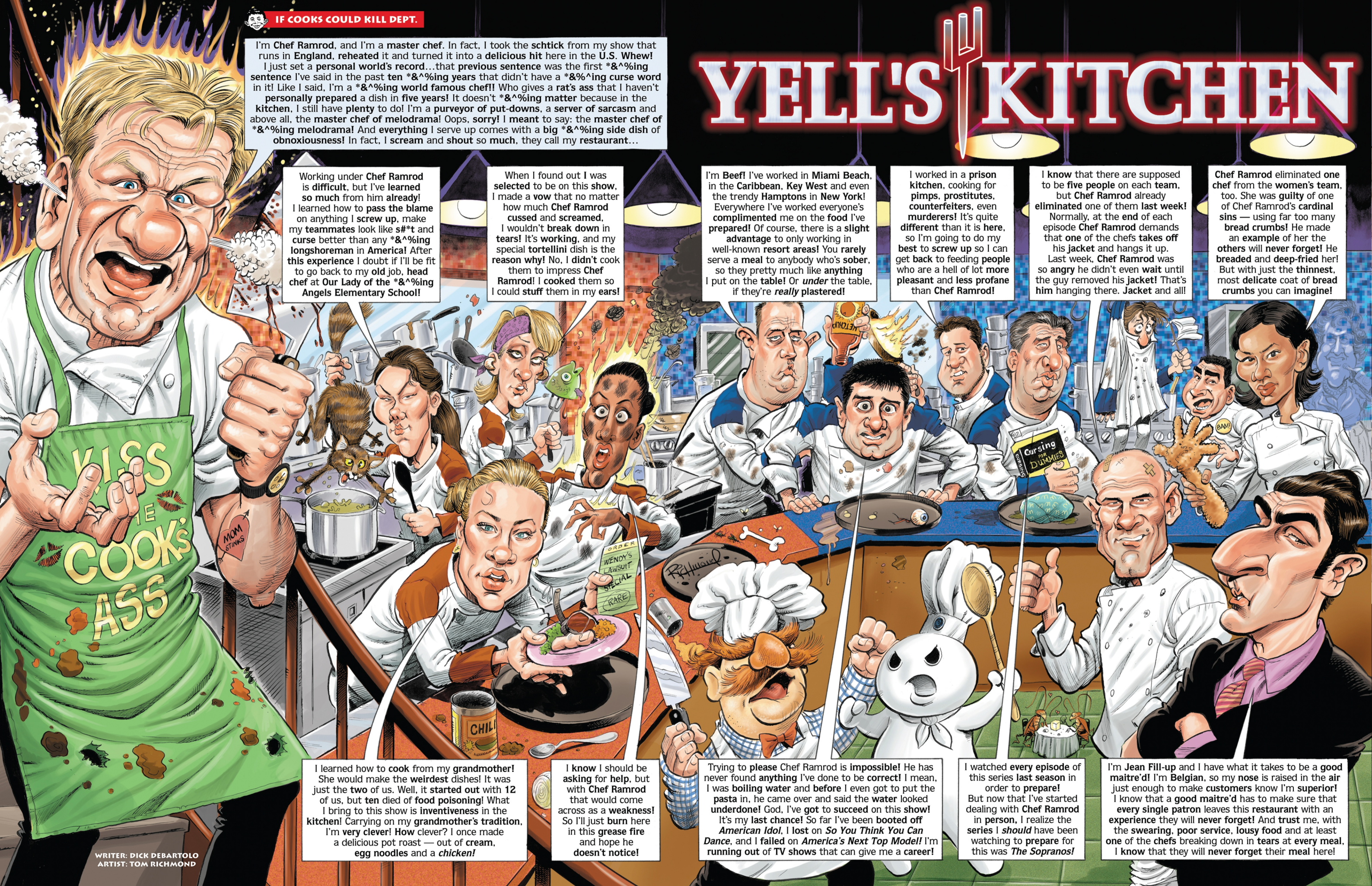


And for desert, get nauseatingly full just *looking* at this repulsive Fold-in from MAD #418, June 2002. In other words, fold in a cup of BLECCH!

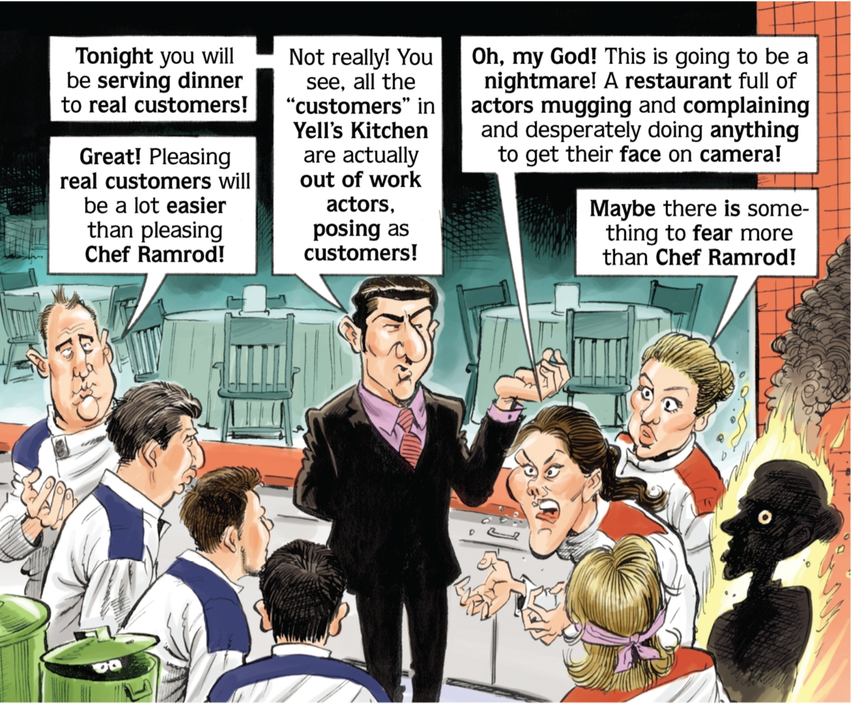

FOLD OVER
SO "A" MEETS "B"
A
BEND BACK
SO BACK MEETS FRONT
PUSH UP
SO UP MEETS DOWN
B
A
FOLD IN
SO IN MEETS OUT
B
FOLD EAST
SO EAST MEETS WEST
FOLD OVER
SO OVER MEETS UNDER

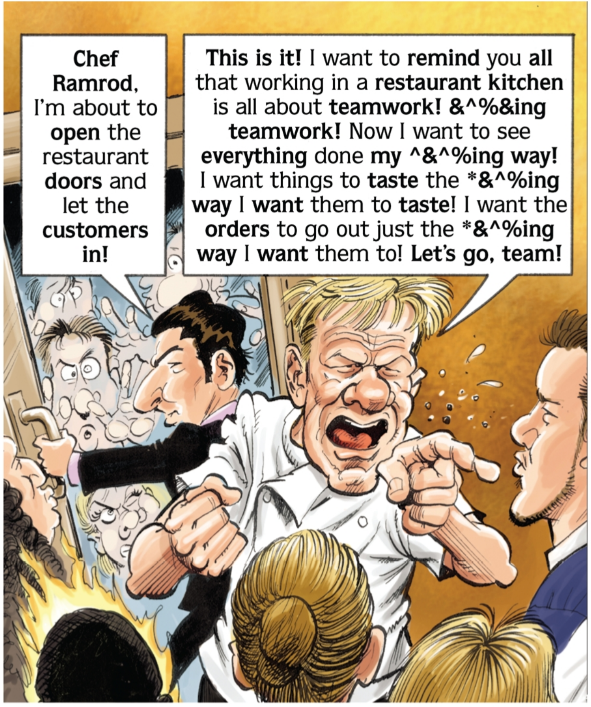
IF COOKS COULD KILL DEPT.

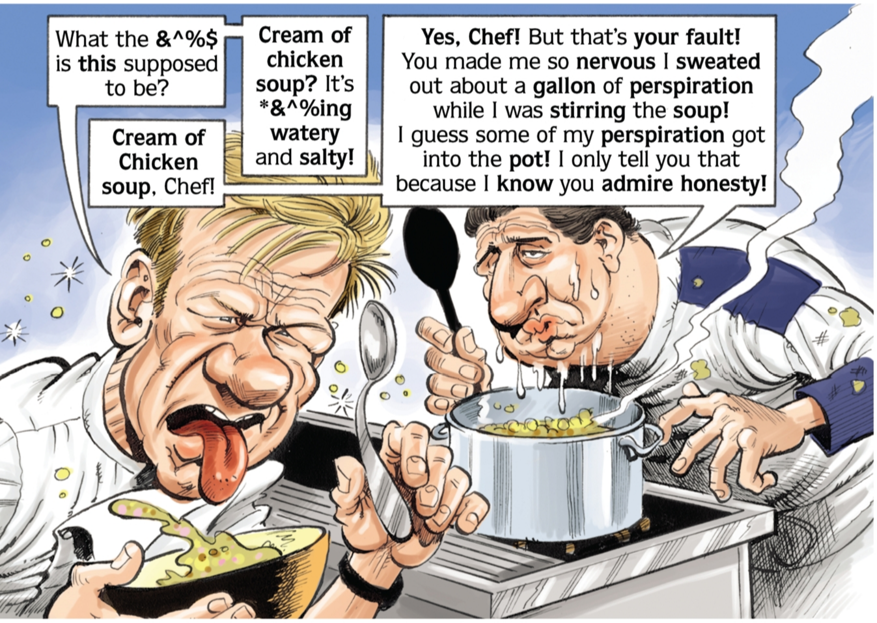
YELL'S KITCHEN

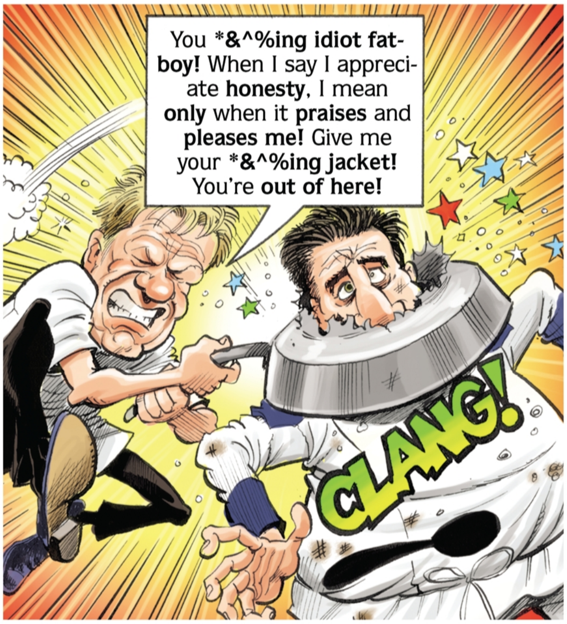

I'm Chef Ramrod, and I'm a master chef. In fact, I took the schtick from my show that runs in England, reheated it and turned it into a delicious hit here in the U.S. Whew! I just set a personal world's record…that previous sentence was the first *&^%ing sentence I've said in the past ten *&^%ing years that didn't have a *&%^ing curse word in it! Like I said, I'm a *&^%ing world famous chef!! Who gives a rat's ass that I haven't personally prepared a dish in five years! It doesn't *&^%ing matter because in the kitchen, I still have plenty to do! I'm a purveyor of put-downs, a server of sarcasm and above all, the master chef of melodrama! Oops, sorry! I meant to say: the master chef of *&^%ing melodrama! And everything I serve up comes with a big *&^%ing side dish of obnoxiousness! In fact, I scream and shout so much, they call my restaurant…
Working under Chef Ramrod is difficult, but I've learned so much from him already! I learned how to pass the blame on anything I screw up, make my teammates look like s#*t and curse better than any *&^%ing longshoreman in America! After this experience I doubt if I'll be fit to go back to my old job, head chef at Our Lady of the *&^%ing Angels Elementary School!
When I found out I was selected to be on this show, I made a vow that no matter how much Chef Ramrod cussed and screamed, I wouldn't break down in tears! It's working, and my special tortellini dish is the reason why! No, I didn't cook them to impress Chef Ramrod! I cooked them so I could stuff them in my ears!
I'm Beef! I've worked in Miami Beach, in the Caribbean, Key West and even the trendy Hamptons in New York! Everywhere I've worked everyone's complimented me on the food I've prepared! Of course, there is a slight advantage to only working in well-known resort areas! You rarely serve a meal to anybody who's sober, so they pretty much like anything I put on the table! Or *under* the table, if they're ***really*** plastered!
I worked in a prison kitchen, cooking for pimps, prostitutes, counterfeiters, even murderers! It's quite different than it is here, so I'm going to do my best to screw up so I can get back to feeding people who are a hell of lot more pleasant and less profane than Chef Ramrod!
I know that there are supposed to be five people on each team, but Chef Ramrod already eliminated one of them last week! Normally, at the end of each episode Chef Ramrod demands that one of the chefs takes off his jacket and hangs it up. Last week, Chef Ramrod was so angry he didn't even wait until the guy removed his jacket! That's him hanging there. Jacket and all!
Chef Ramrod eliminated one chef from the women's team, too. She was guilty of one of Chef Ramrod's cardinal sins — using far too many bread crumbs! He made an example of her the others will never forget! He breaded and deep-fried her! But with just the thinnest, most delicate coat of bread crumbs you can imagine!
KISS THE COOK'S ASS
MOM STINKS
ORDER WENDY'S LAWSUIT SPECIAL RARE
KETCHUP
Cursing FOR DUMMIES
BAM!
CHILI
I learned how to cook from my grandmother! She would make the weirdest dishes! It was just the two of us. Well, it started out with 12 of us, but ten died of food poisoning! What I bring to this show is inventiveness in the kitchen! Carrying on my grandmother's tradition, I'm very clever! How clever? I once made a delicious pot roast — out of cream, egg noodles and a *chicken!*
I know I should be asking for help, but with Chef Ramrod that would come across as a weakness! So I'll just burn here in this grease fire and hope he doesn't notice!
Trying to please Chef Ramrod is impossible! He has never found anything I've done to be correct! I mean, I was boiling water and before I even got to put the pasta in, he came over and said the water looked underdone! God, I've got to succeed on this show! It's my last chance! So far I've been booted off *American Idol*, I lost on *So You Think You Can Dance*, and I failed on *America's Next Top Model!* I'm running out of TV shows that can give me a career!
I watched every episode of this series last season in order to prepare! But now that I've started dealing with Chef Ramrod in person, I realize the series I *should* have been watching to prepare for this was *The Sopranos!*
I'm Jean Fill-up and I have what it takes to be a good maitre'd! I'm Belgian, so my nose is raised in the air just enough to make customers know I'm superior! I know that a good maitre'd has to make sure that every single patron leaves this restaurant with an experience they will never forget! And trust me, with the swearing, poor service, lousy food and at least one of the chefs breaking down in tears at every meal, I know that they will never forget their meal here!
RICHMOND

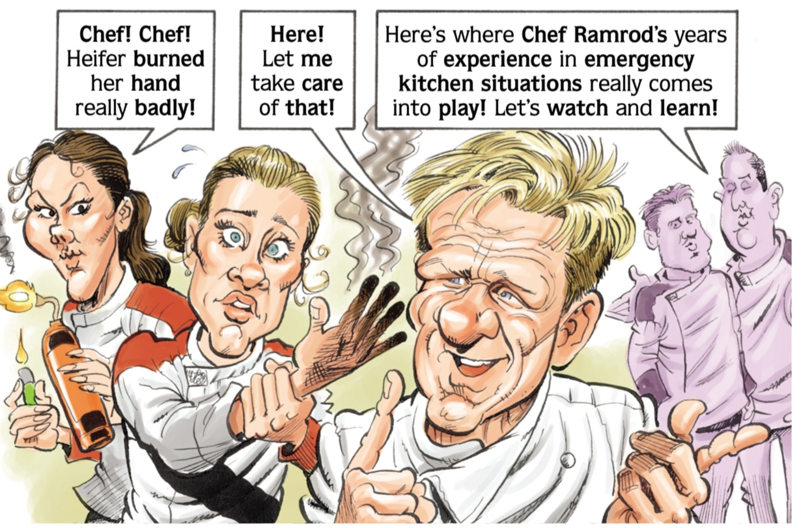
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO
ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

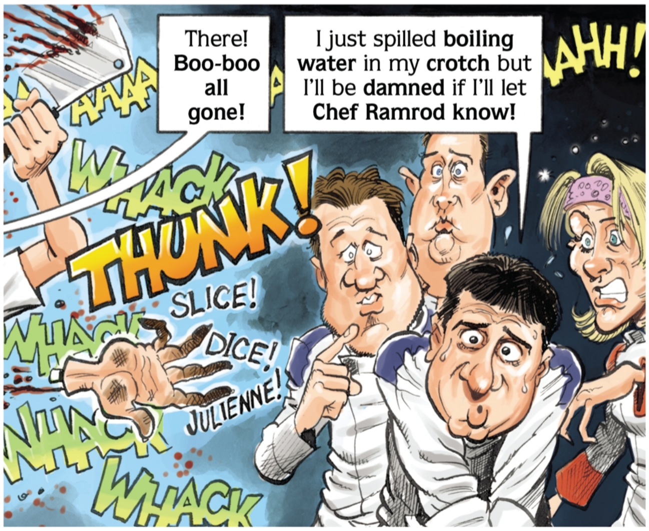

Tonight you will be serving dinner to real customers!
Not really! You see, all the "customers" in Yell's Kitchen are actually out of work actors, posing as customers!
Great! Pleasing real customers will be a lot easier than pleasing Chef Ramrod!
Oh, my God! This is going to be a nightmare! A restaurant full of actors mugging and complaining and desperately doing anything to get their face on camera!
Maybe there is something to fear more than Chef Ramrod!

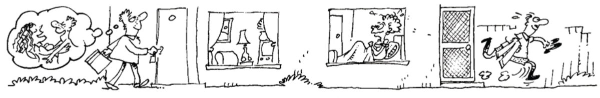

Chef Ramrod, I'm about to open the restaurant doors and let the customers in!
This is it! I want to remind you all that working in a restaurant kitchen is all about teamwork! &^%&ing teamwork! Now I want to see everything done my ^&^%ing way! I want things to taste the *&^%ing way I want them to taste! I want the orders to go out just the *&^%ing way I want them to! Let's go, team!

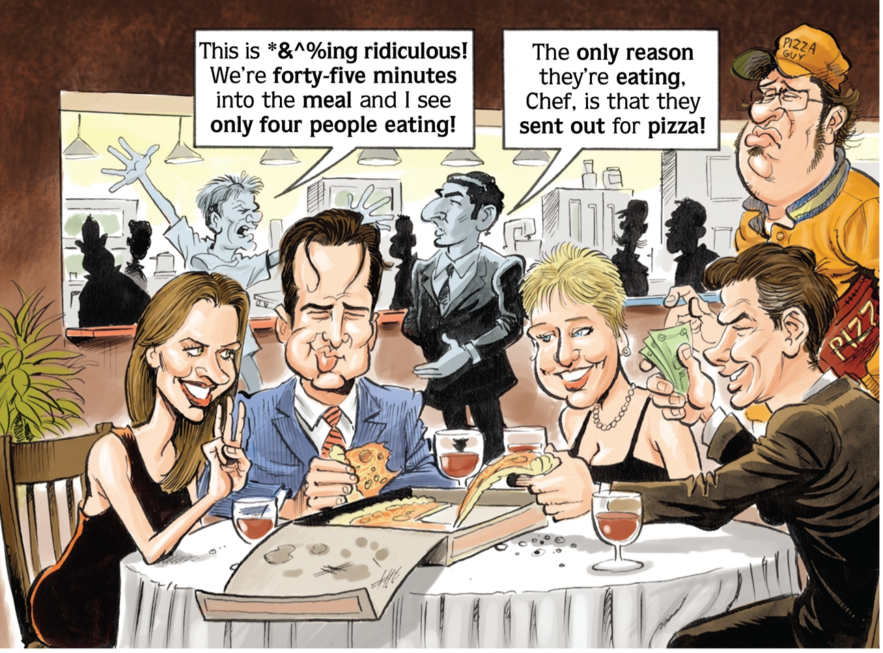

What the &^%$ is this supposed to be?
Cream of Chicken soup, Chef!
Cream of chicken soup? It's *&^%ing watery and salty!
Yes, Chef! But that's your fault! You made me so nervous I sweated out about a gallon of perspiration while I was stirring the soup! I guess some of my perspiration got into the pot! I only tell you that because I know you admire honesty!

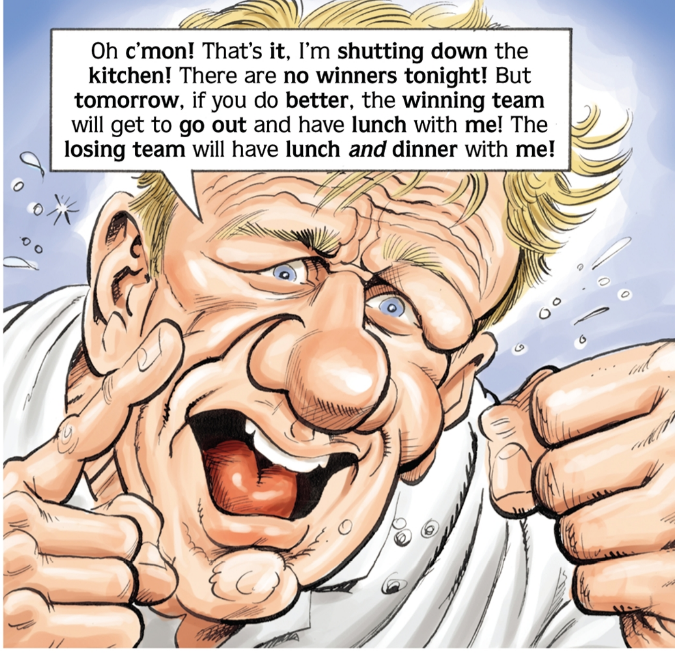

You *&^%ing idiot fat-boy! When I say I appreciate honesty, I mean only when it praises and pleases me! Give me your *&^%ing jacket! You're out of here!
CLANG!

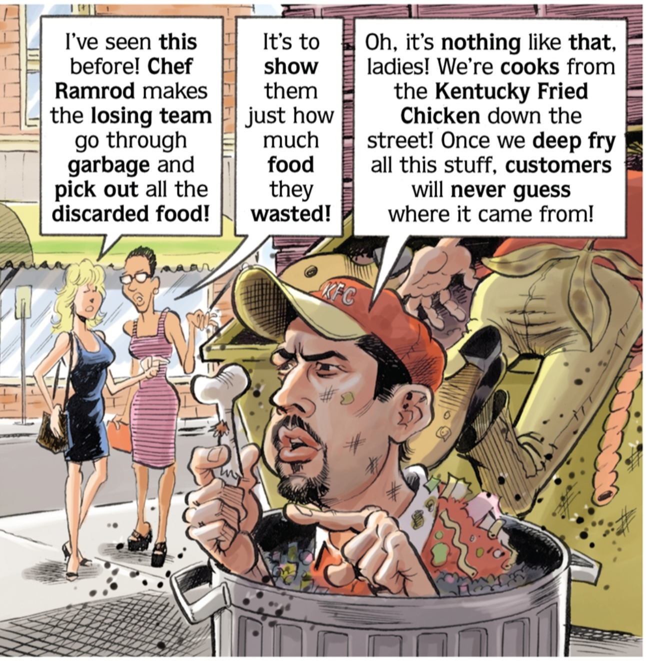

Chef! Chef! Heifer burned her hand really badly!
Here! Let me take care of that!
Here's where Chef Ramrod's years of experience in emergency kitchen situations really comes into play! Let's watch and learn!

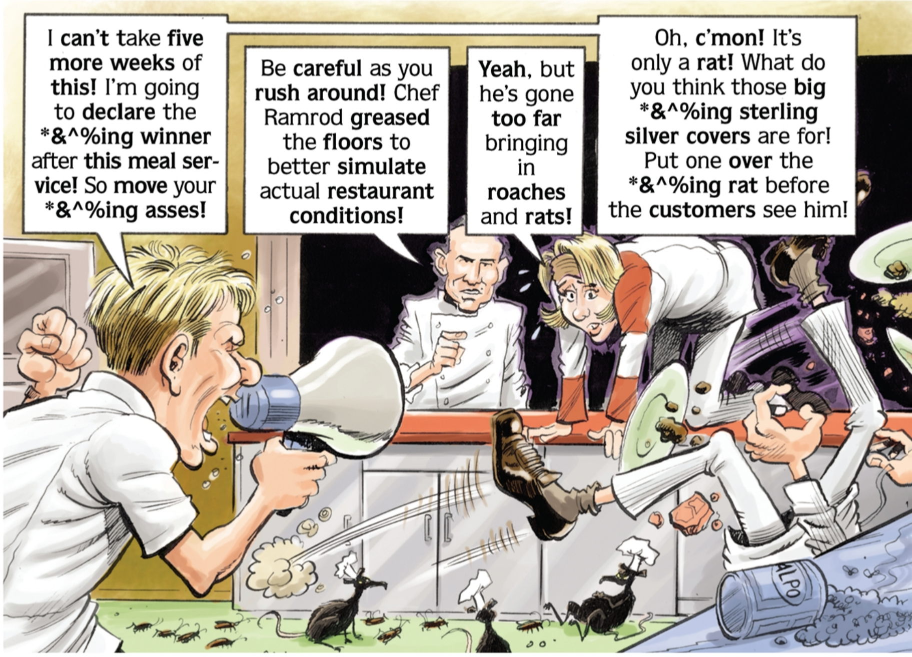

There! Boo-boo all gone!
I just spilled boiling water in my crotch but I'll be damned if I'll let Chef Ramrod know!
AAAA
AHH!
WHACK
THUNK!
WHACK
SLICE!
DICE!
JULIENNE!
WHACK
WHACK

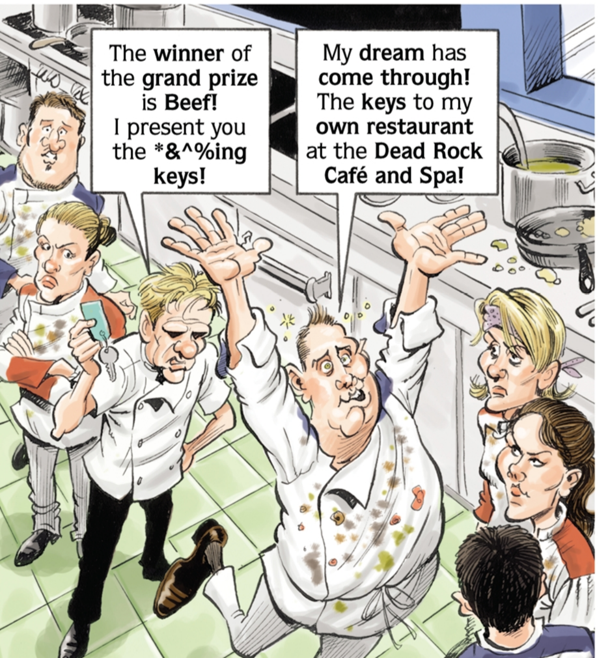


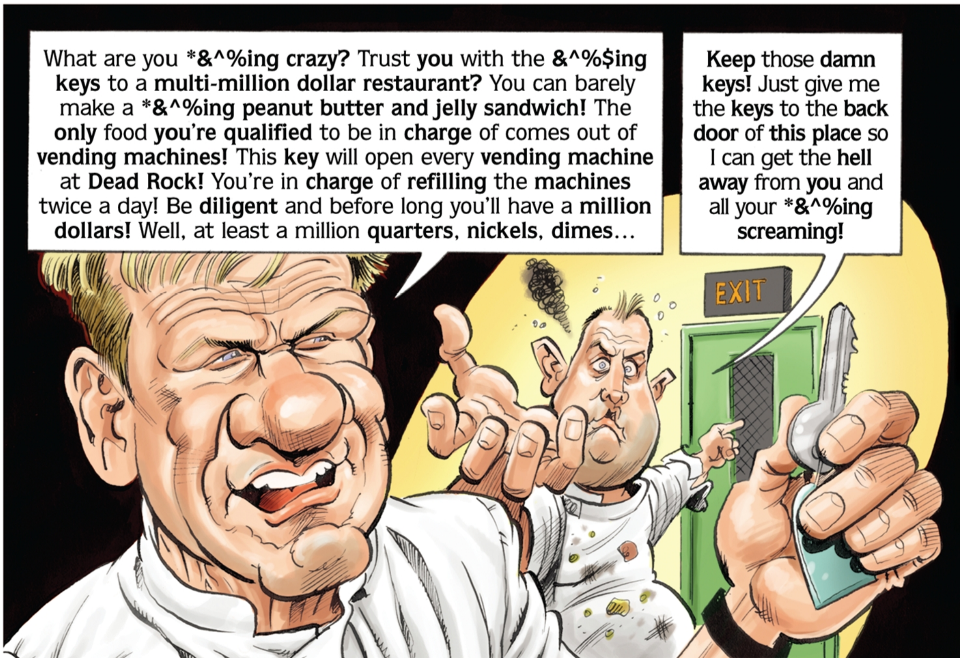

This is *&^%ing ridiculous! We're forty-five minutes into the meal and I see only four people eating!
The only reason they're eating, Chef, is that they sent out for pizza!
PIZZA GUY
PIZZ


Oh c'mon! That's it, I'm shutting down the kitchen! There are no winners tonight! But tomorrow, if you do better, the winning team will get to go out and have lunch with me! The losing team will have lunch and dinner with me!


I've seen this before! Chef Ramrod makes the losing team go through garbage and pick out all the discarded food!
It's to show them just how much food they wasted!
Oh, it's nothing like that, ladies! We're cooks from the Kentucky Fried Chicken down the street! Once we deep fry all this stuff, customers will never guess where it came from!
KFC


I can't take five more weeks of this! I'm going to declare the *&^%ing winner after this meal service! So move your *&^%ing asses!
Be careful as you rush around! Chef Ramrod greased the floors to better simulate actual restaurant conditions!
Yeah, but he's gone too far bringing in roaches and rats!
Oh, c'mon! It's only a rat! What do you think those big *&^%ing sterling silver covers are for! Put one over the *&^%ing rat before the customers see him!
ALPO

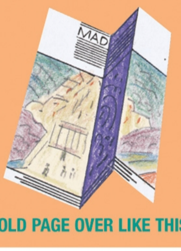

The winner of the grand prize is Beef! I present you the *&^%ing keys!
My dream has come through! The keys to my own restaurant at the Dead Rock Café and Spa!


What are you *&^%ing crazy? Trust you with the &^%$ing keys to a multi-million dollar restaurant? You can barely make a *&^%ing peanut butter and jelly sandwich! The only food you're qualified to be in charge of comes out of vending machines! This key will open every vending machine at Dead Rock! You're in charge of refilling the machines twice a day! Be diligent and before long you'll have a million dollars! Well, at least a million quarters, nickels, dimes…
Keep those damn keys! Just give me the keys to the back door of this place so I can get the hell away from you and all your *&^%ing screaming!
EXIT

WHERE ARE EXTREME ACTS OF MISTREATMENT TOLERATED BY THE AMERICAN PUBLIC?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

When it comes to brutality, Americans usually abhor anything that can possibly be harmful to any creature. But sometimes events occur that can cause a quick change in the way people think. Twisted acts of mistreatment suddenly become justifiable and even cheered by the general public. To find out where these extreme acts are taking place, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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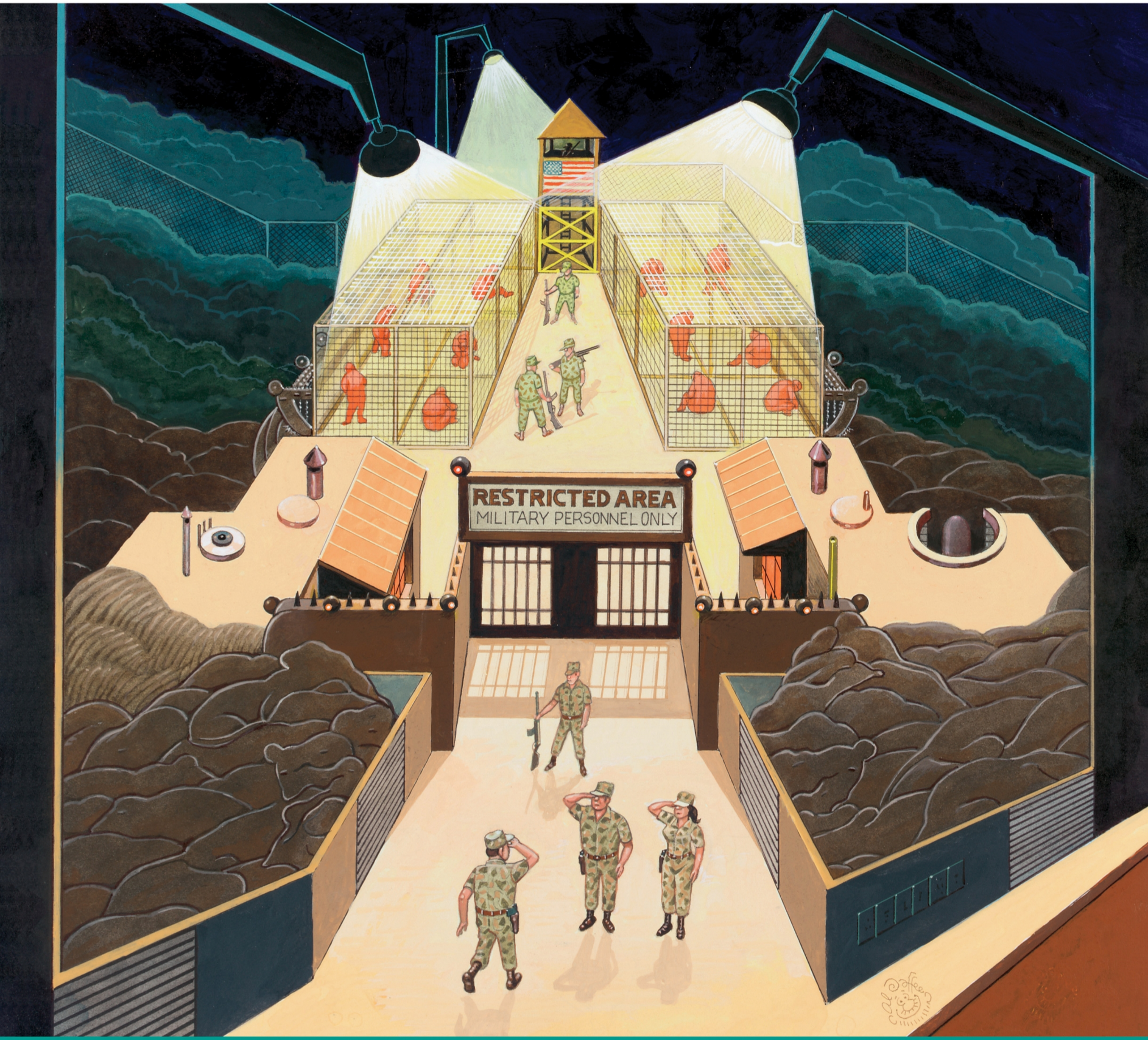
FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT **B** **FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"**



ON NO OCCASION IS BRUTALITY JUSTIFIABLE.
SADLY, HOWEVER, MANY PEOPLE GIVE VERY SIMPLISTIC
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SHOULD ANYTHING GO WRONG. THIS AIN'T GOOD NEWS

A **B**

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

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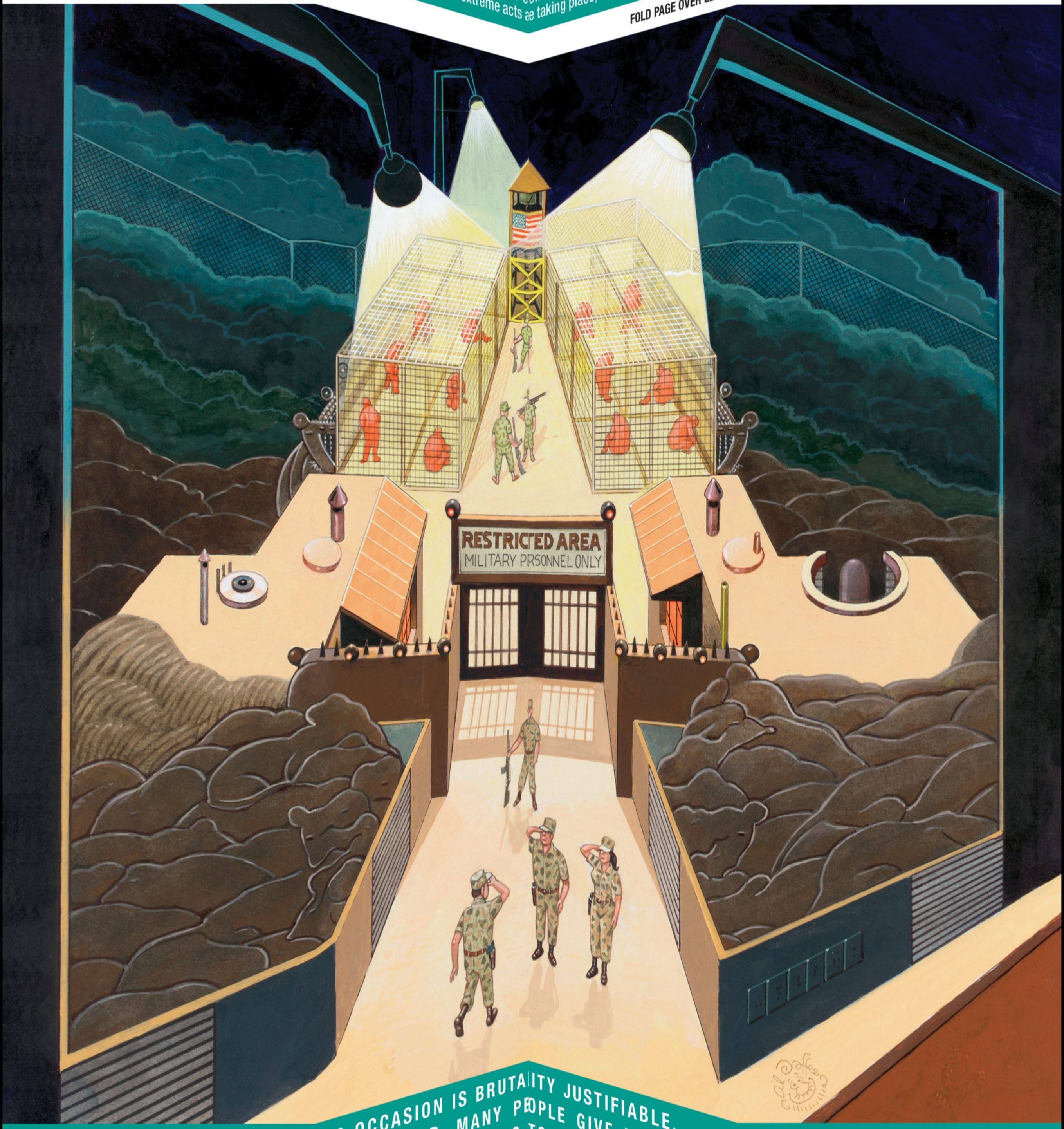

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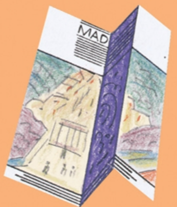

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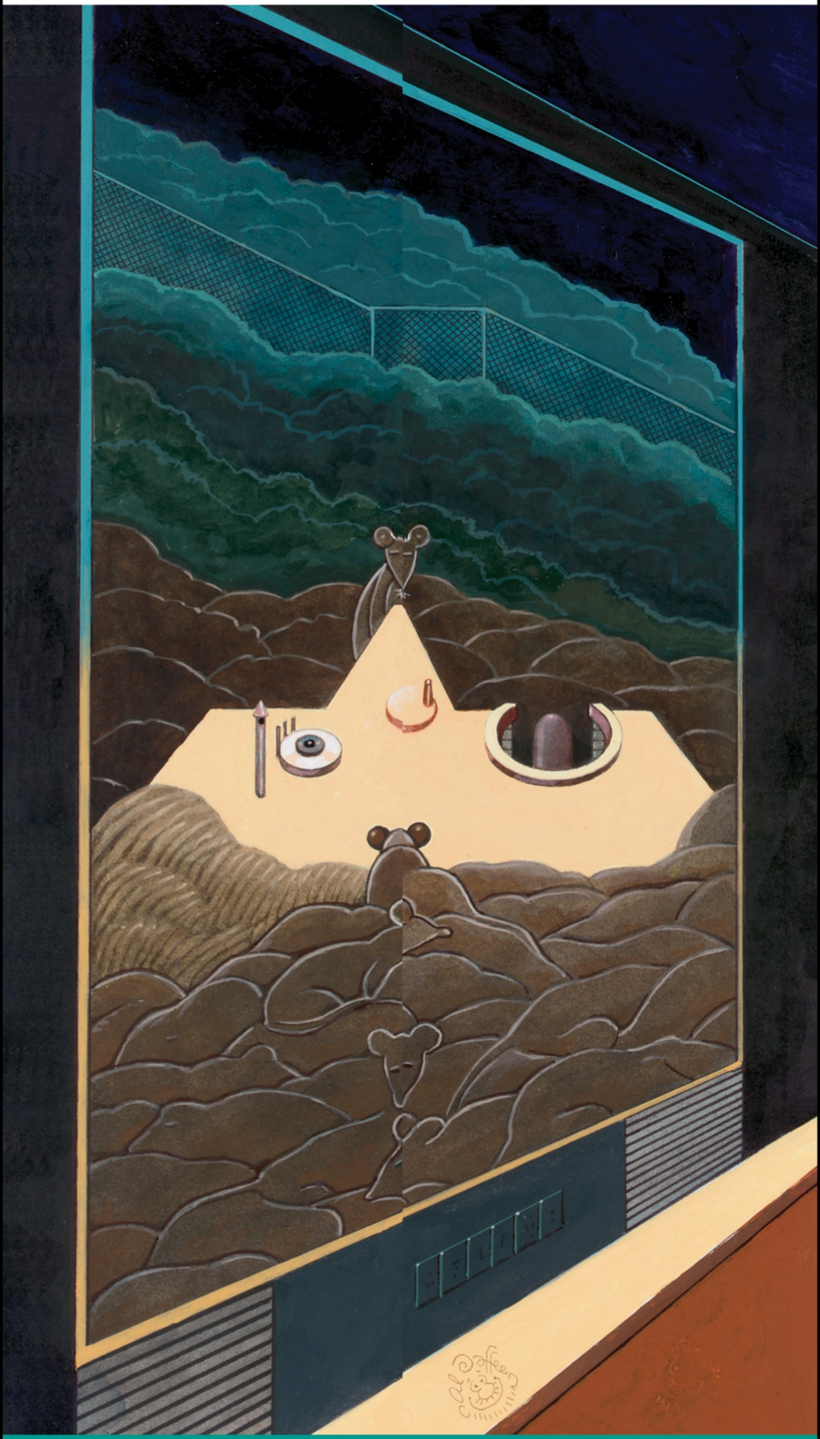

ON
SADISTIC
REALITY
GAME
SHOWS

A ◆ **B**

MAD™